
WOMEN WANT THIS COOK BOOK

Many thousands of Western women have sent to us for our famous Blue Ribbon Cook Book and use it every day. It was compiled specially for use in Western Canada and great numbers of users have told us it is the best Cook Book they know. Bound in waterproof cover, it is an economical, practical, helpful book, easily worth a dollar.

BLUE RIBBON

TEA COFFEE
BAKING POWDER
JELLY POWDER SPICES

The coupon in the corner is worth 10 cents if you send it with 25 cents for a copy of the Blue Ribbon Cook Book. When you read this it won't be too early to be thinking of Christmas cooking. So send now. Next time you give your grocer an order, ask for Blue Ribbon goods and see how pleased you will be with them.

BLUE RIBBON, LIMITED, WINNIPEG

W.H.M.

Blue Ribbon
Limited
Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sirs—Please send me a copy of your Blue Ribbon Cook Book. Enclosed is 25 cents and this coupon is worth 10 cents.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

FOR INFANTS,
INVALIDS
and the
AGED.

BENGER'S
FOOD
assists nature.

It is used mixed with fresh new milk and forms a delicate and nutritive cream which is enjoyed and assimilated when other foods disagree. It is entirely free from rough and indigestible particles which produce irritation in delicate stomachs.

"The Lancet" describes it as "Mr. Benger's admirable preparation." Mothers and interested persons are requested to write for Booklet "Benger's Food and How to Use it." This contains a "Concise Guide to the Rearing of Infants," and practical information on the care of Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged. Post free on application to Benger's Food Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester, Eng. Benger's Food is sold in tins by Druggists, etc., everywhere. B21



OXO Cubes are the greatest advance in food invention since men began to eat and women learnt to cook.

Each cube is measured exactly—the right size for a cupful—uniform in nutritious properties, in quality, taste and flavor.

To make a meal, simply drop an OXO Cube in a cup, pour on hot water and stir.

55



10 for 25c.
4 for 10c.

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From Looms Direct. Money Saving. Wonderful Offerings. **GIVEN AWAY.** Lace Cover with Catalogue & Buyer's Guide of Curtains, Window Draperies and Furniture come, act for shipping. Household Linens, Ladies' and Gents' Tailoring, Underwear, Shoes, &c. 54 Years known Reputation. Send a trial order to actual makers in the old country.

\$6.60 Curtain Parcel Postage & Duty Paid

Our Patent Contrenet Make durability guaranteed, 2 pairs good quality Rich Old Lace design Curtains, 3½ yds. long, 60in. wide, worth \$2 per pair; 1 pair exquisite Curtains, Basket & Ribbon, 3½ yds. long, 60 in. wide; 1 pair curtains, Floral Festoon design, 3 yds. by 43 in.; 1 Duchesse Toilet Set of 1½ x Lace Covers, Postage & Duty Paid \$6.60 White or Ecru Great Saving. Buy direct from the makers.

SAML. PEACH & SON, The Looms,
Box 658 NOTTINGHAM, England.

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Vol. XII.

Published Monthly

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D. S. McLeod,
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Has a marked quite its own be classed with which usurp can nowise in quality or These facts century's bath, after for general poses it is the use, if you the genuine



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Sanitas exactly reproduces the finishes, designs and effects of the finest wall papers and fabrics, but in a far more serviceable material of moderate cost.

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Sanitas is sold by all reliable dry goods and wall paper jobbers in Canada.

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Sanitas THE WASHABLE WALL COVERING

WESTERN THE HOME MONTHLY

HOME PUBLISHING CO., WINNIPEG.

NOVEMBER, 1911

PRICE TEN CENTS.



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SANITAS THE WASHABLE WALL COVERING

Music Taught Free

Home Instruction

SPECIAL OFFER TO READERS OF THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

In order to advertise and introduce their home study music lessons in every locality, the INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE OF MUSIC of New York will give free to our readers a complete course of instruction for either Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Cornet, Banjo, Cello or Sight Singing. In return they simply ask that you recommend their institute to your friends after you learn to play.

You may not know one note from another; yet, by their wonderfully simple and thorough method, you can soon learn to play. If you are an advanced player you will receive special instruction.

The lessons are sent weekly. They are so simple and easy that they are recommended to any person or little child who can read English. Photographs and drawings make everything plain. Under the Institute's free tuition offer you will be asked to pay only a very small amount (averaging 14 cents a week) to cover postage and the necessary sheet music.

No one should overlook this wonderful offer. Tell your friends about it—show this article to them.

The INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE has successfully taught others and can successfully teach you, even if you know absolutely nothing whatever about music. The lessons make everything clear.

Write today for the FREE booklet, which explains everything. It will convince you and cost you nothing. Address your letter or postal card to INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE OF MUSIC, 98 Fifth Ave., Dept. 162D, New York N.Y.

Farmer Boy Plays VIOLIN

In Court to Prove

"Music Lessons Free in Your Own Home"

Offer Was Good

This boy testified under oath he did not know one note from another when he received the first lesson from the U. S. School of Music and had received no other instruction whatever. His playing from the music placed before him won the applause of a crowded court room. This boy's only expense under our free tuition plan was for postage and music. That cost him less than Two Cents a day, and he was under no further obligation whatever.

If you wish to learn to play the Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Mandolin, Banjo, Cornet, Cello, or learn to Sing, our teachers will come to you by mail once a week with a lesson until you can read music and play your instrument to your own satisfaction.

Thousands of weekly lessons are now being sent to homes all over the world to pupils in all walks of life, from seven years of age to seventy.

Our free tuition plan will enable you to get weekly lessons costing You less than two cents a day. It will be your only expense and places you under no further obligation whatever.

This school has been established since 1898.

Don't say you cannot learn music, but send for our booklet and comments of leading New York newspapers. They will be sent by return mail free. Address U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 63, 225, Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

BRACELET AND RING FREE

This Beautiful Adjustable Bracelet has large elegant front, set with 5 sparkling imitation diamonds. Heavily plated. GUARANTEED 5 YEARS. We give Bracelet and pretty Band Ring for selling 20 pages. Art Post Cards at 100 per page. Order cards today. When gold, send \$2.00 and Bracelet and Ring will be sent promptly. Satisfaction Guaranteed. GATES MFG. CO., Dept. 22b, CHICAGO

When Purchasing from Western Home Monthly Advertisers, be sure and mention the paper.

Thou Art So Like a Flower

Words by Heine

Music by William Gardiner Hammond

Simply, but with feeling.

dim. mf cresc. dim.

Thou art so like a flower, So
Du bist wie eine Blume. So

pure, and fair, and bright; . . . I gaze on thee, and yearnings steal
hold, und schön, und rein; . . . Ich schau dich an und Wehmuth Schleicht

o'er me at the sight. . . I
mir ins Herz hinein. . . Mir

feel that fain I'd be lay - ing My hands up - on thy hair, . . .
ist als ob ich die Han - de Auf Haupt dir legen sollt. . .

With deep feeling.

f p

Pray - ing God al - ways to keep thee As ho - ly, pure and fair, . . . As
Be - tend dasz Gott dich er - hal - te So re - so schön, so hold, . . . So

8va. . . .

dim.

ho - ly, pure and fair. . .
rein, so schön und hold . . .

8va. . . .

rall pp

The Reign of Beauty

Do you remember the good old days of home-manufacture? A young farmer rose from his home-made bunk, washed himself with the aid of water and home-made soap, donned a suit of home-spun woollen and went down to a breakfast of home-cured bacon and home-grown vegetables. He took up an axe with a home-made handle, and proceeded to fell some home-grown timber, which he used in making some implement or conveyance for use in his work. Meantime his wife was busy making cheese, butter, candles, starch and bread or it might be blankets, quilts, and clothing, while the children were carving out toys from pop-gun wood and used-up spools. Those good old days were full of work and the hours of leisure were few and precious. Yet amid all the rush and worry the good grandmother had always time to beautify the thing she created. Was it an apple pie? Then it was not complete until her fingers had circled the plate—leaving behind a row of scallops as even as the fluting on a Corinthian pillar. Was it a woollen sock? Then she had time to vary the yarn so that while the general effect was gray, the toe and heel were white, and there was a white band at the top. So too the grandfather had time to add a few beautiful but useless curves to his axe-handle, and even a few meaningless carvings to the parts of a common flail. And as for the children—did ever a girl make a doll of the humblest type without attempting to beautify it with ribbons and lace and did ever a boy come into possession of a book without writing on it his name supplemented by various flourishes and diagrams that in his mind were the acme of beauty?

BEAUTY IN NATIONAL LIFE.

This worship of beauty has not been limited to individuals. The savage has always allowed decoration to precede dress. Tattooing, painting with pigments, decorating with rings and jewels, have been signs of pre-eminence. Assyria, Egypt, Greece, Italy, Spain and each in its turn has prided itself on its devotion to beauty. That which remains behind as their greatest legacy is their production in art. The Apollon Belvidere, the Sistine Madonna are types of that which will never die. The buildings that one wishes to visit in Europe are not those which have cost most money, but those which contain most beauty of finish and design. St. Peter's, St. Paul's, the Cathedrals of England and the Continent—These are what attract the thousands. And if further proof were needed of the permanence and attractiveness of beauty, he has but to stand at the entrance to the great Art Galleries of the world, and to take note of the numbers who come to see and to learn.

BEAUTY IN THE HOME.

There should be beauty and refinement in the home. They should be manifest in speech, dress, manner and personal appearance, in decoration and equipment. Indeed, they should extend to every form of life-activity, if home is to be attractive and helpful. Why should a man use the coarsest expressions that come to his lips? Why should his wife indulge in harsh, biting criticism? Why should the atmosphere of scandal continually surround the little ones? That which will commend the home to childhood is the spirit of kindness, moderation and gentleness. A boy is not to be blamed if he wishes to leave a home in which he is forced to listen to a constant battle of words.

The wise parent is just as careful in matters of dress as in matters of speech. A little ribbon for the hair, a brass button or two, a little

bit of insertion, to a young child, mark the difference between meanness and grandeur. They change dislike to admiration.

The mother who takes time to smooth her hair in the morning, who always has a kiss for her children on sending them to school and a smile for them on their return, exercises a vastly different influence to the woman who is careless about her personal appearance, whose dress is coming to pieces and whose table manners are coarse and vulgar. So, too, when it comes to the equipment and decoration of a home. There is all the difference possible between dishes of a coarse type thrown recklessly upon a table, and dishes of chaste design tastefully arranged. There is as marked a difference between cheap over-colored pictures suspended on the walls close to the ceiling and modest copies of classical master-pieces tastefully arranged so as to fill the vacant spaces with visions of beauty. Nor is it all a matter of cost in many of these things. Many a lowly cottage in its simple fittings is more completely endowed than the mansions of the wealthy.

Yet, I hear a good woman say she has no time for the niceties of life, that with seventeen cows to milk and chores innumerable to perform, she does well if she gets through a day's work in any fashion. There is little time on the farm to give to admiration of the beautiful; few moments to spend on the ornamental when so much attention must be given to the useful. The answer to this is self-evident. Sixteen cows and a happy, well-trained family are of more account than seventeen cows and a group of unhappy children, who are unfit company for one another and incapable of service in society. And when children grow up and can look back upon their childhood, when they are old enough to value what their parents have done for them, their first thanksgiving will not be for that seventeenth cow, but for the example set in all that makes for loveliness and beauty in thought, word and deed.

But it is not the mother who is usually the chief Mammon-worshipper. There are not a few men like the old Kansas farmer, who bought land to raise corn, to feed hogs, to get money, to buy more land, to raise more corn, and so on, forever. Within his small circle there was nothing of the human or of the divine. It is bad enough for a man to throw away his own life, but it is a crime when he reduces to his own level, both his wife and his children. It is passing strange, that a young man who searched the neighborhood and went beyond it to find a wife with the charm of beauty and with accomplishments to match it, should with advancing years, allow himself to degenerate into a creature without refinement of feeling and holy motive. And it is almost incredible that he should attempt to reduce her he professed to love, to a condition of practical servitude. If a man is true to his better self, he will determine that whether he amasses wealth or remains in comparative poverty he will never, either for himself, or for those dependent upon him, forsake the pursuit of truth, beauty and goodness.

TWO FAMILIAR ILLUSTRATIONS.

There come to my mind, two homes that I visited recently. In the first one everything was disjointed. Try to picture this:—a littered floor, greased furniture, stained rugs, dirty boots, clothes hanging on the chair backs, torn clothes, stale tobacco, smell of cabbage, bad temper, grimy walls, stained pictures, broken chairs, dishes thrown on tables, and everything else in harmony or rather, out of harmony. The boy's room was a veritable den, with not a ray of cheer. It was enough to drive an ordinary being into the wilds. And

yet, the parents were well-to-do, in a financial way. But they had ceased to follow "the gleam." The other home was a sweet little cottage painted in white and green. There was a neat garden in front and the lawn was inviting. Two or three benches were placed under the shade of the trees. Inside, everything was neat and clean. The books were nicely arranged on the shelves, the pictures were chaste and instructive, the table clean and attractive. The speech of the parents and children was mild and gentle and in harmony with their personal appearance. The bedrooms were resting-places not only for the tired bodies, but for eyes and brains. The boy on entering his little room, regarded it as his own peculiar kingdom. It was a home no boy would wish to leave. It was a home which in one sentence answered the question "How are we to keep the boys on the farm?"

BEAUTY IN THE SCHOOL.

Beauty in the home—yes! There must also be beauty in the school. As one drives up and down the country he has a feeling of despair as he gazes upon the buildings and grounds set apart for purposes of education. With few exceptions, the grounds are unfenced, and without trees and gardens. The architecture of the building is unworthy of a name, and the inside fittings are disgraceful. When it is remembered that children spend almost half their waking hours in school, it is not too much to urge that the building should be made attractive and cheerful. A few pictures, a suitable library, a table with a proper covering, a few comfortable chairs, blinds and curtains, and such equipment as any school should have—all these can be had at a cost that will not mean more than a few cents to each ratepayer. The value to the school will be untold. And if a caretaker is provided who will believe cleanliness is a virtue, the school will stand for something in the community. Sometimes it seems as if parents were playing at this matter of educating their children. If it is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well. In the coming days when men and women read of us and our times they will wonder how we existed when we made no provision for the teaching of music and art, and generally for aesthetic culture. In those days the schools will be true homes: Parents will be more anxious to give their children the treasure which cannot be taken away than that which perisheth with the using.

A TYPICAL CASE.

I was in a school recently, and this is what I saw—a neat little building freshly painted, in a ground properly fenced and treed. Flower gardens there were and the pansies planted by the children were in full bloom. The floor of the building had been recently painted and was as clean as a polished table. The walls were covered with oil-cloth and had evidently been washed. There were on the walls half-a-dozen simple but pretty pictures, well-mounted and placed. In one corner was an organ and in another, a book-case with a suitable library that was in constant use. The desks were clean and well-kept. The teacher's desk was covered with a cloth of attractive pattern and on it was a vase of flowers. Both, teachers and pupils were neat in person, and in their speech and actions showed that they experienced the delight of living. Their work seemed to them as joyous as play. It was as if Heaven had come to earth for a single day. This school, like one of the homes described seemed to answer in a single sentence the ever-recurring question "How are we to keep the children in the country?"

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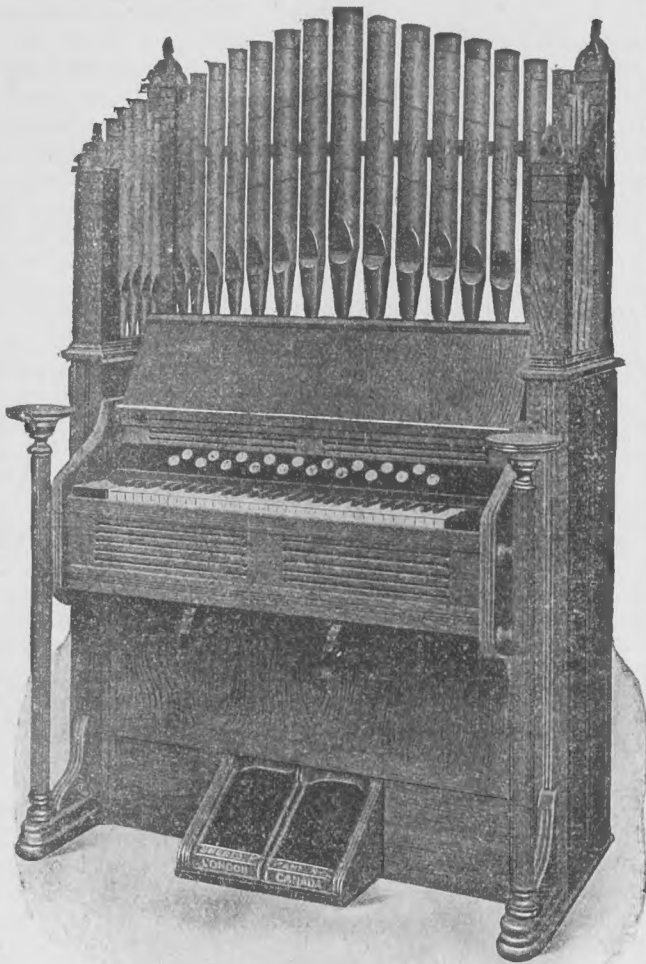
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The Valley of Rest.

By Ded Harrington. Specially Written for The Western Home Monthly.



THEY swung around the bend of the road—he, with long loping stride of one accustomed to prairie trails; she, suiting her steps to his with an ease born of long practice in the art of walking to suit a man's impatient steps.

A mile or so back on the edge of the lake stood their camp, a tiny, rough cottage, nestled within the sheltering depths of a small coulee; on either side were the valley hills, those curiously rounded hills where lights and shades alternated; before them stretched the long thread like trail.

"Qu'Appelle—who calls?" she quoted, softly; and then, with a quick change of tone, "O, Ross! look."

But he had already seen it—the great wooden cross, rising from one of the hills at their right, pointing, as it had done for years, to the blue sky, in loving memory of the one great Sacrifice.

Unconsciously, he bared his head. "The Indian mission," he said, in answer to her unspoken question. "It must be somewhere near here."

"Why, of course," she agreed, hastily. "How stupid of me to forget about it. It surprised me to come upon this so suddenly, and yet, what a peaceful feeling it gives one, somehow."

The sun shifting around from behind the bluffs, a position it had hitherto accommodately retained burst out into a glow of radiance about them. It lay like a path of glory across the shimmering water, up the dusky hill trail, till it finally reached and lingered at the foot of the cross.

"Do you know," she went on, after a pause, during which they had turned and were heading for the cottage; "I believe we have wandered into a new world. It is all so peacefully unusual about here. Even the sunshine seems to be mellowed and subdued. The air is different—what is it that I smell continually? It is an old-fashioned healthful sort of perfume."

He laughed gaily. Her freshness and enthusiasm had always pleased him. "Balm of Gilead," he answered, briefly. "That last shower brought out its perfume."

"Oh! I do hope it grows about the cottage"—this with appreciative sniffs at the sweet odor. "It's a regular air tonic."

Across the lake came the cry of a bird, a mournfully weird sound; from the farm house far up the sloping hill side a dog howled.

She shivered with a delightful sense of fear. "Don't laugh, Ross," she said, half laughing herself; "but I do feel queer to-night. Is it the effect of having lived on the bare broad prairie, I wonder? These bluffs seem full of hidden dangers. I find myself expecting to see an Indian, a regular old time warrior in paint and feathers lurking in each shadow."

"The woods are full of 'em, eh?" he quoted mischievously. His hearty laugh was good to hear. "You foolish child!"—this half reprovingly; "such thoughts for you to indulge in—you, a born and bred Easterner. Why, Nora, you were brought up in the shade of the forests."

He drew her arm through his. "Come on," he said, briskly; "I have a suspicion that we shall find a visitor at the cottage. What do you say? He—Jove! Speak of an angel—it brings 'em every time."

A quick turn in the road had brought them almost within speaking distance of their visitor—a tall man in clerical dress.

"I hastened his somewhat leisurely steps at sight of the two approaching. "Here you are," he said, stretching out a welcoming hand. Mrs. Talbot, you are looking well. Western life agrees with you evidently. Ross, old boy, I'm glad to see you. A few weeks

of primitive life in the Qu'Appelle valley will make a new man of you. Yes, I called at the cottage on my way down. Lily was exercising her lungs after a somewhat strenuous fashion—don't hurry, Mrs. Talbot; the nurse maid was on duty."

Mrs. Talbot's face grew pink. "I know, Mr. Keith," she said apologetically; "Betty is always faithful, but baby is cross to-day—poor sweet heart. The heat, I think, don't you, Ross?"

Her husband's face had changed somewhat. Keith wondered a little. Somehow, he felt as if he had touched an awkward subject.

"No doubt it's the heat," he hastened to say, though without an ounce of authority for his statement. "It has been a trying day all through."

He was rewarded for his tact by Mrs. Talbot's smile. The shade had passed from her face, and she ran gaily up the well-worn path to the cottage, humming softly to herself.

"Come in, parson," said Talbot, as the trim figure disappeared within doors. "We will have our smoke while Nora gets the baby to sleep. Jove! but it seems years since I've seen you." He spoke naturally, but there was a restlessness about his actions that did not escape the keen eyes of his old friend.

As college men, they had been inseparable; as men of linked professions, their tastes were still similar enough to make their friendship of real value to each other.

But Keith noticed with eyes that seemed not to see, the tired lines around the sharp eyes of his old friend, the set, almost stern expression on his face, and the unusually eager way in which he talked of the valley, the surrounding country, the prospects of a crop failure—everything, except what savored of a personal nature.

The parson puffed away at his pipe in silence. Somewhere, from within the cottage, came the sound of a woman's voice.

"There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky."

She sang softly, as if unwilling to let others share in the lullaby she crooned to her baby.

FROM TEXAS.

Some Coffee Facts From The Lone Star State.

From a beautiful farm down in Texas, where gushing springs unite to form babbling brooks that wind their sparkling way through flowery meads, comes a note of gratitude for delivery from the coffee habit.

"When my baby boy came to me, five years ago, I began to drink Postum, having a feeling that it would be better for him and me than the old kind of drug-laden coffee. I was not disappointed in it, for it enabled me, a small delicate woman, to nurse a bouncing, healthy baby 14 months.

"I have since continued the use of Postum, for I have grown fond of it, and have discovered to my joy that it has entirely relieved me of a bilious habit which used to prostrate me two or three times a year, causing much discomfort to my family and suffering to myself.

"My brother-in-law was cured of chronic constipation by leaving off coffee and using Postum. He has become even more fond of it than he was of the old coffee.

"In fact the entire family, from the latest arrival (a 2-year-old who always calls for his 'potie' first thing in the morning) up to the head of the house, think there is no drink so good or so wholesome as Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Talbot ceased abruptly in the midst of a somewhat tedious political yarn. He let his pipe die out, unheeded, while he followed the words of the singer, and the shadow on his face deepened.

The parson broke the silence. "What is it Ross," he said kindly. "Is it anything I can share?"

Talbot moved impatiently in his chair. "Basil," he began, unconsciously making use of the boy-hood appellation, "it's Nora. She—the baby—I can't tell her. She's so young, so hopelessly ignorant in regard to such things. It never occurs to her that Lily is unlike—seriously unlike other babies; that is, undeveloped—" he foundered helplessly.

Keith was leaning forward in his chair, a puzzled look on his kind face. "Is she so different?" he asked quietly.

Talbot's face darkened. "It's paralysis," he answered shortly. "She will never walk, nor speak." He broke down suddenly. "Jove! I've wished a thousand times since we were married that I was a lawyer, a business man, anything rather than a doctor, and yet be helpless to prevent this."

"You knew her child was not—not right before you married her?" began Keith.

"I knew she was not right," he admitted with professional brevity. "So far as my personal knowledge went she was not right. Since then, we have been to New York, to Philadelphia, to the Johns Hopkins, always with the same result—no cure."

"And Mrs. Talbot is quite ignorant of the fact?" the parson's face was a little stern.

Talbot's boyish face flushed a little. "She's so happily unconscious," he said in self-defence. "How can I tell her that her child is a helpless cripple—a life long sufferer? You blame me, Keith, but is it an easy task? Is it easy to break the heart of one whom you would give your life to protect? Is that what one's marriage vows mean? Do they not mean, rather, that I am bound to shield her from the knowledge which brings pain and sorrow into her life? We have been married three months. In all that time, except for the momentary anxiety she feels for Lily, I believe, I can honestly say she has been perfectly happy. She has the cheerful disposition of her race, and," he hesitated slightly, "she believes in me, I sometimes fancy she married me for Lily's sake," he broke off at Keith's vehement protest.

"She's only a child, Basil," he went on passionately; "convent-bred, innocent. God knows how she kept her innocence and lived for almost a year with that man. It was an arranged marriage. Her mother, who is French, took her from school for that purpose. He, also French, was a scoundrel; but he was good to her after a fashion. She never loved him, and, undoubtedly, his death was a great relief to her. The baby was born a month afterwards. I attended her. She was ill for weeks. I fell in love with her—can you wonder, Keith? We were married just a year after his death."

And then his voice grew husky. "O, the pity of it," he muttered, as he often did when alone with his trouble. "My bright faced little Irish girl; she will know the truth some day, and then God pity her."

"You are wrong, Ross," said Keith, gently. "Forgive me for saying this; but you are treating your wife wrongly. She is not a child, she is a true, tender hearted woman, with a woman's privilege to hold your confidence and to suffer with you—for you are suffering, Ross. You are not the light hearted lad she loved and married. Don't you know I am right?"

And then, as her step was heard, "Believe me, she is being robbed of what should be her dearest possession—your entire confidence."

She came over to where they were. "What a beautiful night," she said. "Don't get up, Mr. Keith; I always sit in this chair. I'm not the least bit chilly, Ross. I want Mr. Keith to tell me the legend of Qu'Appelle. It's such a cosy, spooky sort of night, I feel quite in the mood to hear it."

Both men laughed, and Keith laid

down his pipe. "I'm not so sure of it, Mrs. Talbot," he said in his deep voice; "but I believe it runs somewhat after this fashion:

"A young warrior who lived on the shores of one of these lakes, fell in love with an Indian girl, who returned his affections. He left home an expedition of war, and when returning to claim his bride, he was puzzled to hear his name called from across the lake apparently. 'Qu'Appelle? Qu'Appelle?' he shouted, but only the echo of his own voice answered his question. On reaching home he found to his great sorrow and despair, that his love was dead. According to his superstitious belief, it was her voice he heard calling to him from the shores of the Great Beyond. Since then, the valley has been called in the French tongue, Qu'Appelle, literally meaning Who Calls."

"It should have been called the 'Valley of Rest,'" said Mrs. Talbot, dreamily. "It is all so peacefully quiet."

"The Valley of Unrest" seems more appropriate, when one thinks of that poor girl's spirit denying itself the rest of Paradise, that he might be warned of the great sorrow awaiting him," remarked Talbot, thoughtfully.

Keith rose to go. "These old Indian legends are very beautiful," he said; "to my mind, it is a beautiful thought that someone is waiting for and calling us from the Home above. Don't think me, Mrs. Talbot; it was a pleasure to recall the story to mind. I will see you again to-morrow, Talbot, and perhaps we may be able to persuade Mrs. Talbot to try her luck at fishing."

He paddled down again in the early afternoon. It was only a matter of a couple of miles by canoe from the little white mission church to the Talbot's camp, a distance scarcely noticed by the man whose brawny strength and sound physique made him the admiration and envy of his young parishioners.

He found them all on the side of the cottage facing the road. Lily was lying with half closed eyes in her carriage. Keith bent over her with a comprehensive look of pity in his dark eyes. She was a typical little lily—so frail, so fair. Her soft hair curled around a waxen forehead, long, golden lashes swept the pale cheeks, and heavy lids sheltered eyes, blue like her mother's, but so pitiful in their lack of expression.

Mrs. Talbot was in white linen. Always he remembered her as he saw her that day, with the sun shining on her bright hair, and her face all aglow with happiness.

"Mr. Keith!" she called, gaily; "come and see this dear wee Indian baby. They live in that shack just around the corner. Oh, do you know them?"—as Keith exchanged greetings with the mother, a shy, young looking woman, and picked up the soft brown bundle at her side.

"Here is another Lily, Mrs. Talbot," he said; "a little brown tiger lily, she must be. Would you like to play with our baby, Lily," as she struggled to reach the sleeping child.

"How old is your baby?" asked Mrs. Talbot, curiously. There was something fascinating about this little brown baby who had the same name as her own child, lying, alas, so still and white.

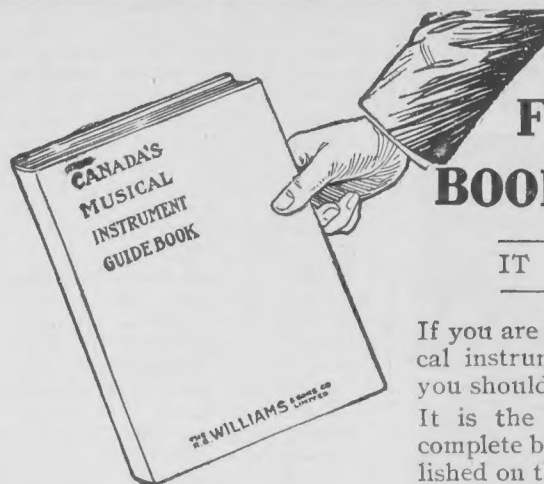
"Fourteen months," answered the mother proudly. She had been a mission girl, and her face was bright and attractive. "How old?" she added, indicating the white child.

"Why so is Lily!" said Mrs. Talbot, wonderingly. "My baby is just fourteen months, but she cannot walk or play, or even sit up alone. How can she be the same age as that little Indian child? Of course she is not strong—poor dear. But she is tall. Her limbs are quite long." She turned to her husband with a questioning look in her eyes.

"Your baby no good," said the Indian mother with unconscious cruelty. "My baby walk, two, three months." She caught up her child, and kissed her proudly.

The little one laughed delightedly as they went on.

Mrs. Talbot stood quite still. Already something seemed to be clutching at her heart. She put both hands to her throat. "Ross! Ross!" she said sharply, and then, when he would have taken her



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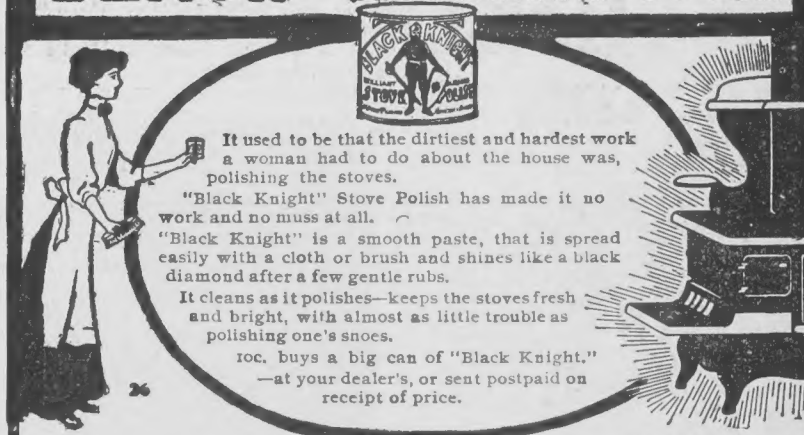
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Rinse pot or pan in water; sprinkle on a little Cleanser and rub briskly with scouring brush. Wash and wipe dry. The cleanser removes all grease and "burn" (no tire-some scraping with a knife necessary), and leaves utensils "sweet" and clean.



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into his arms, she freed herself.

"I know! I know!" she said, her breath coming sharply, her hands still pressing the slender, beating throat.

"That is what it all meant—these consultations and treatments; but I thought—I thought she was gaining—I trusted you, Ross. I left all to you. O, my baby!—my poor, little, bruised Lily!" She was on her knees now beside the carriage. "That is why you are unlike the Indian Lily. Forgive me, dear, I did not understand."

Keith could bear no more. He strode off down the trail, scarcely noticing which direction he took. He could see nothing but the piteous eye, hear nothing but the despairing voice of the young mother, who was passing through her darkest hour.

It was fully two hours later when he returned. The little cottage lay bathed in the glorious sunshine of late afternoon. Betty met him, a frightened, tired Betty whose eyes lightened up at sight of him.

"Oh, Mr. Keith! I'm so glad. She, the baby is not well. I feel nervous somehow, and the master and mistress both away."

"Away?" echoed Keith blankly.

"The little Indian baby is so sick," explained Betty, breathlessly. "They went away quite an hour ago. The father came for them—convulsions, I heard the doctor say."

Keith waited for no more. One glance at the sleeping Lily convinced him that Betty's fears were not groundless. He met Talbot just at the cottage gate. His face was grim and worn looking. "It is all over," he said in answer to Keith's eager questions. "We worked over her—desperately, Nora and I, but the convulsions were so hard—so cruelly hard. They beat her life out, inch by inch. The mother is heart-broken—her grief is terrible. Such a bright little baby. Who can blame her?"

"What did you say, Keith; Lily not

well?" He strode indoors.

Keith's heart sank at sight of his face a few minutes later.

Poor little Lily lay like a brown flower in the dainty night gown Mrs. Talbot had taken over.

There was a tired look on Mrs. Talbot's face that went to Keith's heart, but he gave her the dreaded message gently.

She went very white, but made no cry. "I will be ready in a minute," she said bravely.

He noticed how kindly she spoke to the poor mother stretched out on the floor besides her dead child before starting for the cottage.

Only once he heard her lips move on that homeward walk.

"Who calls?" she was saying to herself, and then, sadly, "The Valley of Rest."

One glance at the group in the tiny bedroom told her all—Betty crying softly in the corner, Ross stern and white, beside the crib; Lily breathing so heavily.

She laid her hot face against the tiny cheek. She gathered the baby hands into her own.

"Lily, darling," she whispered. "Open your eyes. Mother is here." Oh, the pathos in that word.

"Don't waken her, Nora," said Talbot gently; "Don't disturb her. See how happy her face is growing—how peaceful."

And just as the sun's bright rays fell athwart the door, the end came. A slight twitch of the tired limbs, a weary sigh, and the doctor laid down his restoratives.

"Come, Nora! Come with me," he pleaded.

She resisted passionately at first, but she laid her tired head down on his shoulder and grew strangely quiet as Keith's voice reached her—"My beloved is gone down into His garden to gather lilies."



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One Hundred Thousand Dollars.

By Ed. Cahn, Toronto. Specially Written for The Western Home Monthly.



WELL, William, what are you looking so sour about this morning? Not mourning for that worthless Minnie are you? Upon my word, I do believe that is what ails you. You footmen are all alike. As long as there is a silly young maid around to fritter your time away with you are happy, but once you are left with your sensible elders you are as pokey as an owl. Not that I can altogether blame you, for it certainly is dull here.

"Whatever possesses the Master to bury himself and us alive in this tiny, country cottage is beyond me. If I had not been with him this last twenty years and put up with I don't know how many of his whims, I should leave his service. I am so used to the town-house and all the excitement of keeping things going in style with plenty of help that to be here in this dreadful place with only a cook and a maid and you is awful.

"The cook says the master is mourning real sincere for Mrs. Milluns and now that she is dead he realizes that he was mean lots of times and—"

The sulky footman here interrupted the housekeeper with a derisive laugh. "What?" he asked, shifting from one foot to the other as he half-heartedly rubbed away at the silver, "Him mourning for Mrs. Milluns? Not he! The cook ought to know better than that. You know as well as I do that he never cared a jot for her or she for him. It was a plain business arrangement from first to last their marriage, and that's why I say that the family has turned out so.

"Look at the girls. Ain't they corks for temper and meanness? and don't Mr. Charlie and Mr. Jack beat anything on top of clay for deviltry? And they all hate each other, too, same as their father hated their mother, and she hated him in return. There will be a pretty row, I'm thinking, when the Master dies and it comes to dividing his money. They will fall to fighting quicker than Jerry wrote the note."

"Lord save us, Mrs. Timmins, but I think that time is drawing mighty nigh. He is old now and moping in that dark library alone all day won't do him any good. Why, it has been days since he has as much poked his head out of doors."

"Yes, it's awful," said Mrs. Timmins. "Now, William, you know as true as I am saying it that I never was one to gossip or bear idle tales and that's what made me let Minnie go. She was too noisy and talked too much, besides setting Master crazy with that cackling laugh of hers, and she told the cook in confidence that she saw the Master looking at an old miniature one day as if he would like to eat it up, and, believe me or not, the hussie had the nerve to tip-toe up and look over his shoulder at it! And it wasn't Mrs. Millun's picture either! My heavens! What if he had caught her? It would have let us in for the worst fuss we have ever had with him."

"You mark my words," said William; "it's not the poor, dead Missus he's worrying about. It is the past. Now that he's got so old that he has had to retire from business he's got ample time to think of things that's happened and things he's done. There is many a thing comes back to torment him unless I'm much mistaken. Maybe you think he worries about the chaps he has squeezed in his stock deals, but I don't, Mrs. Timmins. I think it's something about that miniature that keeps him awake o' nights and that cross o' days that he is like a bear with a sore paw. I'm tired of his tempers and this country hole. I've a notion to give you my notice this minute."

"Nonsense!" cried the fat housekeeper. "You will forget all that when you see the new maid."

"When is she coming?"

"She is here now."

"Then she is not from the city? Surely you did not take on a country girl!" William was aghast at the mere idea.

"Yes I did. And I want you to help her all you can. She has never been in service before, but she is honest, and so hard up that I just could not refuse to give her a trial."

"Pretty?"

"No, not what you would call pretty since you called that Minnie pretty. This girl is quiet and I like her, for she seems like a lady."

"Ho! A lady, eh? What kind of hard-luck story did she give you, anyway?" He was instantly prejudiced against the inexperienced maid who had supplanted his charmer and resolved to make life so miserable for her that she would be forced to leave and then he could persuade Mrs. Timmins to relent in favor of skilful Minnie.

The housekeeper did not like his tone and for a moment she seemed to leave him to his ill-humor, but thought better of it after a little silence. "Well, I expect you to be civil to her, I'll tell you that, for even if she is as green as grass she is smart and willing. She is from British Columbia and all alone in the world. She was trying to make her way to Toronto and got stranded in the village here without hardly more than the things she stood in."

"As I was passing the post office, Miss Hill, that's the post-mistress, you know, called me in. This girl was there enquiring if she knew of any family wanting a governess."

William laughed raucously. "Governess! That's a hot one. You trying to make a good maid out of a young person that thinks she is good enough for a governess. Oh Lordy! Don't make me laugh, my lips's cracked!"

"Hold your tongue! And stop that laughing, or Mr. Milluns will be telling me to let you go too."

"Oh, then, he told you to let off poor Minnie, did he?"

"Yes he did. He couldn't stand her voice and I don't wonder. He said he could hear her laughing all over the house. You forget this is only a box of a place and every sound carries like a Marconi message. Why, he could hear her on the side piazza every day."

This intelligence so interested William that he paid no attention to the balance of Mrs. Timmins' remarks

and fell to scheming. Once get the new maid out of the place and the absolute dearth of domestic help in the village and the utter impossibility of getting any city servant to stay at the cottage would force the housekeeper to reinstate his beloved Minnie he felt sure. By the time the silver was polished he had his plans matured and when Mrs. Timmins introduced Mary, the new maid, he greeted her in his best manner.

In the ensuing days he lost no chance to be of service to her and so completely won her gratitude and confidence as he mystified Mrs. Timmins who at first suspected guile in this sudden kindness, but finally concluded that her demure little maid had captured his fickle heart.

"Out of sight, out of mind, eh, William?" she rallied him.

"Yes," he confessed cheerfully, adding a sly, "I don't think," under his breath.

He had a mobile face that he could twist into a hundred funny shapes and a fund of really humorous anecdotes and stories with which he amused Mary.

She had suffered a great deal in her short life but she was still young at heart and innocent fun and laughter were almost a necessity. Here in this peaceful country retreat she felt free to relax a little of the soberness life had thrust upon her. She possessed a good education and was fitting herself

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to be a teacher when dire necessity had prompted her to accept this position as housemaid, but she was a sensible girl and thought herself fortunate to have it. honest and secluded as it undoubtedly was.

Mrs. Timmins she thought a kind, old woman, rather vulgar and a typical upper servant, but very good for all of that, and she did not misjudge her. The cook was just such another one, and William, while much younger, she thought simply a nice fellow, and so droll.

She loved to spend the long summer afternoons, sitting on the shaded side piazza, hemming linen for Mrs. Timmins, within sound of the bell, listening to gossip of the great town-house and laughing at William's stories.

The astute William was careful to begin with stories that would provoke merely a mild general laugh and as long as the cook and Mrs. Timmins were within hearing, avoided anything which would bring a reminder from them that the Master hated to hear laughter.

Mary had been told that he was eccentric and hated noise and women, that she must keep out of his sight, and that William would always answer his bell, so she had never seen him.

During the second week of her stay William found the coast clear and determined to put into execution the plan he had so carefully laid. The cook was in the farthest corner of the kitchen-garden and Mrs. Timmins was out. Mary sat in her usual place on the veranda hemming napkins. It was very warm and every door and window stood wide open. The air was still and not a sound was to be heard but the drowsy humming of the bees.

William stood just inside the door and began on his funniest story. He told it with real skill and at the climax was rewarded by peal after peal of delighted laughter. Mary forgot that now that she was a maid she must not laugh so unrestrainedly and let her mirth ripple forth high and clear as a tinkling fairy bell in a perfect cascade of silvery sounds as artlessly as a child.

William held his breath, straining his ears to catch the profane exclamation from the library, but he waited in vain for the sharp peal of the bell which he fully expected.

Mary was oblivious of all this and picked up her sewing again. "Oh, William, I think that was the most ridiculous story I ever heard." And suddenly she abandoned herself to another fit of laughter as musical as the first.

This time the bell did ring and William hastened off to answer it. "Ah, now, my lady Timmins," he said vindictively, "we'll see what will become of this pet of yours—the little fool! I'll have a rare bit of sport turning her out." His malicious grin gave place to his professional mask of wooden gravity as he entered the library, and it speaks wonders for his training that the mask did not fall at sight of his master.

The old millionaire was pacing nervously up and down the carpet, his eyes distended and his limbs shaking as if about to fail him while his usually pallid face was flushed and the veins stood out in knots on his forehead. The footman for an instant was completely dumfounded. Rage, to which the ill-tempered old czar of finance often surrendered himself, never had this effect. It left him pale and

rigid and moved to torrents of profanity. He did not appear to see his servant and stretched out a shaking hand to the bell.

"Beg pardon, sir, did you ring?"

"That's real. That's William's voice, I'll swear," muttered Milluns, darting him a piercing glance, as if half expecting to see someone else.

"Yes, sir," said William, wondering if this strange behaviour was the forerunner of apoplexy. He must proceed cautiously. If the old man should die he would be out of a good place and then what? He was almost sorry he had made that girl laugh so. Self-interest reminded him that here was the very advantage he had worked for. The old man seemed again forgetful of his presence, keeping up his feverish pacing and now and then lifting his hand to wipe away the perspiration.

"Excuse me, sir. I am so sorry that the new maid disturbed you with her laughing. She is green yet and—"

"What?" cried Milluns, stopping short. "Did you say somebody laughed?"

"Yes, sir; it was the new maid, sir."

"Maid?—the maid?" repeated Milluns, confusedly. He seemed about to



N.W.M.P. on Duty.

fall and tottered uncertainly toward his arm-chair.

"The old guy is getting dotty," thought William, as he sprang to assist him and poured out a glass of wine. "Will you drink this, sir?" he said soothingly.

"Damn it, no!" shouted Milluns suddenly enraged. "Don't stand there drooling like an infant, man! Go fetch that maid here, I say! Let's have a look at her."

"He's more than dotty, he's mad as a March hare. Well, I guess this finishes Mary all right, all right." Meeting her in the hall, he gave his message and hurried off.

She stepped into the darkened library and stood still. The old man leaned suddenly forward in his chair. His high-bred, face lit with great, black eyes that burnt an almost uncanny brilliancy, as he fixed an unwavering gaze on the slender, little maid.

She had paused just inside the threshold and was about to speak when she noticed his apparent emotion. This was her first sight of him, and she was at a loss to read his face, wondering at his half angry, half curious expression.

If she had been an experienced maid, she would not have stopped to wonder and displayed no hesitation. But now she bethought herself of Mrs. Timmins' instruction and opened her lips to utter the "did you ring, sir?" It seemed absurd to say that and while she wondered why he did not speak to her she brought her soft lips together in a characteristic little contraction which she had inherited from her mother. At the sight of it Milluns drew in his breath with a sharp hiss. "That trick, too!" he ejaculated, almost collapsing in his chair.

Mary's warm heart was touched at the sight of such feebleness, and she found her tongue at last. "What can I do for you, sir?" she said, stepping forward.

"How old are you?" he demanded. "What an odd question; he must be getting childish. I'll just have to humor him, poor, old fellow. I am twenty."

"Twenty, eh? Seventy-two, hum—no, impossible, and still perhaps," he muttered to himself, still staring at her. His eyes slowly took on a softer light. The cold, almost cruel, look about his thin lips vanished, and a half smile took its place, which made it, old as he was, very attractive.

"What a fine-looking man he must have been in his youth, but how queerly he behaves! What does he want of me, I wonder?"

"Please raise the shade a little, Miss—Miss—?"

"Mary!" she supplied, politely obeying.

"Mary! Did you say Mary?"

"Yes, it is a common name."

"True, certainly! It is a common name." He watched her graceful movements fascinated.

"Come and sit down here." He indicated a chair in the full path of the sunshine. Mary seated herself, not as a maid might, he noted but as one to the manner born.

"How long have you been in service?" he asked.

"Only the short time I have been here."

"Ah! I thought you were no servant. Your people—your mother—does she live here?"

"No, she is dead. They are all dead except my little sister, and she is at the convent."

He was silent awhile, leaning his head on his hand and screening his face. Mary felt vaguely troubled. Surely her affairs could not affect him and still her words seemed to have made him sad. What a strange person he was!

The wine William had poured for him stood within reach and presently he drank it, absently turning the glass and seeming to forget that he was not alone.

"What is your last name?" he asked at length.

"Bullene."

The glass fell to the floor and smashed to bits.

"What! What! Bullene? She married him?"

Completely surprised, Mary slid to her knees and began to collect the fragments of glass. It brought her very close to his chair and after a moment he leaned forward and put his hand beneath her chin, lifting her face and looking at it as one might look at that of a child.

There was something so gentle in the act, such anguish burned in his eyes, that she did not start or draw away but returned his gaze, her own eyes full of questioning sympathy.

"Same broad forehead, same eyes like purple pauses, same mouth," he whispered. "Mary, my Mary. Oh, God! No! Mary Bullene! Get away; I can't bear the sight of you, nor sound of your laugh of the dead in my garden. Go, go, go!" He pushed her roughly aside and turned his head away.

The action was so violent and unexpected that she lost her balance, and, in recovering it, cut her hand on a splinter of the glass. Too much surprised to think clearly, she slowly rose and retreated toward the door, binding her handkerchief on the cut as she went.

At the door he stopped her, hastening after her and laying hold of her

hand. "Oh, Mary, forgive me!" he said humbly. "Don't go. I must talk to you a little." She let him lead her back to the chair, feeling as if she were in a dream.

"You remind me of someone I used to know," he began, "and I am a little upset, so don't pay any attention to my rudeness, but tell me about yourself—your mother—everything. I wish to know."

"There is not much to tell. Did you know my mother? People used to say I looked like her."

"What was her maiden name?" said Milluns.

"It was Morton. Mama was not married until she was over thirty-five, so you see she was quite old before she died. Father died soon after my sister was born and left us very poor, but—"

"But what?" said Milluns quickly.

Mary flushed and hesitated, and then said frankly: "I was going to say that we didn't much mind, for he was never kind to mother, or us. After that we left the little town in Alberta, where we were all born, and got along as best we could. When poor mama died, I was almost glad, for she was never happy. Still she was once, she said, and, surely, she looks so here." Mary extended a large, old-fashioned locket which she wore concealed by her collar.

Milluns gave a cry of delight when he saw the face it held. "It is she! My Mary! Ah, my girl, my girl! I treated you badly and myself worse—and Bullene got you at last. If only I had gone back, as I promised, things might have been different now. Money! I sold myself and you for money. Mary money," he said hoarsely, speaking to the face in the locket, his head bent and tears dripping through his fingers.

Mary watched him with a full heart, for she knew a little of her mother's romance. Enough to rejoice at the poetic justice of his grief.

It had been the old story of the love of the ambitious country boy and the prettiest girl in the village. He left to seek his fortune, vowing to return and claim her and she had promised to wait.

How long she had waited in vain, thought Mary bitterly, faithful through years of neglect and finally forgotten entirely. Years after her people had badgered her into marrying Tom Bullene who knew her story and made her suffer every day he lived.

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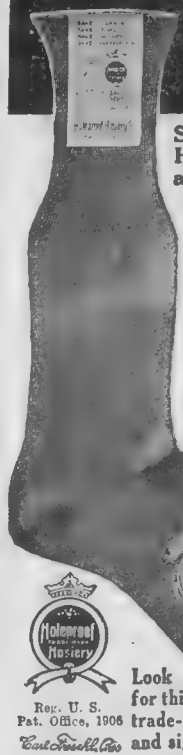
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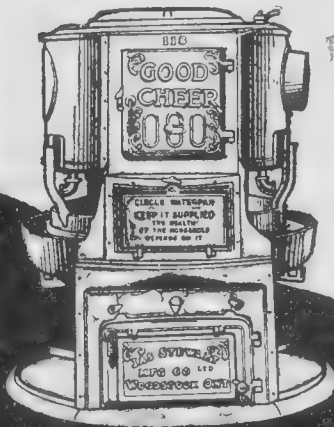
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So this Milluns was the man. Her eyes wandered over the wreck of a once most handsome man and she fancied him as her mother's lover.

After a long pause, Milluns lifted his eyes and returned the locket. Reaching over to the table, he took up a miniature. "You see I have a picture of her also," he said with a bitter smile.

"I have not made much out of life, after all; only made money and enemies and stored up desolation for my old age, but whatever good I have done of any sort, has been inspired by this little portrait and the sweet memory of your mother. The dearest, best woman that the Almighty ever let live. You cannot understand why," he continued chokingly, "but I want to tell you, her daughter, that I never loved anyone but her, and I love her still. Yes, I love her still. That is my punishment, I think."

There was infinite pathos, infinite tenderness in his voice and a lump rose in Mary's throat that almost choked her. Milluns began to compare her face with his miniature again. "Like but unlike. When I heard your laughter to-day I thought I had lost my mind; was so much like—" He stopped and sank back into the cushioned chair very wearily.

"Mary," he began, "if a fairy should offer you a gift, what would you wish for?"

"Health," said she, after thinking a moment.

"Health!" You are a remarkable girl. Now, I fancied you might say money."

"No. If I have health, I can earn enough money to take care of us and nothing else really matters."

"Us?"

"Yes, my sister in the convent."

"Oh, yes; I had forgotten her. Does she look like you?"

"No. She is all Bullene, but the disposition, and is a musical genius. Mother and I had hoped to educate her."

"Hum, how old is she?"

Only fourteen."

"Have you any means besides what you earn my girl?"

"No, sir. It took all there was left to put Clara in the convent for a year and buy my ticket. I was going to Toronto. Somehow, I could not bear home any more, and there was nothing for me to do in our little town. I lost my ticket and purse, and that is how I came to be here. Mrs. Timmins saw me and was kind enough to take me in."

"Well, this fairy I have in mind is powerless to confer health, but can command other things, wealth, for instance. Now, if you could wish for that, if your rich uncle should die and make you his heiress we will say," he said whimsically. "How much would you like him to leave you?"

"Oh, sir, please don't speak that way. It sounds dreadful. There are no fairies any more, and I have no rich uncles, and if I had I would not want them to die for my benefit," said Mary, rising hastily.

Milluns looked at her keenly. "By Jove, I believe you mean that!" he said admiringly.

"Indeed, I do," said Mary, rather shortly, for she felt annoyed.

"Don't go. Sit down. I promise not to offend you again." A little mollified, she obeyed. "I put it very crudely; forgive me. I daresay you know that I am so rich that I can afford to be generous to my extravagant family and to public institutions, neither of which I give a hang for," he said savagely. "I only do it because I have nothing else to do with my money, there is no special pleasure in it. It will make me happier than I have been for many years to do something for Mary's child. I am going to alter my will to-day and you are to be remembered. Tut! Don't interrupt me. It shall be done. How much will it take to make you happy, to make you comfortable all your life? Tell me. Oh, I can die in a measure of peace now."

Mary stared at him, her big, blue eyes round with amazement while the old man seemed to drift into the past again murmuring, "I'm going to do something for Mary's child. Perhaps,

she will know and be glad in Heaven. Yes, there must be a Heaven for such as she. Well, my dear, have you thought?"

"No," stammered Mary, "I can't allow it. Really, it don't seem right. Your children, what will they think? They would not understand—they—"

"You are right! Indeed you are! Drat them!" he cried violently. "They would be sure to kick up a terrible racket. They are a rapacious lot. I'll have no squabbling after I am dead, no cackling newspaper talk, no rascally lawyers getting fat on the pickings as they would be sure to, for my children haven't an ounce of brains among them! By the Lord Harry, I'll give it to you now!" He went to his desk, and, drawing out a check book, hastily wrote a check. As he blotted it, William entered with a yellow envelope on a tray. He started at the sight of Mary sitting at her ease in the best chair in the room, but his face betrayed no surprise. "Telegram, sir."

"Very good; you may go, William." Milluns watched him through the door and then he opened the missive.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed. "Not a moment too soon. My daughter will be here in an hour. She must need money to be coming here." As he spoke, a motor car sped up the drive, and in a moment a querulous voice sounded in the hall, "Didn't my father receive my telegram? Why in the world didn't he send someone to meet me? Are there no servants here?"

"There is Della herself, raising the mischief already. Well, just for that, I'll make it a hundred thousand." He tore up the check and wrote another. Then he reached for a telegraph blank and wrote a few words on it and lastly he covered a sheet of notepaper with his close, irregular handwriting and sealed and addressed it, laying several bills from his wallet on top.

He walked back to Mary and put the envelope, check and bills in her hand. "You are a sensible, fair-minded girl, and you must see that what I am doing is only right and but very, very little toward righting an old wrong. You must go to Toronto at once, for the gossip of William and Mrs. Timmins about our long conversation will soon reach my daughter and she would make life unbearable for both of us if you stayed. There is a train to Toronto in two hours. I wish you to take it. These bills will take care of all expenses. When you arrive, go to the Queen's Hotel, and next morning drive to the Crown Trust Company. Ask to see the president and give him this note. He will have received my telegram by that time and be expecting you. He will honor this check and I advise you to let him invest the money for you. It will yield you a handsome income and you can educate your sister."

The querulous voice was nearing the library. Mullins laid an imperative finger on Mary's lips. "Not a word," he whispered sternly. "Did you understand? What are you to do? Tell me."

"Yes, I must go to Toronto to-night, go to the Queen's hotel, then to the Crown Trust Company and ask to see the president and give him these," she answered in a low tone.

"Exactly; I don't want that woman to see you. Here, leave this way. Go and pack at once. I will order the trap for you at five." He almost pushed her through the piazza door.

"Oh I want to—"

"Never mind that," he said; "write to me. I may come to see you, goodbye, God bless you, Mary's child." He stooped and kissed her forehead, and closed the door.

Next day there was another telegram for the master. It read: "Everything all right. A million thanks, Mary."

He sighed deeply, muttered the beloved name with lingering tenderness, and presently fell asleep, content at last.

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Philip and His Joie-de-Vivre.

By W. R. Gilbert, Calgary. Specially Written for The Western Home Monthly.



YOU," said the clairvoyant, with icy indifference, "will shortly be knocked down by a brown horse in a hansom cab."

"Thank you," replied Philip, endeavoring to emulate her Arctic serenity. "Shall I—er—shall I get up again?"

"That the crystal does not show me. I only see you upon the road prostrate, senseless. A policeman is near at hand. The brown horse wears a bonnet, so it must be summer weather. The bonnet is of yellow straw, with a red ribbon. That is all I can tell you. Next, please."

"Choice entertainment for an afternoon party," said Philip five minutes later, as he passed down the steps of Mrs. Scott-Smyth's town house, with Bertie Haig for companion. "What did she tell you, Bertie? Something jolly?"

Bertie Haig looked solemnly at the cigarette he was lighting.

"Told me I'd marry a Jewess," he answered. "If there's one thing in the world I detest it's a Jewess."

"Let's enter upon a defensive and offensive alliance. You shall protect me from hansomers, and I'll shelter you from Jewesses, eh?"

"Oh, it's all rot! Silly rot! I don't know why women want to have her at their parties, do you?"

Philip twitched his eyebrows rather nervously. He kept a careful corner of his eye for the hansomers that poured themselves from north, south, east and west upon his vision.

"Her prophecies have a hideous knack of coming true, you know," he said presently. "That's what has made her the fashion."

Bertie gave a mirthless laugh, and was silent. Rather drearily the two young men proceeded down Piccadilly. By-and-by Philip spoke again.

"Come into my rooms," he said, "and have a whisky and soda."

"I'll come into your rooms, but I won't have a whisky and soda; I have an idea that this indiscriminate whiskies and sodas may have something to do with the discomposure that arises from the crazy sooth saying of a fashionable clairvoyant," said Bertie, following him into his bachelor flat.

"Nerves, you mean?"

"Just so; nerves. What else do you expect?"

Philip was silent. He sat down opposite Bertie and looked thoughtfully at him through a mesh of cigarette smoke. Presently he asked a question.

"Bertie do you know the meaning of the word joie-de-vivre?"

"I did once."

"Ah! You've lost it?"

"Quite."

"So have I."

"You? The successful artist—the man who is pointed out as the future president of the Royal Academy?"

"It's a fact. I get up tired; I go to bed tired. Life is one interminable weariness and emptiness, intersected by an occasional terror of death. Bertie—"

"Well?"

"Were you afraid of the small-pox?"

"Stark, staring terrified."

"So was I. Do you ever eat oysters?"

"Wouldn't touch 'em with a toasting fork."

"No, more would I. Have you a pet disinfectant?"

"Three; I use 'em all at once. So that if one fails, another will succeed."

"Exactly. Do you always look for the emergency exit the moment you get into a theatre?"

"Never miss."

"And, last of all, do you believe the clairvoyant?"

"Every word she says."

Philip was silent for five minutes.

"Are we really men?" he demanded at last.

"No," answered Bertie; "we're worms."

Philip rose and went to his desk, from which he took a letter. "From my brother on the West Coast of Africa," he explained. "He's making railways among the cannibals, I think. But listen."

He spread the letter out and began to read:

"The worst of it is one doesn't know what to do for a horse. I have managed to pick up a large mare that, if she were a human being, would certainly be in a padded room of a lunatic asylum. She bolted with me yesterday, right away through the settlement, leaving a trail of dead fowls behind. I let her rip for a bit, but when it seemed as if she meant going clean over the side of the cliff into the sea, I thought I'd better get off. I twisted the reins round my arms, held on to the saddle bow for a minute, and then leapt for my life. Being a bit flurried, however, I forgot about my reins and brought myself down, and the mare clean over on top of me. She polka'd on me for a few minutes, and knocked the wind sheer out of my body. When I came to myself, my head was buried in the sand and she was biting pieces out of my left boot. I can tell you I laughed."

"Laughed!" ejaculated Bertie. "Great Scott, would you have laughed?"

"I? The whole story has put me in a cold perspiration."

Philip folded the letter deliberately. "Bertie," he said. "I have made a discovery; a man who can laugh after he has been polka'd upon by a crazy mare has got the whole secret of joie-de-vivre."

"I believe you," emphasized Bertie.

And Philip proceeded: "Here are we—two painters—successful or non-successful, matters little. We have, I suppose, some slight sense of the beautiful, some little feeling for the glamour of the life that is about us. But we cannot enjoy it. We are reduced to two pups by a mere clairvoyant. I tell you I will put up with it no longer, Bertie. I intend to cease being a worm, and to insist upon being a man. If I am to be slain by a hansom I'll get all my fun out of life first. I will taste something of the old forgotten wonders of joie-de-vivre."

Philip paused and shut his mouth with a little snap. Bertie eyed him curiously.

"What do you mean to do?" he asked.

"To go down into the country and—"

"And what?"

"And there seek for the manhood I have lost."

They were both silent. Presently Bertie shook his head.

"Will you come with me?" Philip asked him. But Bertie rose and reached for his hat.

"I? No; it's too late. You've got a bit of sporting ancestry behind you, Phil, that may shove you through. For me—my people were townsmen, born and bred; I shall go existing on."

He went out half smiling. Philip sat and mused until the summer twilight dimmed the corners of the room. He dressed and went round to the Carlton to dine. When he came home again a note from Bertie Haig was upon his table.

"Congratulate me, old fellow; I am engaged to Miss Besso—she's a Jewess. The clairvoyant knew all about it, you see."

Philip held the note to the flame of a candle, and his brows contracted heavily over his eyes. Had it really come to this with Bertie Haig? Could he feel that it was useless to defy the prophecy of a fashionable clairvoyant in a smart woman's drawing room? Was he content to be a mere derelict on the waters of life, a being without pluck, without initiative, without laughter, without defiance. Philip found himself striking a sudden melodramatic fist upon the table at the thought of it; on

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the top of which intolerant gesture came the sudden nerve torture that the clairvoyant's soothsaying had, in Bertie's case, already found fulfillment, and that she had, for Philip himself, foretold—

"Hush," said Philip sternly to his whispering imagination; "hush, if I am to die, I will die like a man."

Two days later saw Philip upon the sea coast. He had chosen a wild bracing locality, cold shouldered by his intimates, but beloved by the tripper from the Midlands. He wore a cycling suit, bought in a delirious moment when he was briefly in love with a fair athlete. The memories connected with the cycling suit made him shudder. He had spent a whole half hour in a cinder retreat, behind a mechanic's shop in the King's Road, falling off a demoniacal wheel and being hitched on again by a small and derisive urechin. At the end of the half hour he returned home, cured of his brief passion, and resolute that an athlete, however fair, was no wife for him.

But to-day—to-day was as far removed from the bicycling incident as a day in the turnips is from the Rockies. Bicycles were not for him. Philip intended to ride a horse. He sought out the address of a modest livery stable as far from his hotel as possible, left a card with his name and address, upon the toilet table for assistance in the disposal of his possible remains, and walked out into the street, trying to look as if his entire digestive apparatus did not feel like jelly.

On the way to the stables he brought him to buy a whip. He made his purchase with a superior air of recognizing the right article when he saw it; and came out with a stout malacca hunting crop, fitted with a lash long enough for the whipper-in of the most undisciplined fox hound that ever turned from its rightful prey to bolt a hurried meal of rabbit or to worry sheep.

Thus armed, Philip proceeded in quest of his horse. He did not quite expect his livery stable, though chosen for its modesty, to be lurking between a ham-and-beef shop on the one hand and a large heap of manure on the other. However, there it was. There, also was a pale individual in putties with a straw in his mouth. And there was "the only horse we've got for hire to-day, sir."

Philip looked at this solitary representative of the equine race. All horses were much alike to him, but it certainly appeared unusually thin. Also as he stood by it, its height did not seem far removed from a church steeple. That all its hoofs were splintered, and one of its shoes loose, were points that he failed to realize; but he could not help being aware of the various wounds that adorned its bony framework, and that were horribly and drippingly anointed with vaseline.

"How did he come to be so cut?" demanded Philip, dubiously. The person with the straw grinned. He was at present under notice to quit, and was delighted to pour forth all he knew.

"Ran away with a gent up the High Street, sir, and sat down in front of one of them electric trams."

"Oh; does he—ah—does he do that often?"

"Oh, no sir. But he's been a bit of a racer in his day, and he just loses his head sometimes. He's not a bad 'oss, isn't the old Archbishop."

The Archbishop blinked pensively in response to the compliment, and Philip abruptly made up his mind.

"Put the saddle on, then," he said; "I'll take him."

How Philip was hoisted to the alpine altitudes of the Archbishop's back he never exactly knew, or cared to remember. When he was there, the guardian of the stables looked at him with peculiar stoniness.

"Keep him light on the curb, sir," he suggested.

"That was what I intended to do," replied Philip majestically. He had not the vaguest idea what the instruction meant, but thought it might possibly apply to something in connection with the footpath.

Forth then set Philip and the Archbishop, Philip with the reins knuckled firmly within his fists and held somewhere on a level with his topmost waistcoat button. The Archbishop had a step

both lithe and springy. He held his hypocritical old head up like a conceited stag, and his loose shoe clanked like a cymbal as he issued from the obscurity of the yard into the sunshine of the street. The stableman watched the exit oddly, and then winked almost audibly at the proprietor of the ham and beef shop.

"Wonder, 'ow many corpses 'ull be taken to the 'ospital to-night," said he, with the hideous nonchalance so observable in those who have daily doings with horse flesh.

But Philip, happily unheeding, went firmly on.

He was in the High Street now, and as he had not the vaguest idea of how to turn the Archbishop, he allowed that dignitary to take his own ambling way through the town. Very placid and majestic was the progress, and the Archbishop betrayed not the faintest indecision as to his route. He carried Philip with the firm kindness of a tourist's guide; and Philip, to his own amazement, actually discovered that he was enjoying himself.

He wished that he had some notion of how to hold those troublesome leather ribbands with which he was aware that he should be controlling the pensive steed beneath him. But here his quick artist's eye stood him in some stead. He watched the cabdrivers as he passed them; and he had the luck to meet a girl alone on a chestnut mare, who cast a quick glance of recognition over the Archbishop; and then took a hasty stock of Philip himself. Philip was too busy noticing her hands to observe this. And his hard gazing had at least the effect of bringing his fists a few buttons lower down his waistcoat, and making him endeavour to gather these slipping things into a more scientific appearance.

The Archbishop now took the turn to the shore and, a widespread of pale buff sand, a blue strip of distant scene opened before him, Philip felt his exhilaration increase. He could not quite explain its cause. It seemed to be something connected with the living movement of the muscle below him, with the alert twitching ears in front. The Archbishop tripped as demurely as a debutante down a sandy slope on the shore, and Philip thinking to encourage him to speedier progress, gaily assumed the manner of an exhilarated hen, and lifted his vocal organ in a loud and exciting cluck.

Then the fun began. There was a moment's bewilderment at first. Next Philip knew that he had left both hat and whip a probable mile behind. That he was still on the Archbishop's back appeared to him amazing; and he wondered what in the world had happened to the Archbishop's head. By-and-by he realized that the Archbishop was running with his head deeply plunged between his knees, probably as a precaution against any possible control on the part of his rider. Not that he need have troubled to render Philip any more helpless than he already was. He still gripped a tangled mass of leather thongs in one hand, more from the sense of personal dignity than anything else. With the other hand he desperately clutched the saddle peak. And he found time to wonder when the Archbishop would stop.

But the Archbishop gave no sign of stopping, and presently one of Philip's feet shot out of the stirrup and the stirrup whacked wildly upon the Archbishop's ribs. It was the final straw. The Archbishop leapt high in the air as if to clear an unexpected fence. Philip leaped a little higher. When he found his senses again he was seated in a salty puddle, and the Archbishop was a delirious speck upon the horizon.

Philip rubbed his head. Then he rose and dusted himself. Then he felt his arms and legs. And then slowly a great welling flood of gladness rose up and engulfed him. He had ridden a horse; he had been run away with; he had been thrown into a pool; and, instead, of fear, a wild sense of exhilaration was upon him. He looked at the disappearing Archbishop, and laughed aloud.

"Well, you don't seem hurt, anyway," called a voice behind him. And he turned round, startled, to see the girl on the chestnut horse.

She rode up to him, the hoofs making no sound on the soft sand. She was a brown rosy being, with frank innocent eyes.

"I saw you in the town," she said. "It's a regular swindle, that livery stable of Watson's. They'll let the Archbishop out to anybody. I suppose I oughtn't to talk against them, as I'm in the business myself. But it's too bad. He'll kill somebody one of these days. He's as mad as a hatter. And I don't think you have ridden much, have you?"

"I was never on a horse before in my life," said Philip, truthfully.

She looked at him admiringly.

"Weren't you? I do call it plucky to begin with the Archbishop."

Philip felt a renewed glow of pride. Yes, he had been plucky. He felt sure of it himself. But it was nice to be told so.

"Well, you see, I didn't know anything about him," truthfulness compelled him to admit.

"Here is certainly an experience. I wonder where he's gone to?" said the girl.

"Where is his most likely destination?"

"Oh, he'll go home when he's made things hum a bit on the shore," she said lightly.

He turned to walk with her towards the distant town. On the way she told him, with the odd child-like frankness that characterized her, all about herself. Of gentle parentage, she was left, at eighteen, an orphan, with no knowledge of anything except horses. She

had accepted a position as riding mistress in a big school which boasted many young lady pupils, and was keeping herself by this odd method of livelihood.

"It was better than a circus, wasn't it," she said quaintly. "I'm not very good at books; but I could always ride anything they put me on."

"I think you are plucky," he said in his turn.

Oh, it's second nature, you see," she answered. "But, look here—it sounds like touting, but it isn't—come to our place, and let Mr. Harrison give you a few lessons; if you're really going in for horse exercise. Won't you?"

"I will," said Philip. And when he looked at her, for almost the first time in her life, she blushed.

He went back to the hotel, and there he found a letter from Bertie. Various things were written in it. But it ended up with the intimation that as Miss Besso had broken off their engagement, after twenty-four hours duration, he had somewhat lost faith in the prophecies of the clairvoyant. "I think I will come down to your nautical retreat," it ended, "and see how you are getting on with your joie-de-vivre."

Philip smiled. He ached from head to foot, and his face was half skinned with the sun. But his heart was light in his wearied body, and he went to bed with a girl's "Well, you are plucky" ringing in his ears. A month later as he and she cantered easily over the sunlit sands, he knew to its very innermost depths, the secrets of joie-de-vivre.

The End of the Great War Canoe.

By Bonnycastle Dale. Photos by the Author.

We had made a special expedition to Seal Rocks and the reefs of the west shore of Whitby Island, Fritz wanted to take a Devil fish, a perfectly harmless ambition for a lad of fourteen. He had read the writers of the last few decades, and had imbibed a natural horror of the grisly thing, yet he thought that with our four Indians and myself there he might stand a show of getting away alive. There was a fairly heavy surf rolling on the west beach of the

island, a surf that came tossing its roaring crests after some wild gale on the Pacific. Right down the straits the wind was blowing, fresh as it was, it promised to increase in power before nightfall. All this I had viewed from the great hog back of rock that makes the walls through which the treacherous currents of Deception Pass boil and swirl. Our big forty foot war canoe was waiting inside the Pass for the slack tide. The Swinish that manned her, four flat faced, big brown eyed chaps, were already aboard, lazily splashing their paddles in the calm waters of the tiny cove that sheltered us. Finally, one spoke, "Time to go, now." "Can we make it?" I asked him. A bow and a grunt, and I stepped aboard with the big camera, and we were off.

The tide was just beginning to run out through the Pass, and we sped along swiftly and safely in what had a few minutes before been a seething pot. We plunged a bit already, feeling

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How Weather Changes Bring Death to Roofing

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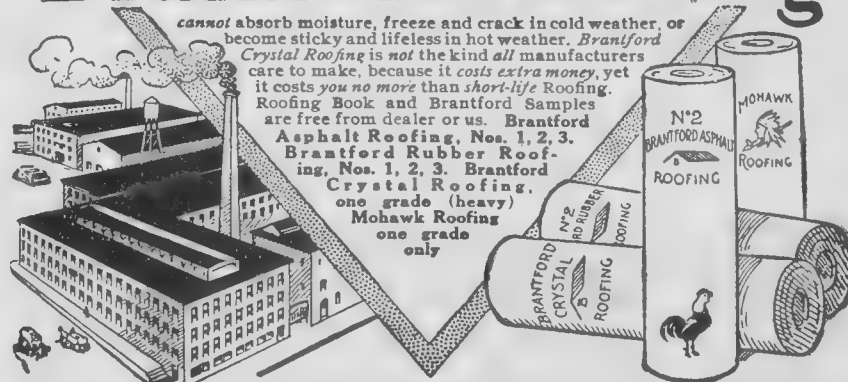
The Basis of most Roofing, except Brantford, is wood pulp, jute or cotton-cloth—all short fibered.

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This "Coating" is of refuse and quickly evaporates—wears off—exposing foundation to savage weather. It absorbs water and moisture, and becomes brittle, cracks, rots and finally crumbles.

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the swell of the surf outside. No sooner had we cleared the Pass than I saw we were in for a wetting, if nothing worse. The great dull roaring surf that beat on the shore was huge crested rollers outside. Ahead of us steamed a big freighter, and big as she was, we lost sight of her every time we dipped down a big green sea. Fritz said it was quite calm in the hollows, but the scud on the tops was no whiter than his face. I was busy fastening the Reflex camera in its waterproof covering. I did not fear anything worse than a wetting yet. So far we had faced the western waves, now we had to turn broadside to coast along the island. These Indian canoes show their poor lines in this position. They roll like bally barrels. I constantly thought we should be pitched out like balls from a lacrosse stick.

With a sudden roll we shipped a clear green sea, and it was bail for life. You ought to have seen those Indians bring her about bow to the waves and bail with their paddles. If any whales had been about they would surely have taken us for a new species that spouted in four different spots. Between us we got her partially emptied and the paddlers turned her about for shore, hoping to make a landing around a point that jutted out a bit. I noticed the surf was piling higher here than elsewhere, but could not make myself heard in the tumult of wind and wave. Right at that gloomy rock-strewn shore we headed—just as if a pleasant shelving pebbly strand awaited us. It was great sport now, it is always safer to go with the waves but—for one moment's time I saw a creamy wave reaching in foaming lines far up the shore—then there came a tremendous coil of water, it rolled over its hissing lip and formed a cave. On top of this half mile long roller, like a big black chip, swept our canoe. The men were paddling like demons. Crash! The mighty wave had left us and we dropped on to that exposed ocean bed with a crash like the fall of a mighty fir and the great solid war canoe split from bow to stern. The oncoming sea spurted up through the great gashed cedar and only the false bow and

thwarts held the wreck together. Somehow—like a submerged canoe—we sped along with this big surf. I threw the strap of the camera over my shoulder, held out a hand to the lad, grasped the hand of the next Indian, and we all bent over the stranded craft bracing ourselves for the return of the wave. It came and covered us hip deep and we reached the next one to the side line and beat it—all safely ashore, where we sat and watched the surf play with that huge canoe, throwing it up almost to our very feet, then maliciously dragging it back. Soon it had two playthings, for the poor, old craft parted from bow to stern. How unemotional these coast Indians are. I knew the old canoe builder that had laboriously formed the craft, actually worrying it out of a great cedar with a chisel-like axe made of an old rasp and with many a red hot stone. Half of a year he told me it took him. "Klnne tahtlum dollars" (thirty dollars) was the price he got for it. It had safely made the inside passage to the far Alutians and now had ignominiously come to grief almost on the very shore it grew and was fashioned on—and the short, squat, flat-faced Indian that owned it was busily engaged in smoothing out a roll of very wet paper money, and carefully securing each corner with big, round pebbles. None seemed to think that we had been actually pushed out of the surf by the slip of the grasp of the giant that would have strangled us, and that we near came being food for the devil fish we had come to hunt.

Now came a weary waiting. Suddenly one of the big-faced natives stood upright and motioned for us to follow. and off we went through the thick woods, right across the island. Luckily it was only about a mile, but such a mile, tangled undergrowth, fallen trees, so great in girth that we had literally to climb over the prostrate boles. Soon we emerged on the inside shore of the island. Swiftly the Indians set to work to gather the loose poles that were floating in the bay below the Pass. These were soon lashed together with some creepers and saplings and off we

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Northern Indians poling canoe.



Native Village—Coast Indians—North Pacific Coast of N. America.

launched into the swift water. The tide current bore us steadily southward. With long poles the Indians guided the low-floating craft and by nightfall we bumped ashore in front of a rude, little native village — seemingly filled with howling curs. The tribe that occupied the rude houses scattered along the shore of the little Northern Pacific coast bay were of the Salishan stock, almost the southernmost of all the tribes that are descended from the Orientals, that at one time crossed the waters of that which we now call Bering Sea, or walked across what was then an isthmus between Asia and America. These latter day tribes have forsaken the ways of their warlike forefathers, all of these houses before us were undefended, they were not even raised off the ground. No sign of the ancient high raised house on mighty posts with sloping gangplank-like entrance. No sign of the barricaded wall. One big potlatch house stood in the center of the group of houses. The foreshore was littered with many big and small cedar cabins. Behind the smoking cedar shake squares that topped every roof rose the mighty firs and cedars of the primeval forest. At the open door of the house nearest the water stood Hoots—this is his tribal name. I understand his mother was a Haida woman and in their tribal tongue this means "The Bear." His Siawash name was Chet-wool, this means the "Black bear in the Chinook." The white man calls him Clam—for he literally lives upon this succulent shellfish, his Klutchman forking many a pailful

from the flats and selling the surplus to the white man.

Without more than a shadow of a smile he invited the boy, my assistant, Fritz and I to enter. We stepped inside the door. We were still on the raised platform that runs all about the inside of these native houses. Now note the absence of curiosity, or the inherent shyness of these half civilized tribes. The dusky youngsters that sat near the open fire that blazed on the mud floor in the center of the hut never even looked our way. The Klutchman — his wife — stood erect waiting. Soon Hoots returned and showed us to a seat on a pile of blankets on the platform. There was some very strict ceremony as regards the seating near the fire, but I had forgotten it, so we tried to seat ourselves just where he pointed.

The room was hollowed out of the earth in the center and the platform was made of thick slabs split off the cedar logs. This was used as a big shelf and was littered all along its four sides with the most heterogeneous collection of white man's wares and ancient Indian tools and boxes. Right beside us was a really very beautiful cedar chest. I have seen similar used as mortuary boxes to hold the ashes of the dead. The carving on this represented the Salmon and the Bear, and some most uncouth faces of tribal totems. On top of this good box sat a modern phonograph. A first-class sewing machine was piled up with heaps of native baskets and wooden household utensils—all native carving. No one could use the sewing machine—but it seems that every human being can use the phonograph. Whatever possessed this Indian to buy a perambulator I do not know, certainly it never had been used, as the salt water that splashed over it when it came home in the big, open Fraser River fishing boat—for these Indians are discarding the big cedar canoes—still showed in big rust splashes.

We had just become interested with the rude interior of the hut when one of our—shall I say raftsmen came running in to tell us that they had bought another canoe and were ready to start—so off again we headed for the roaring Pass. Fritz asleep in the bow and I nodding amidsthips—safely they paddled through its wild waters and on past where the two ragged sides of the great war canoe yet splashed about in the pounding surf.

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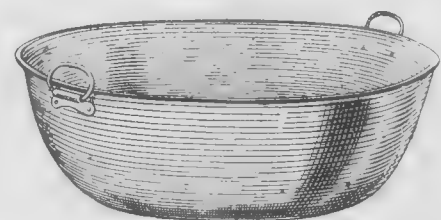
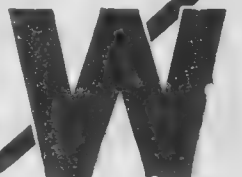
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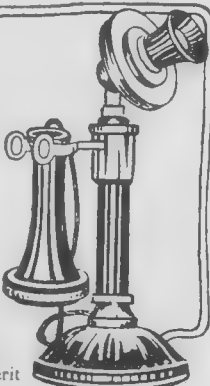
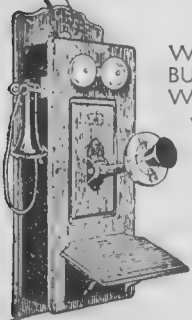
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Surprises of the Range.

By W. I. Thomas, Munson, Alta. Specially written for Western Home Monthly



WHEN I came to the range, by my physician's orders, to live out-of-doors among the cattlemen and horse ranchers in the hope of regaining the health which I had lost by too close application to indoor work, my experience, at first, was a succession of surprises, for as I had read much about the West I supposed that I was fairly well informed with reference to cowboys and western matters in general, but found that nothing was as I expected to find it. For example, what I had seen in pictures and read in stories of western life gave me the impression that cowboys always rode Indian ponies or broncos and rode them always at a lope. I was not a little surprised to find them riding horses of good size and breeding and always trotting their horses except when it was necessary to go faster than they could travel at that gait.

For myself I decided to adhere to my original idea as a well bred saddle horse cost more than I could afford to put into one for a summer's vacation, and at that time it had never crossed my mind that I had come to the range to stay. Accordingly when I found an Indian, out of money and tobacco, with an attractive looking pony and a somewhat worn but comfortable saddle to sell for twenty-five dollars, I considered myself fortunate and closed the deal at once.

The deviation from the practice of the range in the matter of selecting a mount increased the interest which the cowpunchers always take in a tenderfoot. Imagine a cowboy with stock saddle, chaps and wide rimmed hat with straps to hold it on, a lariat tied to the thong beside his saddle horn, with spurs on his heels, a quirt hanging from his wrist and perhaps a cartridge belt and long revolver or "gun" as he would call it, riding through the main street of an eastern village and you may get some idea of the impression I made upon the cowpunchers as I rode about the range on my diminutive steed, clad in eastern clothes, and exhibiting, I suppose, every indication of a tenderfoot.

For some time I was careful not to go out of sight of the ranch buildings unless with a cowboy for each hill and hollow of the prairie was so much like a hundred other hills and hollows that at first I could not distinguish one from another and was in constant danger of getting lost. As I became more familiar with the range I began to make short excursions into "the wild" on my own responsibility. After completing several short journeys successfully alone I attempted a longer one. Toward sundown I discovered that the prairie, just to show me that I was still a tenderfoot, had drawn me into its limitless stretches of unbroken grass land and blotted out of my mind all sense of direction or location. I had been following a winding cattle trail and as I looked about me I had no idea whatever from what direction I had come nor in what direction I ought to go. As the cattle trail was a well beaten one I determined to follow it for, as it was evidently traveled more than the other adjacent trails, it probably led to water and there was usually a ranch wherever there was a good supply of water. I was lucky, for just after the sun went down I came to the edge of a deep coulee. Down below me, in the shelter of the steep coulee banks lay the buildings and corrals of the Martin ranch. As I picked my way cautiously down the steep incline a cowboy who was riding down the opposite side of the creek which ran through the bottom of the coulee stopped his horse and stood watching me probably attracted by my tenderfoot appearance and as he knew that the creek was at high water mark and deep enough to swim any horse, it is likely that he was interested in seeing how so small a mount would manage with a man on his back in so swift a stream for if I reached the buildings there was no way to avoid crossing the creek.

Martin is fond of telling strangers whom we meet how I made the crossing. His version of it is that the pony refused the water, whereupon I dismounted, jumped into the creek dragging my unwilling mount at my heels, swam across with him in tow, scrambled out upon the farther bank and swung him up to dry land with the bridle reins as a boy would land a large fish with a hook and line. He further goes on to say that I rode him up to the shack door and instead of dismounting in the approved manner, simply dropped my feet to the ground, hit the pony a whack across the rump and drove him out from under me. The facts are that the pony was large enough to carry me quite readily and made no objection to entering the water, but when he got in deep enough to swim he attempted to turn back toward the shore. In trying to keep him headed toward the other bank as I had had no experience in swimming horses, I pulled his head too suddenly and too hard and tipped him over, but fortunately I struck, as I went off, with my feet on the bottom and my head out of water still holding the reins and on the side of the creek toward the ranch buildings. As the pony was swimming I easily pulled him toward me till he got footing and then led him out. He was really what most Easterners would consider a very good saddle horse but quite beneath the notice of My Lord Cow-puncher.

It was in the early summer, but the water coming most of it from coulee springs, was nearly ice cold. To the cowboy's jokes I returned the hottest replies which I could muster through my chattering teeth. Martin took me in with genuine frontier hospitality; luckily for me he and I are of about the same size. He gave me a dry change of clothing and dried mine at the fire while he prepared a good warm meal. It seemed strange to look out of the window where between three and four hundred cows were in sight and drink coffee without cream and eat bread with jam instead of butter, but, of course, no normally constructed cowpuncher would milk, even if a range cow could be sufficiently tamed to endure the process.

I made no attempt to conceal the very evident fact that I was a tenderfoot, but unblushingly confessed to Martin that I knew nothing about the range and was riding about the prairie with a dual purpose; to regain my health and to learn as much as possible about cowpunchers for they impressed me as being the oddest and most interesting animals on the range.

He said that he and his men had spent a week rounding up the cattle preparatory to cutting out the best four-year-olds, for the beef market was up and the grass was good enough so that experienced riders could move them to the nearest shipping point without loss of flesh. Martin said that the cutting-out process would probably be of interest to a tenderfoot and invited me to stay, adding that it was always well to have an extra hand about at such times. How much of the latter remark was a jab at my tenderfootedness and how much was a kindly suggestion that I would not be entirely a burden on his hands I did not know, but I accepted his invitation with alacrity as no one could doubt his genuine good humor.

In the morning before they began cutting out the fat steers I was the object of no end of solicitude on the part of the cowpunchers. They thought it a pity that I should be compelled to ride so undesirable a horse. They offered to catch any horse for me which I might choose from the wrangler's bunch. I thanked them but declined to make a choice. Then they offered me any one of their own horses, but when I couldn't find anything to suit me and decided to stick to the pony a grin passed round among them. I thought that they had given me up as a hopeless case but found later that it was a mistake. I found that there were things about a ranch that a tenderfoot could do almost as well as an old hand. By keeping be-

tween the little bunch of fat steers as they were cut out and the big bunch I could render considerable assistance by preventing the fat ones, once they were cut out, from getting back into the general herd. My little Indian had been trained as a cattle pony on the reservation and understood the business as well as a cowpuncher. If a steer attempted to get out of place, the little fellow was after him, nimble as a fox terrier, and had him back where he belonged in a twinkling. He managed them without any directing from me. The pony and I were the butt of endless jests all day but it didn't seem to hurt the pony's feelings at all. I couldn't allow him to outdo me and tried to take my share as unconcerned as he did his.

The summer passed, haying was over and the mornings beginning to be crisp and frosty and still the Indian pony and I were helping the cowpunchers of the Martin ranch, content with no other pay than our board and lodgings. One evening Martin told me that the weather was getting cool enough to run the coyote hounds and that he intended sending them after a young one the next day to limber them up a bit after the summer's idleness. There were four of them, two grayhounds and two of the largest stag hounds I had ever seen. The next day when Martin prepared to start I saddled up, too. The cowboys were looking at each other with significant smiles; for they knew that the pony would make a good start but that climbing over the rough country at hunting pace would soon play him out and he would fag out and lose the chase. I saved the laugh however by riding along with Martin till the dogs started the coyote and then riding to the top of the highest hill in the neighborhood where I watched the chase out.

When I came in that evening I had made up my mind to ride a horse that could keep up with the chase. I had ridden horses ever since my father used to put me on the family driving horse and hold me by one leg as he walked alongside. As a rider in the East I had been considered "not too bad," but when it came to mounting a horse sired by an English thoroughbred and reared on the range by a wild prairie mare with all the instincts, dread of restraint and fear of human beings to be found in any other wild animal, I had drawn the line at that, but I had made up my mind to follow the hounds and there was no avoiding the range horse any longer. Of course the cowpunchers guessed my resolve from my conversation and that evening in camp the saddle bunch was thoroughly discussed with reference to hunting qualities, disposition, etc.

When the hounds were to run again the cowboys offered to rope anything for me which I might choose, notwithstanding my resolve to follow the hounds I still found it difficult to select one. Finally Muldoon, who knew that I had a great admiration for his favorite horse, offered him to me. He was a beautiful chestnut, a thoroughbred of the thoroughbreds. I have stood for an hour at a time watching him play when he was loose upon the prairie. I never saw any other animal run and jump with such graceful ease. I accepted the offer for I liked him and couldn't see that there was any more danger in riding him than any other, but the moment I accepted I saw, by the satisfied grin that passed about among the cowpunchers, that Muldoon's generosity was prompted by nothing else than the cowboy's ceaseless anxiety to turn a tenderfoot into a sky rocket. Of course there could be no turning back. I found later that Muldoon had broken the horse to saddle and that, while he was perfectly docile in his own rider's hands, he would allow no one else to mount him. I thought that perhaps Martin would give me some pointers during the evening but he said nothing. I suppose he thought that if I were going to stay about the range I would have to fight it out sooner or later anyway and had better have it out and done with.

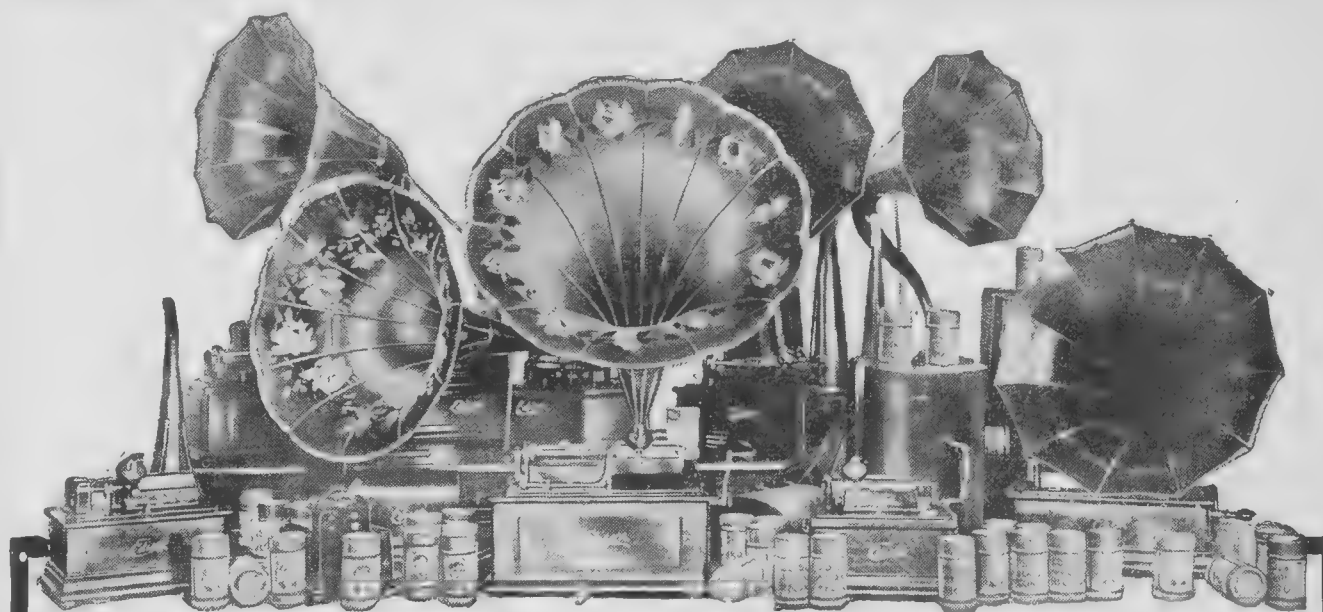
When I saddled the chestnut on the morning of the next hunt and led him out of the corral, he was as quiet and unconcerned as a carthorse. When I started to mount he seemed oblivious to what was going on, but I hadn't quite gotten into the saddle and hadn't the stirrup when he rose on his hind legs

and went up straight as a plummet, ten feet, it seemed to me, though I suppose it was much less. I don't know whether it was because I hadn't the stirrup or because I was frightened but I made no attempt to stay on. I went down over his tail and landed squarely on my feet behind him. I had often heard that jerking a rearing horse over backward was the proper medicine for him and to make it look as though it were all planned on my part I brought him over with a thud which must have nearly cracked his skull. Though I had never tried it myself I had frequently seen the cowboys hold a horse down by lying on his head. I knew that it was the horse or me for it; that my career as a hunter began or ended there. The moment he struck the ground I threw my-

self on his head with my body well out of the way of forelegs and hung on as though my life depended upon it and very likely it did. He struggled frantically for a time, an age it seemed to me, but finally he gave it up and lay still. My quirt was still hanging at my right wrist. My success had made me brave, too brave, holding on with my left hand I raised my right and brought the quirt down across his shoulders with all my might, with a suddenness and force which I had not anticipated he struggled to rise and came within an ace of rolling me under him, but I didn't entirely lose my position on his head and gave my whole attention and all my strength to regaining it. This time I contented myself with holding him down till he gave up all attempt to rise.

When I was sure that he had given up entirely I rose and allowed him to get up. I mounted him again. This time he behaved as discretely as my pony would have done and he never gave me any trouble afterwards.

The struggle with the chestnut proved to be my initiation into cowpuncherdom. The cowboys no longer spoke patronizingly and condescendingly. There are but two classes on the range: those who can master a prairie horse and those who cannot. I had passed into the upper class. This was a satisfaction but the pleasure of following the hounds was greater. I found that I had never before known what real horseback riding was. I seemed to have acquired the wings of an eagle. There seemed to be no effort in the chestnut's running and jumping.



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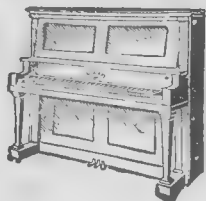
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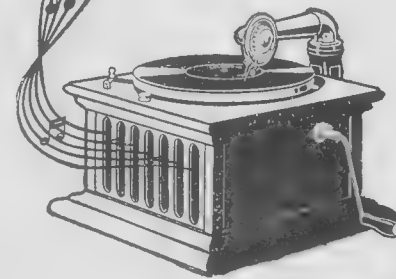
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He entered into the sport as heartily as any of us. In the exhilaration of the chase and the cool, fresh air I was rapidly regaining my health and as the cowboys put it, "having the time of my life." But pleasure can never be unalloyed. The coyote chase involved me in the most intricate complication I was ever mixed up in.

There was a coyote which had denned for three years in the Lone Pine Coulee. Every possible effort had been made to catch him, shoot him or poison him but he was still at large, bold and saucy. He led a pack of five. Experience hunters had many a time worked with hounds all day long and been within a mile of the coyotes all the time, yet no one had ever so much as gotten a good run. As soon as the hunt began the leader of the pack separated the coyotes, stationed himself on the highest point of a coulee bank or adjacent hill or haystack and from there directed the manoeuvres of the pack by code of short barks, yelps and howls which his followers understood perfectly. By cross runs from one coulee to another and by running one coyote across another's trail he soon had the hounds hopelessly muddled. If the dogs saw him and left the others to chase him that was just what he wanted. If they did not he would watch for his chance when the hounds were pressing dangerously near one of the other coyotes; then he would

and wealth, but who kept to the frontier purely through love of the wild. Crowded out of his old range which lay near the railroad, by incoming settlers, he had moved his stock farther into the wilderness. Once a year he left the range for a trip to Europe, Japan, Mexico or whither-so-ever the wanderlust might lead him, but the range was his first love and to it he returned after each pilgrimage.

He had a beautiful and accomplished daughter of attractive and unusual personality. She was born on the range and began to ride with her father in fair weather when she was a wee bit of a girl. She had been educated in the best schools of the East. During her schooling she and her mother had lived in the East while school was in session and on the ranch in vacation. She was about to complete a course in an eastern college for women. This was her last vacation on the range and it was nearing its close. Never before had she and her father followed the hounds so successfully. She had resolved to capture the Lone Pine coyote before returning to college. Without any plan to do so Martin and I helped her to carry out her resolution.

We had sighted the big coyote and his pack one evening just before dark. The next morning we started out early to locate him. We were riding up a coulee, the sides of which were almost



No place like home—Be it ever so humble.

dash across its trail barely in front of the lead hound and take the dogs after him. He would lead them out across the open prairie till they were well out of his territory and thoroughly winded, then he would let out another bark or two and disappear so suddenly that it seemed as though he had sunk into the ground or evaporated into the air. He was the subject of no end of discussion. Many theories were held concerning him. He was very much larger than any other coyote on the range. Instead of the sharp, highkeyed voice of the ordinary coyote he had a deep, heavy voice so unlike the others that every rider in that part of the country knew his howl. As there were timber wolves in the foothills about thirty miles distant some thought he was a timber wolf which had strayed over into the prairie among the coyotes. This theory was strengthened by the fact that he led a pack while coyotes run singly or in pairs. Another theory was that he was a cross, half timberwolf and half coyote. This theory had more adherents than the former, for, while he was larger than a coyote, he was not large enough for a timberwolf and he never fought the dogs as a timberwolf would have done. Whatever he was he was too much for both men and dogs.

Ten miles north of the Martin ranch, in a well sheltered coulee, a large spring, in summer and winter, wet weather and dry poured out a never-failing, abundant supply of water. Here a new ranch had recently been established by an Englishman, Mr. Edward Hayworth who, according to rumor, was a man of education

perpendicular, with the hounds at heel. We were keeping to the bottom of the coulee in order to have the hounds out of sight till we were as near the coyote as possible. Suddenly to our great surprise the very coyote we were after shot round a bend in the coulee just ahead of us at better than a grayhound pace. When he saw our hounds he veered round and started back up the coulee. The hounds were almost upon him by the time he was under way again, yet he bade fair to make his escape for, although the distance between him and the dogs was short, he was gradually increasing it. Judging from past performances, when he got well under way he would soon be out of sight; but he had scarcely gotten down to a good pace when the hounds of the IXL ranch came into sight in full chase on the trail which he had just begun to double. Had he been able to find an opening in either coulee bank which would have let him out on the open prairie he would have executed another of his brilliant running feats and soon have been out of harm's way; but no such avenue of escape presented itself. When he took in the situation he made for a ledge of sand stone which, at the point where the coulee turned sharply, jetted out a few feet from the bank. He jumped upon the flat rock with the steep bank behind him and turned to face his enemies, alert and ready as usual, his long white teeth bare and uttering a low menacing snarl.

Close upon the heels of the IXL hounds came Mr. Hayworth and his daughter. The latter in the lead as her horse was

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lighter and more nimble in climbing about among the obstacles which the coulee presented. Our hounds stood about the stone ledge looking for a chance to get up, none wishing to make the first move for they all knew that the first dog up would get an ugly gash from the wolf's trap-like jaws. As the IXL hounds came up the killer rose on his hind legs and put his fore feet on the edge of the rock. The wolf stepped up to meet him. I had never before seen such a picture of savage rage; his eyes seemed on fire, the shaggy hair along his neck and back stood on end and there was something demon-like in his voice, as he snarled out his rage, that made the chills creep up and down one's spine. The I X L killer was a huge borehound almost as heavily-muscled as a mastiff, not a noticeably fast dog but the most famous killer of the district. Miss Hayworth had named him Duke Terrible. No other dog made a move toward the coyote or wolf or whatever he was and even old Duke had no mind to let him slash at his head and shoulders while he was climbing up. They stood facing each other with muscles tense watching for an opening. This was the situation as the riders dashed up. As their horses halted, without a second's hesitation Miss Hayworth sprang from her saddle and, catching hold of the scrub willows which grew along the coulee bank, scrambled up to a point directly above the wolf. Though she was in no way near enough to reach him she suddenly thrust out her quirt as though to strike him. Filled with the wild animal's dread of the human he turned his head. In a twinkling the big hound's teeth shut together across his throat. Duke's running mate was the next dog up. He seized the wolf by the hind leg and the two dogs stretched the wolf out between them. We had no end of trouble in keeping the others off and saving the hide.

When the wolf was dead and Duke and his mate let go the excitement subsided somewhat. Though our successful rivals in the hunt were newcomers in the district I was acquainted with them, for with the usual rancher hospitality, Mr Hayworth had kept me with him for a week during one of my wanderings about the range. I introduced Martin. Miss Hayworth was still perched upon the coulee bank among the willows out of harm's way.

"It was a shame to run in on your game that way," she said, "but I vowed I would catch that coyote and I had to do it to save my veracity. It would be splendid now if you would skin him for me. It is early in the season but there is an R in September and hides are said to be good in any month spelled with an R. I'll have a rug made of it for my college room. What yarns I can tell the eastern girls about that coyote and not tell any fibs either."

When we had taken the hide off, Martin tied it to the thongs at the back of her saddle and said something gallant about finding it a pleasure to see the best hunter win. When she was ready to mount he was about to assist her, but in an instant, before he had offered his services she was sitting in the saddle smiling down at him amused at his very evident surprise. As they rode out of the coulee through the first draw beyond us Miss Hayworth's horse stopped near the top suspiciously eyeing the crumbling earth which showed signs of slipping down into the coulee, then he rose and cleared the objectionable mass as easily as a jack rabbit would have done.

"That horse is almost as graceful as she is," said Martin. From her shapely little feet to her soft silken hair she was a lady in every line.

We had hunted coyotes longer than we should have done if it had not been for the anxiety to capture the Lone Pine wizzard. Weaning time for the calves had come and we set about our duties. The best hay cut during the summer had been ricked up along the north side of the pole corral and we went to work to confine the calves here till the cows went dry and forgot them. Though I had learned to perform other cowpuncher feats successfully, when it came to cutting a range calf away from its mother I was utterly useless. Accordingly, I accepted the inglorious position of gatekeeper and unwittingly did

my friend Martin a serious injury. With the aid of one of the men he had cut out a cow leaving her calf in the bunch. Just as I opened the gate for her to pass out, the calf, with a nimble bound, passed Martin and started to join its mother. I knew it was useless to try to swing the heavy gate shut in time to stop it. As the cow had passed out and no other cattle were near the gate I sprang forward waving my arms to frighten the calf back, forgetting that a range horse is quite as much afraid of a man on foot as a range calf would be. Martin's horse happened to be standing where the ground was wet and in attempting to turn too quickly to get away from me slipped and fell. He regained his feet in an instant but Martin was unable to rise. The horse had fallen on his leg and broken it.

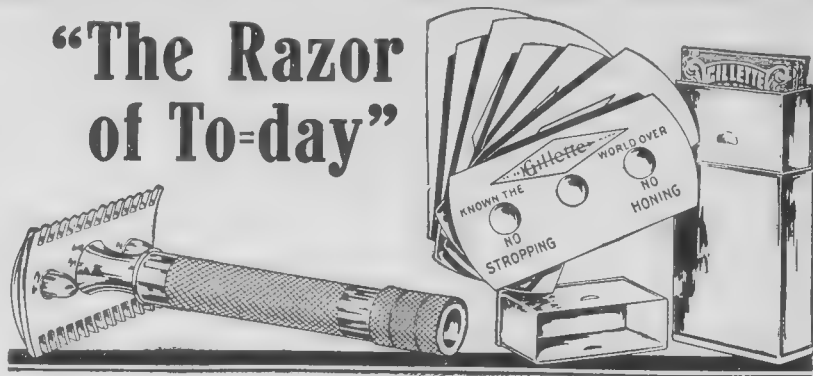
Chagrined at my tenderfootedness and grieved over my friend's misfortune, the more as he meted out no reproaches, I determined to make amends to the best of my ability. I assumed the double role of nurse and entertainer. At first this was not difficult but it became a more serious task each day. After the ordeal of setting the broken bone was passed Martin suffered very little pain. The trouble grew out of his inability to walk or ride. Accustomed to an active outdoor life he found the confinement and enforced idleness unendurable. Each day he grew more irritable. A chance remark of his unwarily dropped in a fretful mood revealed to me that no small part of his irritableness was due to the fact that Miss Hayworth was about to leave the range for college and he had hoped that better fortune would give him an opportunity to cultivate her acquaintance before she started.

We hadn't received our mail for more than a week and, suggesting that it might contain something diverting, I readily gained his consent to be left alone, except for such attention as he might get from the cowpunchers when they were off duty, while I hit the trail for the post office. For several days my whole attention had been given to the problem of allaying Martin's rising irritability. As I rode past the place where the Lone Pine coyote was captured I thought of Miss Hayworth, then of Martin's interest in her, unwittingly betrayed, then of the post office, then of a letter of condolence. You see the psychological law of association of ideas led me into a dreadful temptation, but as the deed I contemplated was for my friend's happiness, not my own, its culpability seemed less in my eyes. The temptation grew upon me till by the time I had reached the trading post it had entirely gained the better of me.

Martin had never seen my handwriting and as I write a small, and I fear somewhat effeminate hand, it occurred to me that if I took pains to write carefully I might get up a letter which he could readily believe came from Miss Hayworth and as Miss Hayworth would be leaving for college before Martin could ride it seemed to be that I would be perfectly safe in the undertaking. Something had to be done to allay Martin's increasing irritability at being confined to the house and I could think of no other way. I procured the most lady like stationery obtainable at the post and after consuming nearly the entire boxful I gradually evolved what looked to me like a dainty letter of condolence which, while it expressed sympathy for Martin's misfortune, in no way committed Miss Hayworth. It gave me a severe twinge of conscience to sign her name to it, but having gone that far I couldn't allow myself to balk at the last ditch.

When Martin read the letter I stepped outside, whether to laugh or to kick myself I was not quite certain. The scheme worked admirably. Martin was sometimes talkative and jolly, sometimes pre-occupied but never cranky. After the periods of pre-occupation he seemed to be a trifle awkward and uneasy. I surmised that while he didn't like to ask me to ride back to the post office with a letter he was filled with anxiety lest Miss Hayworth should go away without a reply. He finally took me into his confidence and told me that she had written him a note containing nothing of significance, merely extending her sympathy in his little mishap and that he would like to acknowledge

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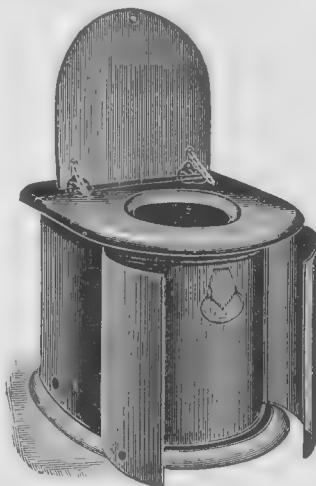
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No. 2, N. W. 1/4 of 2-1-4, east of first Meridian, 160 acres improved; half mile from International Boundary; 10 miles from Emerson, Man. Fertile, high land, well drained; rich black soil; price \$16 per acre.

No. 26, N. 1/4 of 14-4-6 east of first Meridian, 320 acres; station at Marchand or Dufrost. Government drainage has reclaimed this land, which has an unusually deep, rich black soil, bumper crops can be produced on this land, and my price of \$10 per acre is a snap for some one.

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No. 3, S. E. 1/4 of 19-1-6, east of first Meridian, 160 acres improved, 1 1/2 miles from Canadian Northern Ry., six miles from Stuartburn on Roseau River; near the Red River Valley, famous market garden district; ten to fifteen acres broken; house on property, price \$12 per acre.

No. 164, S. 1/4 of 30-22-15, west of first Meridian, 320 acres, unimproved; only two miles from Laurier, Manitoba, on Canadian Northern Railway, a pretty town only about ten miles from Riding Mountain; splendid neighborhood, mostly English settlers, good schools and churches, plenty of seasonable rain, soil dark, heavy loam, 12 inches deep with clay sub; large government ditch east to west on north side of tract, small ditch on road allowance to south. Price \$16 per acre.

No. 165, N. E. 1/4 of 18-22-15, west of first Meridian; 160 acres, unimproved; within one mile of Laurier, Manitoba; soil dark, heavy loam averaging 12 inches on clay sub; small stream through tract affording excellent drainage; small Government ditch half mile of land; mostly open land. Price \$16 per acre.

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her courtesy but did not like to put me to the inconvenience of mailing the letter. Of course I was only too glad to be of service. Sometimes I smiled, sometimes I felt guilty when I saw how carefully he worked out the short letter which I was about to burn as soon as I got to the next coulee beyond our range. I intended to consume as much time as was usually required to go to the post office in hunting coyotes. This could arouse no suspicion as the hounds followed me everywhere since Martin's illness.

The ruse completely delivered me from Martin's petulance but, after the manner of transgressors, I was no sooner out of this difficulty till I was into a worse one. Martin was soon about again but he was not himself. The range, the horses, the cattle, the hounds, everything had lost its interest for him. He was absent-minded, even distressed at times. Finally he dared trust his leg sufficiently to ride. I thought this would bring him round but it didn't, and when I asked him point blank what was the matter with him, he made a clean breast of it. He said that he knew he was old enough to know better than to make a fool of himself over a girl but that he couldn't get her out of his mind and the worst of it was she was a stranger and he could do nothing. If he could have a try at his luck and stand or fall on her decision he wouldn't mind it, but to be thinking of her day and night and have no chance to do anything was consuming him.

She was just the girl to make a strong impression on a well educated young

finished answering her questions about her father and mother, Miss Hayworth wanted to know when we had last seen her saddle horse, what condition he was in, etc.

"My stars," she said, "how I wish I had him here. They are organizing a ladies' polo club and are going to have a game as soon as there are enough ladies who can play respectably. It is my dearest ambition just now to play in that first game. You see, if I had that little saddle horse I would be all ready to begin."

"If you will pardon the suggestion, Miss Hayworth," said Martin, "I believe your chances would be better if you were to buy the best trained, thoroughly experienced polo pony you can procure. It has always been my observation that two beginners are not likely to get on well together. If the rider is new to the game the pony should be an old hand, an old rider for a fresh pony."

"You talk like a polo player, Mr. Martin."

"It is nearly seven years since I played last, but I was very fond of the game in England."

"And a horse rancher."

"Yes, I raise both horses and cattle." "You would like to play, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I should enjoy getting back into the game."

"If you will pick out the best polo pony you can find for me, I'll buy him and introduce you to some of the men who play polo, then you can ride him till you get him going right."

"It's a go. I'll start out to look him up



The Swan Pond, Assiniboine Park, Winnipeg.

Englishman transformed, by a half dozen years on the range, into a first-class rancher, somewhat of a wild rose as he saw her on the day of the chase, a graceful rider with dash and courage, but with a voice and speech which could belong only to a lady. Out of her frank, merry eyes looked the spirit of the untamed wilderness and over it was the culture and reserve of Old England. One could easily imagine her riding after the hounds on the prairie or walking among the stately old oaks of some long-entailed English residence and equally at home in either place. I hoped that as Martin became engrossed in his out-of-doors affairs he would forget the little episode in the coulee and the letter but he did not. To my great annoyance, as I felt responsible, he became more and more ill at ease and made it worse by his effort not to show it.

I decided upon another desperate throw and wrote Miss Hayworth that I was about to take up some newspaper work in the East and that she need not be surprised at a call from a woolly Westerner at any time in the near future and that I would bring a full-fledged range cow-puncher along with me if she would like to exhibit one for the benefit of her Eastern friends. It was an easy matter to convince Martin that a change would be good for him. A few days later we were aboard an east-bound Canadian Pacific train. I called on Miss Hayworth and took Martin along. Much better fortune awaited me than I deserved. As soon as we had

the first thing in the morning."

I went along with Martin to find the pony. His choice proved that he was a horseman and a polo expert. The pony was a beauty, a bright blood bay with black tips. I never saw a more intelligent animal. He knew the game to the last point and played it with his whole being. He had no equal on the grounds in speed and endurance. When Martin went into the game to try him out Miss Hayworth and I were among the spectators. Martin was a bit out of practice so far as hand and eye were concerned but his riding clearly outclassed all the others. There was a touch of pride in Miss Hayworth's voice as she introduced him to her friends after the game as a near neighbor to her father's ranch. He soon picked up what he had lost in the way of practice and wasn't Miss Hayworth proud of him! We people of this young new country are so engrossed in developing its endless resources that we haven't time to enjoy ourselves as the English do. Even in our play we carry a business air or we go at it with a vim as though we must get all the fun out of it in a minute and lose the game from over-anxiety. It takes an Englishman to drop into the sport in an easy, natural way and leave everything else behind him for the time being while he simply and easily has a good time. This was Martin on the polo grounds or among his new friends after the game.

One day after Martin had gotten into form Miss Hayworth and I sat watching him in a polo game. No one who rode

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This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

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only when he played the game could hope to attain the ease which day in and day out in the saddle on the range had given Martin. He played easily and accurately always, with unruffled poise. There was a heightened color in Miss Hayworth's cheeks and a light in her eyes which gave me hope for Martin, for she was evidently proud of her pony and I thought the feeling extended to the man who rode him.

As we were talking of the game that evening Martin asked me if I didn't care to learn.

"I would rather hunt coyotes," I said. "We'll see you back on the range then, I suppose," Martin answered.

"Yes, I wish I were there now, I'm not in the game here. The prairie for me."

"Do you really mean that?"

"Mean it, I never was more in earnest in my life."

Martin sat looking out of the window for a time. "See here," he said finally, "what's the matter with you going into partnership with me on the ranch?"

"How could I? I haven't but a few hundred dollars."

"That's easy. I don't own the land. None of us do out there; it's a free range. I have corralls, a haying outfit, etc. We'll need more corral room this fall and perhaps a new mower. You can add the new stuff we need till you have as much of the outfit as I. Get yourself a horse brand and a cattle brand and put your money into stock."

"But you'll be furnishing most of the outfit. It won't be a fair deal."

"From what you say I judge that I'll have most of the stock. I ought to furnish most of the outfit. As your stock increases you can increase the outfit."

I jumped to my feet and grasped his hand. "It's a go," I said.

He rose and shook my hand with a grasp that I won't soon forget. Then he stood looking out of the window again for a long time. You're quite sure you would like to get back to the range right away," he said.

"Certain of it," I answered.

"You wouldn't take it as an imposition if I suggested that you go out to the ranch and look after the stock while I teach Miss Hayworth to play polo."

We both laughed and Martin's face colored a little. "An imposition? I should say not. I am afraid I'd be inordinately swelled with pride to find myself boss of a well-ordered ranch."

"You know the stock doesn't thrive as well when the boss is away as when he is there. I'll give you the pick of my saddle bunch to look after my part of our ranch while I'm away."

"You'll do nothing of the kind. Mine will need looking after sometime when I am away."

"I'll do my best for them," he said.

"Where had I better go to look for the stock I buy?" I asked.

"Oh, I can't tell you that. You should ride round and find out who has good cows and good mares to sell right. I couldn't say which to buy unless I were there. If you don't feel sure of yourself in judging stock, don't buy till I get back; it won't be long. Miss Hayworth will learn fast, and let me tell you none of those other girls will be able to hold a candle to her. Haven't you noticed in the trials they have made how they give their attention more to watching that the pony doesn't stumble than to the game. Miss Hayworth is all in the game. She never gives a thought to the pony's footing, and ride! those other girls can't ride." It would weary you if I told you all he said. I saw that it was of no use to try to talk horses and cattle to him, so decided to wait till he came to the range.

I have been back on the range for some time and I have concluded that Martin's chances are good for I received a letter by the last mail from Miss Hayworth telling me that she was a winner in the first ladies' polo game; but that is about all there is in it about the game. The rest of it is devoted to an account of Martin's great riding, his polo playing and general good qualities. I

am certain that if I had started out deliberately match making I would have made a failure of it, but it seems that my attempt to make Martin forget his trouble when his leg was broken started the ball rolling in the right direction.

Now if he brings Miss Hayworth back to the ranch with him and she can cook as well as she rides I shall bless the day we caught that coyote and the day Martin broke his leg for I am woefully sick of batching.

The Art of Being Kind.

A Story of the Western Prairie By Madge S. Smith. Specially Written for the Western Home Monthly.



WHO knows what impelled them? What spirit drove them from their cottage home among the Kentish orchards, to cross great oceans and face mighty storms, and traverse a continent of droughts and vast lakes and untrodden wastes, to reach the "last-west" city of the Western prairie? Who shall say?

Bill was a typical English lad, fair-haired, grey-eyed, long of limb, slow-lighting of countenance; one of the hundreds you may see following the plow, or looking round genially from the flank of a cow in a sweet-smelling English byre.

She was a typical English lass, rosy of cheek, simple of speech, Mary by name, not over neat of dress, but comely and wholesome withal, with a round arm that could knead, dolly and churn, and a smooth brow that worry had never furrowed.

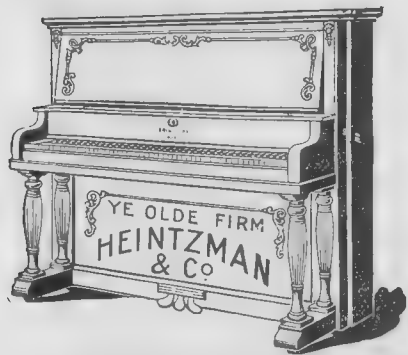
It was a sturdy Briton of eighteen months, and might as well be a boy as a girl for anything I know to the contrary. Being for the rest, fat, fair, lusty and well-nourished, with no visible reason why it should not grow up like its parents at play and work by pleasant English hedgerows and in the lush green English meadows.

Yet into the little settled home, with its substantial oak settle, its tinkling piano, the samplers on the wall, the big family Bible on which the sewing-machine reposed, the careful accumulation of generations of thrift and sobriety and decent living, with its daily routine of labor, its weekly Sabbath rest, its fair-time holiday-making once a year, entered ruthlessly the spirit of unrest.

In a few short weeks how great a change can be wrought! Behold them, having torn themselves up by the roots, impelled by this strange spirit, transplanted with their little all, as contained within the limits of something between a packing-case and a hen-house, squatted on the prairie on the outskirts of a Western town. Bill had gone out to a distant farm to cut his wisdom-teeth on the strenuous, break-neck hustle and sweat of the harvest, earning a dollar a day and his board, and the privilege of finding out the difference between English and Canadian farming.

Mary was left with the shack and a few dollars and "It" to fend for herself till the husband should come back with his wages at the end of the month. And her heart, which had never failed, even through the strange throes of sea-sickness, and unaccustomed days and nights of railway travel, is very heavy indeed. In all this great

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wide, wonderful country she knows not a solitary soul to speak to.

There are dwellings round about her, houses of brick and painted wood, cheek by jowl, with the first rough shacks of newcomers, but the prosperous folk whom she sees come and go pay no heed to her, and she, who was accounted not a little pert in the Kentish village, finds herself tongue-tied and confused. They answer her puzzled queries with a curt "Yup" or "Nope," or "Sure" or "I guess" that bewilders her, and go on carefully minding their own business.

Mary turned from contemplation of the spread of grey-green distance, backed by the giant outline of the Rockies, and her heart grew heavy for a green wooded slope and the white, cherry orchards in bloom. The poor place is not encouraging. She cannot get into the way of the strange, little stove that goes out when she pokes it. The baby wails dismally from its soap-box cradle. She tears her hand on a nail on the packing-case table. For this cabin, twelve feet by eight, she has exchanged friends, household goods, every-

"I'm the leader of the Hawk Patrol," explained the young person, "and say, the boys are at your service. What kin we do for you?"

"Run along, little boy," said the young woman, dully. "Nothing for you to-day."

"I guess we don't want nothin'," retorted the freckled urchin hotly. "We're the Boy Scouts, don't I keep telling you, an' we're goin' to fix you right now."

He blew a shrill blast on the whistle that hung at his belt, and before Mary had taken her hands from her ears, six more neat little replicas of the first urchin had filed into the shack with impressive silentness.

"Say, Ed. Bates, you've passed the ambulance test. I guess you an' Bertie had best take the kid for an airing."

"Yup."

In a thrice a coat was unrolled, two poles stuck through the sleeves and the mother found herself looking on, too much surprised to resist, while her precious baby was carried out on the novel perambulator.



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thing that was home. The baby ailing, Bill far away. Suppose this dread typhoid of which she has heard should strike down the breadwinner.

Suppose she herself were to fall ill, alone there with the baby. She had not cried over breaking up the home; had not even cried parting with the chest of drawers with mother o' pearl handles. She had acquiesced in the whole undertaking quite blandly and calmly, going through it like one not fully awake to the enormity of the step. And now all at once her courage ebbed; she felt vaguely and terribly that she was indeed a stranger in a strange land. Then the tears came. Then she laid her head on the arms that the mosquitoes had bitten so viciously, and joined her sobs to the wail of the fretful baby.

"Say! Say lady, I guess you's sick or lonesome, ain't you?"

The woman looked up with a start. A queer, little apparition was blocking the doorway, a very small boy in a big hat with a very long thick stick. He raised a brown paw to his freckled forehead and saluted gravely.

"We're going to raise the dust some in this here outfit," continued the masterful non-com. "You'd best clear while we git things fixed. It would be real nice Tom, if you was to read the lady a chapter. Being a missionary, you didn't oughter miss a chance."

Here Tom, growing very red, objected strenuously that he was a handy man also, and had calculated on making a real dandy fly-screen for the lady's window. In a second the martinet flared up.

"You jest got to obey orders, then, Tom Hopkins. Git'n read that lady a real, nice piece to comfort her up, or chuck down your staff and clear."

"Then, I guess we'll set here along of the ambulance," said the youthful missionary, a trifle sulkily. "An' I'll wager Jack makes a nice mess of your stove. He don't know the first thing about stoves. I kin make our stove go like smoke. Now, jest you sit still while I read you this piece. It's a real short one; I'll soon be through."

She sat on a box in the shelter of the little shack, and watched her child crowing and kicking in the arms of an

urchin of eleven or twelve, on whose wide-mouthed face was written all conceivable mischief that boyhood is heir to. But the baby was no longer crying.

Sounds of vigorous cleaning came from within the shack. The swish of a broom vigorously wielded, followed by the splashing of water, mingled with chopping of firewood and occasional words of command. Through it all, the bewildered woman was aware of the queer little urchin squatting on the ground at her feet, spelling something out of a little shabby book.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters.

"Yea, though I walk in the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me. Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the House of the Lord forever."

The woman's throat swelled, and for a moment speech failed her.

"Oh, thank you!" She dried her streaming eyes. "That's beautiful.

didn't like to let go. "Good-by!" said the scouts.

The missionary came last. "An' God bless you," he whispered shyly and followed the others out red to the fingertips.

And with a fearsome, shrieking war-cry that would have done credit to an army corps of Golden Eagles, the gallant Hawk Patrol trickled away across the prairie, to find fresh fields for their abounding energies.

A Woman's Prayer.

Not mine to sing life's greater songs,
but, Father, may I be
In good attune if Thy dear hand should
wake my ministrals,
To little songs of common things, which
wise hearts know are best,
To lullabies of babyhood, or love songs
of the nest.

Just as a child who knows not how to
form her letter yet,
Looks up from her strong striving, per-
chance with eyes grown wet,



His Royal Highness The Duke of Connaught—Canada's new Governor General.

I've been forgetting. Thank you so we, boys?"

"Hi! Tom, ain't you through with that chapter yet? Go and ask your mother to give you some milk from your cow. This in the jug's sour, an' sour milk's awful bad for babies. We've got your stove started fine, ma'am, and if it turns sulky, we'll come and fix it for you any old time, won't we, boy?"

"Sure!" agreed the youngsters in a cheery chorus.

The strip of carpet was laid down on the clean floor at length, the kettle filled and set on to boil. The projecting nail was hammered home, and the scratch on Mary's wrist triumphantly bound up by a pair of hot, little paws that shook visibly with excitement. One young carpenter measured the door for a fly-screen, and in an incredibly short time Tom returned with a jug of sweet milk.

"Well, boys, guess we'll quit," said the patrol leader.

Seven brown left hands were extended, and Mary held each one as if she

And lets the teacher hold her hand to write where she could not—
So, Father, dear, I look to Thee: define and shape my lot.

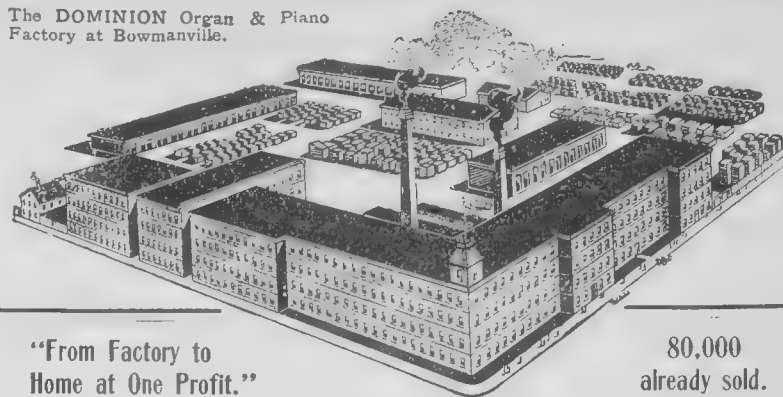
Alice Crary.

If I Can Live.

If I can live
To make some pale face brighter and
to give
A second lustre to some tear-dimmed
eye,
Or e'en impart
One throb of comfort to an aching
heart,
Or cheer some wayworn soul in pass-
ing by.

If I can lend
A strong hand to the fallen, or defend
The right against a single envious
strain,
My life, though bare,
Perhaps of much that seemeth dear and
fair
To us on earth, will not have been in
vain.

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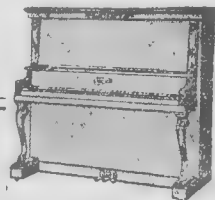
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Article Descriptive of Completed Works which now supply power to the Capital of Western Canada.



IN the comparatively short time of six years the City of Winnipeg has discussed, decided upon and completed a unique investment of large dimension. It is a common thing in Western Canada for the newly or-

ganized municipality to set up at an early date in its history the equipment necessary to provide its own essential utilities and for these to be enlarged and improved upon with the growth of the organization. Winnipeg, after experience with privately operated water works, in 1889 took over and immediately enlarged and improved this property. In 1903 the City discussed a proposition offered by a private party for 3,000 electrical h. p. for its own municipal use. In 1905 the City Council obtained a report from consulting engineers concerning the choice of a site and the probable cost of developing energy from the Winnipeg river, and in June, 1906, the citizens passed a by-law appropriating the necessary funds in the creation of a debt of \$3,250,000. Though designs were at once developed and tenders called, definite action committing the city to the expenditure of this money was delayed. In 1907 the construction of 24 miles of standard gauge railway was begun to provide access to the site chosen and this was completed, including the bridge structures for two considerable river crossings. Then came some months of waiting.

Actual Development Began in 1909.

It was not until October of 1908 that tenders were again called for the construction of the general works at water fall and of the transmission line structures, and contracts were signed for these in January and February, 1909,

at which date it may be said that the actual investment in the development was begun. Its completion within 36 months after the turning of the first sod upon the site and within five years after the appropriations were first made by the citizens, is not a bad record for the carrying out of so large an idea by municipal control, and the city may be congratulated upon its energy and may

be offered the best wishes of Western Canada for the financial success of and direct satisfaction from the project. The river harnessed is one of the noblest in Canada, draining about 52,000 square miles of wooded and lake country in the north-western angle of

drainage area, make the discharge of the river remarkably uniform, varying from 13,000 second feet to approximately seven times that dimension; the average range, however, is more like that of from minimum to four times minimum. The profile of the river is comparatively gentle in slope as it finds its course north-westerly through the extensive Laurentian country which it drains.

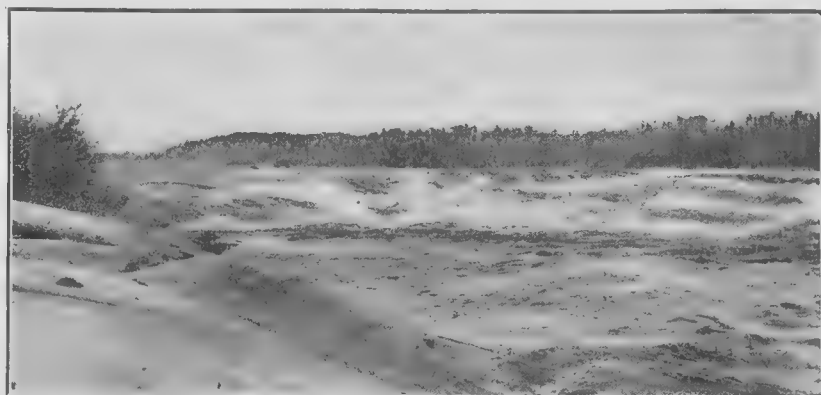
The Site Chosen.

The fall chosen by the city for development is the most considerable fall at one point and is particularly attractive for water power development for electrical purposes because at the top of the fall there is a natural lake of about 10 square miles. The distance of transmission to Winnipeg is not excessive as such transmissions are now viewed by electrical engineers, and the electrical art is in so stable a condition

when one considers the storage area at the intake of the power canal and the usual character of load upon such electric plants, it may be safely said that at least 100,000 h. p. of maximum load could be taken from the river at this site. The photographs show the plan of works carried out by the city in the development of this water fall, these works comprising essentially two river walls over which the spare water will spill and a rockfill dam at the head of the fall; a canal formed by comparatively shallow cuts across two rock ridges forming a point of land at the west side of the water fall, this canal being formed by a retaining wall on the east side, by the power house at the south end and by a natural shore and a short wing wall on the west side; intake works at the north end of the canal at which point the river water can be excluded therefrom; and the



Retaining wall, Point du Bois.



Falls Winnipeg River at Point du Bois.

after its very rapid development that a very large period of usefulness may be predicted.

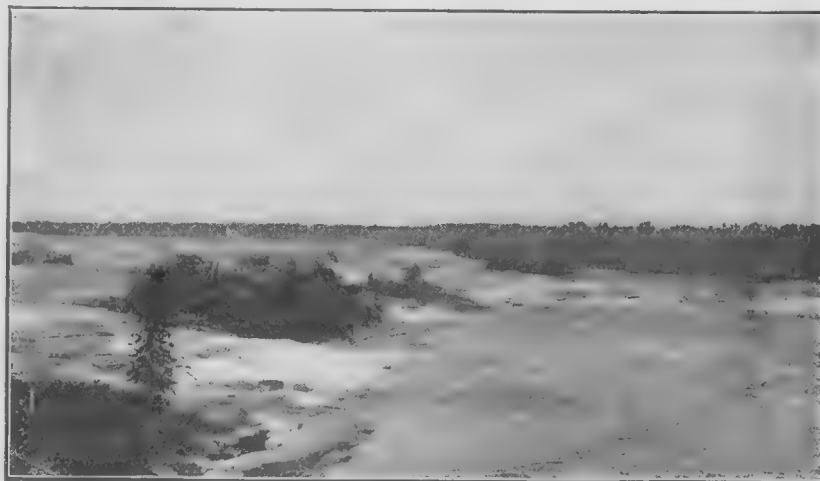
Maximum Load of 100,000 H. P. could be Developed.

The water fall originally 32 feet

power house building above referred to which as at present constructed and as planned to be extended, will accommodate the machinery necessary to deliver in Winnipeg the above mentioned minimum.

Seven 4000 H. P. Generating Units Now Completed.

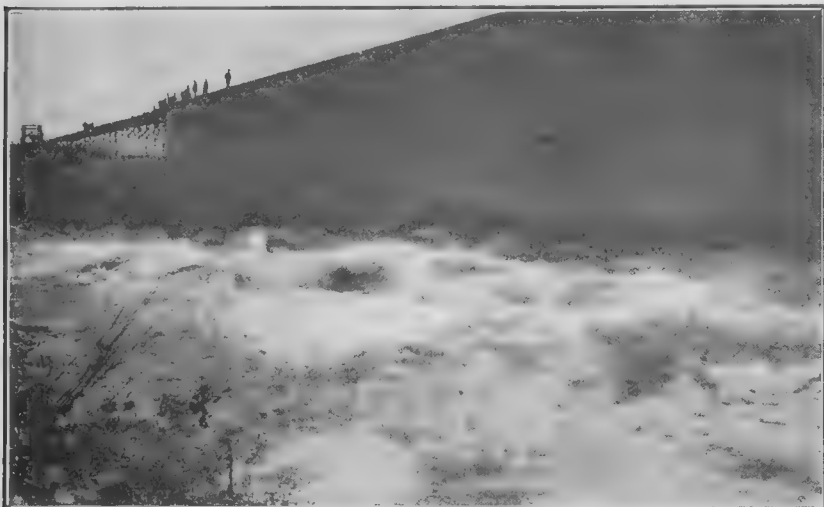
A photograph showing the power house and water fall is shown. In the right background is the rockfill dam at the head of the falls; in the left foreground are seen buttresses which are parts of wheel pits which will be constructed with the extension of the power house building when more than 35,000 h. p. of energy must be delivered therefrom. The power house as completed now provides accommodation for seven generating units of rated capacity at the generator terminals of 4,000 h. p. each and for an 8th unit which space is now used as a transfer bay and probably will be so used until the completion of the extended plant. Each of these units is provided with a separate tail race of its own, the arch over which will be noted in the picture. In the 9th of these tail races the water is discharged from the two "exciter" units. The extension of the power house building will provide accommodation for 16 of the large generating units in all. This building has been built of reinforced concrete and all the walls have been constructed of concrete from materials obtained upon or near the site.



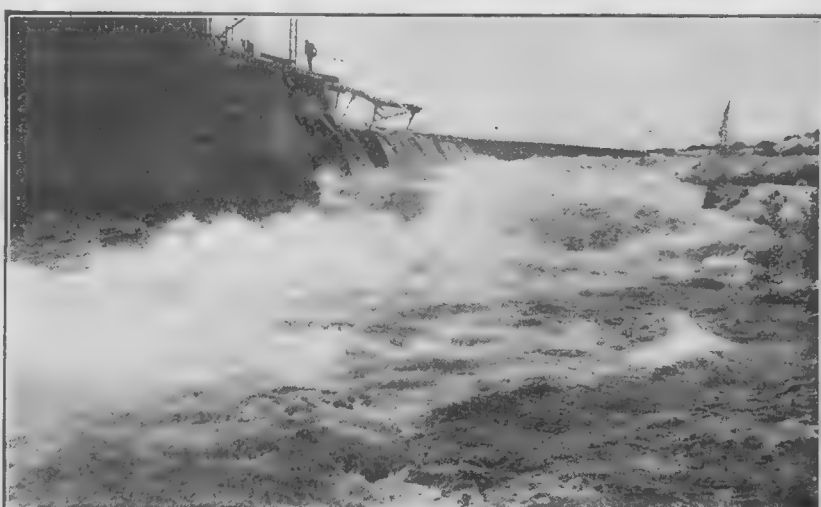
Point du Bois Falls, Winnipeg River.

Ontario and along the eastern portion of Manitoba. Its large proportion of lake surface and the fact that its water shed has not been denuded of its timber resources, which are by the way practically continuous over the whole

within a quarter of a mile was increased to 47 feet by the construction of overflow walls and of a dam in the river channel, making available throughout the 24 hours of each day of minimum river discharge about 60,000 h. p. or



Point du Bois—Side Falls, to be used for power purposes.



Point du Bois—Showing force of water power.

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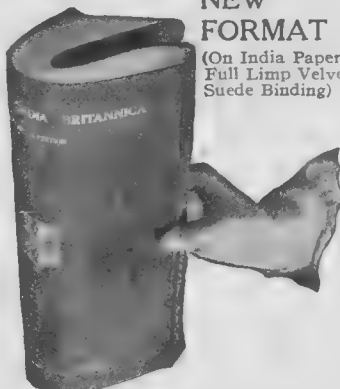
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The new edition bears the imprimatur of the University of Cambridge instead of being issued by a private firm of publishers as hitherto. The added endorsement of the authority of the 1,500 eminent specialists; representing all civilized countries, who contributed to the book, served to confirm its status with a swiftness and a certainty not possible otherwise.

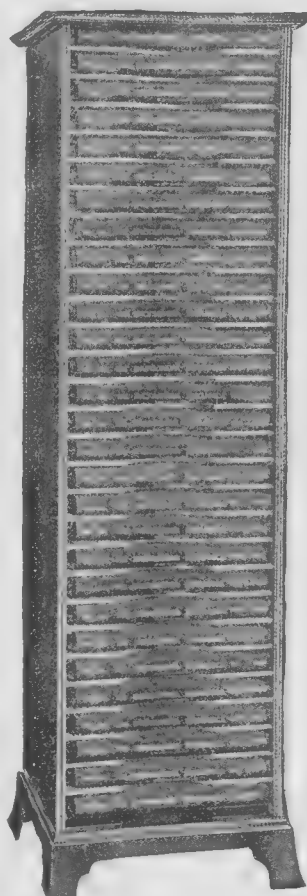
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Power House—Point du Bois.

Leaving the canal, the water passes through steel screens or racks which prevent floating debris or ice from entering the machinery, then is guided past a duplicate system of control, namely stop logs and electrically operated head gates into a series of great vertical tanks or wheel pits, in each of which is installed over a huge opening in the floor a pair of turbines on one shaft and discharging into a single draft chest and single concrete draft tube below. The dimensions of these various water passages have been carefully chosen so as to prevent unnecessary loss of head, and therefore of power. Calculation by the engineers has shown that of the 47 feet of head possible, only about half a foot will be lost in its passage from upper river to tail race, or in other words, the hydraulic efficiency of the general plant will be as 46.5 to 47, that is 99 per cent.

The power house has been laid out so that the energy entering it on the north as water at the upper river elevation, leaves the building on the south side as high tension electricity, the mechanical power of the water turbine being delivered to the electrical generator through its shaft coupling and then by cables to the transformers which deliver it in turn through the necessary control switches and past the lightning protection to the cables leading to Winnipeg. The control of the equipment in this plant is altogether electrical so that the operator in charge standing on his "control gallery" may start a turbine, connect the generators to the bus bars, the bus bars to the transformers and the transformers to the transmission line by a few movements of the hand.

Transmission Line and Terminal Station.

The transmission line consists of two three-base circuits each capable of delivering in Winnipeg 15,000 h. p. at 60,000 volts. The conductors are of aluminium cable. The supports along the 77-mile right of way, are steel towers upon concrete foundations.

The city's terminal station is of red brick and concrete—fireproof throughout—housing the transforming and control apparatus necessary for delivering this energy at 12,000 volts to sub-stations in different parts of the city. The portion as constructed includes an office and eastern wing which latter will accommodate transforming equipment for 32,000 h. p.

In addition to these three elements of the investment, which only were covered by the original estimate and for which money was voted by the people in 1906, the city has built and equipped one sub-station and has another one well advanced towards completion. From this latter an underground and overhead system of distribution has been begun and from the former an overhead system is under construction.

Practically an All-British and Canadian Product.

Practically all of the equipment used in this scheme is of British source though not all of British manufacture. The turbines are supplied from a Swedish factory, the generators from an English factory and the transformers

and other electrical apparatus from Canadian factories, as also is a considerable portion of the necessary auxiliary machinery. The plant was designed by Canadian engineers, Messrs. Smith, Kerry & Chace, and the city may point to it as a Canadian production. The construction as planned and authorized in 1906 will be finished for a sum of money very close indeed to that appropriated therefor. The general character of the structures is most permanent, all are absolutely fireproof, and no ordinary source of trouble from fault of foundations, climate or material may be anticipated.



School House, Point du Bois.

Battling with an Octopus.

The vampire of the ocean, the octopus, appears from time to time in real-life narratives as fascinating as fiction. Such is the story told in the Royal Magazine by Capt. S. F. Scott, of British Columbia. He was yachting off Victoria with a party of friends, and while alone one evening in a rowboat a mile from the yacht, got into a school of blackfish, one of which struck the little boat with such force that its occupant was sent flying into the water. Captain Scott continues:—

It seemed a joke to be upset like that, and I laughed. But this was to be my last laugh for a long time, for just as I had swam back to the boat and laid my hands on the upturned keel, I felt myself seized round the legs, half-way below the knees—seized with such strength and suddenness and pulled down with such tremendous force that the boat was jerked clean over, and came down on the top of my head.

Like lightning came the truth. I was in the arms of a devil-fish.

I knew that the water swarmed with the deadly octopus. I knew that one had got me. There is no mistaking the grasp. Every one of the devil-fish's eight powerful arms closes upon his prey, and he pulls down, down, until he drags it to the bottom.

With a desperate kick I freed myself from the creature below me. Seizing the boat, I had my arm under one of the thwarts when the devil-fish caught me again.

I felt his grasp tighten. The pain was excruciating. With every movement that I made my flesh was lacerated. I began to grow weak from loss

of blood. But I never relaxed my hold of the boat.

The agony must have lasted for only a few minutes in reality, but it seemed an eternity before I felt the clutch on my legs loosen. I kicked with all my strength, struggled, twisted, and then felt myself free. I think my solid boots must have injured the arms of the octopus and compelled him to let go.

It was not until an hour and a half later that my friends noticed that my boat was motionless on the water, and came out to see what was the matter. They found me more dead than alive. The skin was nearly all gone from my feet to my knees, and above that it remained for weeks as black as man's hat. For two months afterwards I lived only on milk.

Altogether I was laid up for seven months as the result of my encounter.

Important to Sportsman and Hunters.

Care of Game Heads. By John Ambrose.

When you kill your game, use care in handling the head, if you desire to have it mounted. Don't cut it under the neck, cut it up the centre of back of neck. If in mild weather and you cannot get it immediately to your taxidermist, it is best to remove the scalp as follows: Cut it up the back of neck to near the horns and branch out to each horn with a Y cut. Cut skin down over shoulders to forelegs, leaving skin full length, don't fear you will leave it too long. Skin up neck

of lips forming sockets, skin around ear roots, remove all surplus flesh from skin, and salt well, use plenty of salt. If the scalp is mussy with blood, wash it off immediately with salt and water, sponge as dry as possible, raising the hair to allow air to dry it out. A little dry sand is useful for this purpose, this applies especially to sheep, goat and antelope. Blood will stain the hair if left on, making it almost impossible to bring it back to its natural color, and usually decomposes the epidermis, causing the hair to slip. Salt the scalp again when shipping, a few cents worth of salt may save dollars on the scalp. In cold weather, split scalp on the back and salt well; also treat the eyes, nostrils and mouth liberally with salt. If heads will freeze up at once, they won't need salt, but keep them frozen. Don't place them where they will soften; this sometimes means the loss of the scalp. Ship your heads as early as possible to your taxidermist: delay in this may mean a loss to you.

Liabilities and Assets.

At the end of a day's journey a traveller stopped for a night at a small rancher's shack in Montana. As he sat on the doorstep with his host a troop of children began playing about them. The New York Times reports this conversation:—

"These children all yours?" inquired the traveller.

"Yep."

"How many?"

"Let's see," and the rancher hesitatingly began counting them up on his fingers.

Pretty soon a drove of hogs came into view.

"Yours?" asked the traveller.

"Yep."

"How many?"

"Five hundred and sixty-three," was the instant response.

Saved His Books.

Farmer Dockridge was hastily awakened in the dead of night by Alf, the hired man, who told him the barn was on fire. Instructing Alf to blindfold the horses and lead them out through the back door, if there was time enough, he hurriedly donned his trousers, rushed into the summer kitchen, grasped a screw-driver, and ran out to the barn.

The roof was burning fiercely, but he dashed into the building and began with frantic haste to unscrew the hinges of the smooth pine door that opened into the corn-bin.

Alf had succeeded in getting the horses out safely; and the sparke were falling round the old man; but he stuck to his task until he finished it, and emerged from the burning barn, carrying the door, just as the roof fell in.

"That's a good deal of a risk to take for the sake of saving a bit of kindling wood," commented a neighbor who had been awakened by the flames, and had run over to see if he could be of any use.

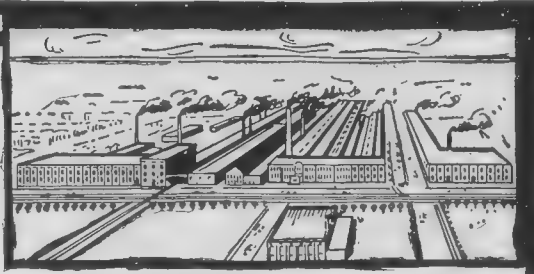
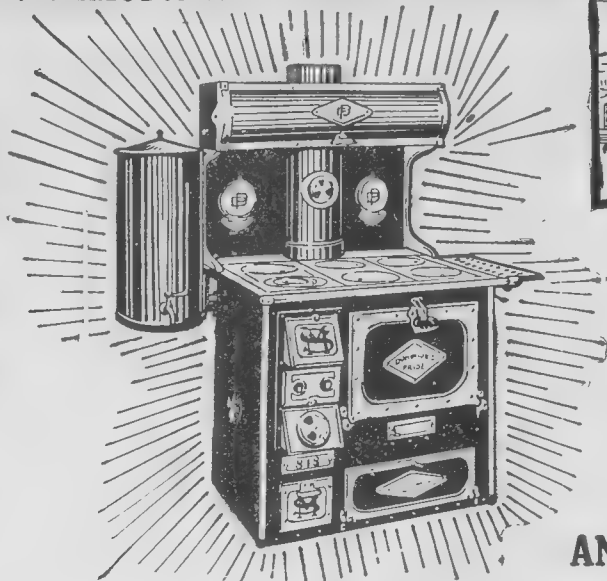
"Kindling wood!" exclaimed Farmer Dockridge, pointing to the pencil marks that covered the door. "See them figures? There's all my business accounts for the last six years. That door's worth more than the hull barn!"



Workmen's Houses, Point du Bois.



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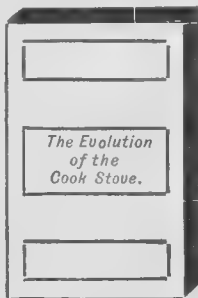
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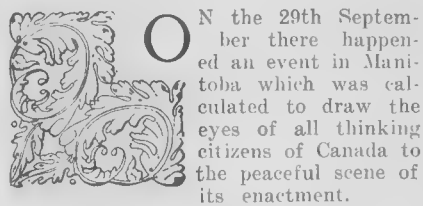


M. 1654—"The Leader"

The Foundation of the West.

Sketch of the Kildonan Valley.

Specially Written for The Western Home Monthly. By F. Cuthbert.



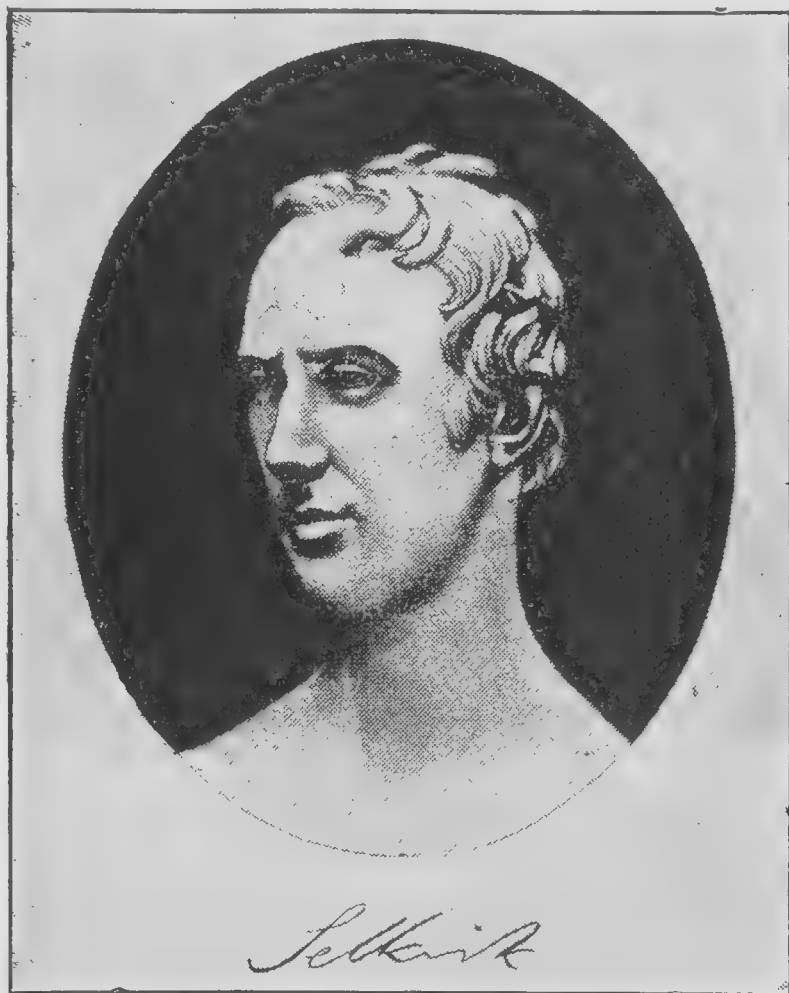
ON the 29th September there happened an event in Manitoba which was calculated to draw the eyes of all thinking citizens of Canada to the peaceful scene of its enactment.

This was the celebration at Kildonan of the 60th anniversary of the first Presbyterian service held west of the Great Lakes—not a very sensational thing in itself, but nevertheless pointing to an event which is as much charged with the heroic as that which the Tercentenary at Quebec commemorated.

For that first Presbyterian service with its austere forms was the chief end of the people who laid the first roots of colonization in the prairies of the West and sowed the seed that in three generations has spread over half

times; but his business instincts were undoubtedly strongest.

He had the idea of establishing a settlement on the Red River years before there were any evicted clansmen in the Highlands to reinstate in homesteads, and his primary object in bringing out the Irish and Highland peasants whom a grasping landlord system cast homeless to utter starvation, seems to be the establishing of a colony of food-purveyors to his traders and fur-hunters. In his determination to carry out his project, he showed the characteristics of his Border ancestors—the grim Douglasses. In 1811 he prepared a prospectus which set forth to Irish and Scotch landlords the possibilities of the territory he had acquired in the Red River Valley; but even thus early he had to encounter the opposition of Sir Alex. Mackenzie, the explorer of the North-West, who, as head of the North-West Company, the rivals



Selkirk

a continent. It takes us back to the foundation of Winnipeg, of Manitoba, of the Great West. It brings once more to our mind's eye the picture of a little band of exiles rising up against the vast, fearful, devouring wilderness and taming it and milking it—in spite of all odds going on conquering and to conquer.

The story of the Pilgrim Fathers of the North has often been told; those heroes who preserved their bodies after fully ten years warfare with chaos and their religion after 40 years in a spiritual wilderness, their struggles have often been recounted. But not too often. And as the products of civilisation are more and more piled around us and spread over the prairie, as the cathedral and the skyscraper compel our eyes the higher, so the more worshipfully will we turn our eyes from them to the little church at Kildonan and the lowly gravestones in its shadow.

Lord Selkirk, the principal figure in the drama of the Red River colonization, has been praised as a philanthropist and censured as an exploiter of labor by students of his settlement scheme.

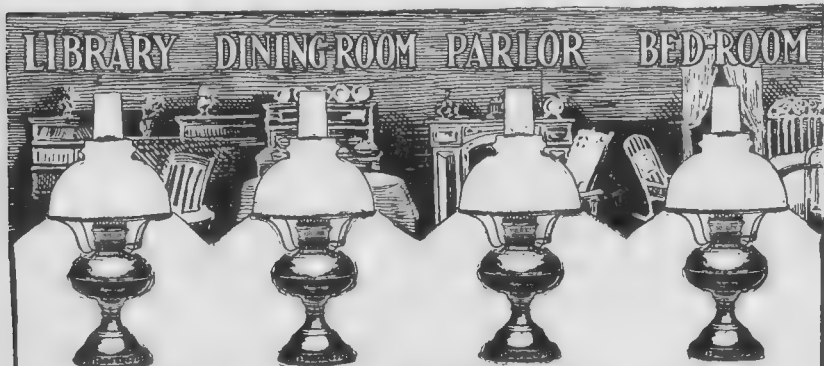
Like all men, his lordship in this case acted no doubt from several mo-

of the Hudson's Bay Company, desired no such strengthening of his competitors' hands. But, despite protests in the press that recruits to Lord Selkirk's scheme would be bound to a land of cold and want, his lordship mustered in the spring of 1811 at Stornoway a contingent of Irish, Highland and Glasgow men, who sailed from Stornoway under the leadership of Captain Miles Macdonell. The North-West Company's opposition followed them even after embarkation, and many of the emigrants jumped overboard and swam ashore when they heard of the hardships ahead of them.

On their landing, the colonists were speedily introduced to the rough ways of the wild, and took to the gun better than to the spade. They simply joined the ranks of the fur traders' auxiliaries.

In 1812 another batch, chiefly Orkney men, sailed from Scotland and landed on the Hudson's Bay the following year, while in 1813 a still larger company of Highlanders bade farewell to their ruined sheilings and reached the Red River in 1814.

These last made a more persistent effort to stick their roots in the soil, but so strong was the opposition of the North-West Company's half-breeds that



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the shooting colony was rooted out; and at their entreaty 100 of the 200 settlers were given transportation overland to Toronto. The rest joined the hunters and fur traders. The broken soil threatened to return to its virgin greenness.

The stage is now ready for the appearance of the little band from the parish of Kildonan, in Sutherland, who reinforced Lord Selkirk's wavering residue and clove to the hoe till they engraved their names as conquerors of the wilderness.

In the summer of 1815, 72 persons, men, women and children, took a last look at their native glen, trudged 30 miles over the moors of Caithness, boarded with their belongings at Thurso a packet which conveyed them to Stromness, where finally they re-embarked on the Hedlon on the 17th June.

The sorrow of the exiled Celt has been the subject of many of the finest lyrics in English, but this, one of the first wholesale partings, must have been full of that dumb despair which the heartbroken show, for no songs have been preserved of the exiles' composing.

In this departing, the bard and the piper were silent, for the homes of their fathers for generations were ashes already before their departing eyes. Their's was the grief which says: "Weep not for the dead, but weep for him who goeth into a far country." And for them there would be no return. Going out with such despair, is not their passive heroism all the more admirable? The only ray of hope came from the dark unknown. All their trust was in Lord Selkirk. But it was



Rev. John Black, D.D.

not the despair of the weak, destitute animal. Their's was the despair of the proud spirits disillusioned. Their chief had denied their kinship and their Highland blood knew no worse insult.

After a sea voyage, attended with all the discomforts of the sailing ship, prolonged beyond the normal period of wretchedness, the heart-weary pilgrims sighted the monotonous shores of Hudson's Bay about the end of August. There is no record left of their journey from Fort Churchill to the interior, but when we consider that the means of conveyances were barges, on a route complicated with portages, and that the party included women and children, we who have grumbled at the roughness of an emigrant train will regard as heroic the undertaking of 700 miles.

Landed.

They reached the Red River settlement on November 15, but bitter must have been their disappointment to find that, instead of the land flowing with milk and honey that had been pictured to them, Lord Selkirk had failed to fulfil his engagement with them to provide food for them for the first twelve months.

Fort Douglas, called by Lord Selkirk's family name, was the first place they reached, only to find it in a famishing condition. They left it for Pembina, thirty miles further up the river, dread of starvation clutching at their hearts; for, looking at the withered prairie rustling eerily in the chill November blast, they could see no

vestige of feather or fur, while its bleakness reminded them of the moorlands they had left now rendered desolate for them, but once a paradise for their simple tastes. Worse for them that all the attachments of home still clung to that far-off land, and every sight that reminded them more forcibly of what they had left must have shot pangs of anguish and madness into the hearts of the men and sobs of despair into the bosoms of the women.

Disappointed.

But they were doomed to still more bitter disappointments. When after leaving Douglas, they landed at Fort Deer, they found a similar scarcity of provisions; and the terrible winter was at hand—a winter when 18 to 20 of the Hudson's Bay Company's men died of starvation. Their only hope of salvation was to continue their painful journey south to the Dakotas, the prairies where the bison grazed in herds during the winter; and after the buffalo hunters they trudged on foot over the frozen, but, strange to say,

snowless plains, 50 miles in the end of December.

Fortunately, the winter was a mild one and the hunters successful; and while the proud Highlanders endured much ridicule for their lack of hunting skill, they were able to live till spring by assisting the half-breeds in their hunting operations.

Before they had left Fort Douglas for the hunting grounds they built themselves huts of rough, unhewn logs, for they were not handy with the axe, filling the intersections with clay. These they now occupied, and with no better tools than hoes began to prepare the land for their first crop, for, although Lord Selkirk had supplied them plentifully with firearms, apparently for fighting his battles with the rival North-West Company, he had disregarded the implements of the settler.

The First Breaking.

They were, however, given Indian ponies to break up the 110 acres each family was allowed, and as oak was plentiful, they soon made plows. But we can easily fancy the satisfaction with which they saw, after their hot

summer's toil, the potato shoots springing green out of the black patches and the first cereals promising a good harvest.

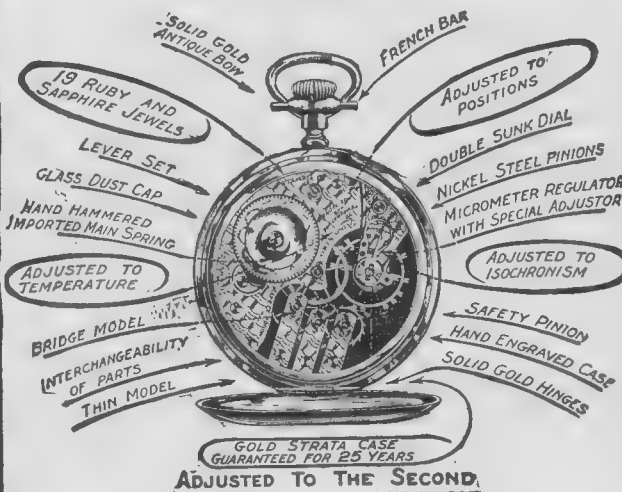
Seven Oaks.

But they had no sooner entertained these expectations, when the smouldering enmity between the two companies burst forth into flame. The unfortunate encounter at Seven Oaks, in which Governor Semple and several of his men were killed, put the settlement into the power of the North-West Company, and on June 23 they evacuated Fort Selkirk and retired to the sterile rucks of Jack River.

Hearing of the attack on his company, Lord Selkirk hastened from Montreal in the spring of 1815 with a company of De Meurons, who had served in the Peninsular War, and retired to his fort. The settlers who were unable to have their wish to be taken back to Scotland gratified, were forced to return to their inhospitable quarters, a party of the strongest preparing the way for the rest. At this stage they were reduced to the extremity of having to eat grass like the monarch of

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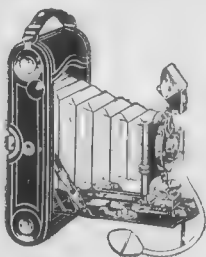
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Winnipeg, Canada.

Babylon, as Donald Gunn, their his-
torian, quaintly puts it.

Lord Selkirk's Visit.

On August 17 of that year, Lord Sel-
kirk met them in the centre of the
colony, which was the lot on which St.
John's Cathedral now stands.

At that important conference he en-
tered into terms with them in which
he agreed to send them a Presbyterian
minister as soon as possible, a promise
which they considered the most impor-
tant in the treaty.

"This lot on which we stand to-day,"
says the record, "shall be for your
church and manse, and the next lot on
the south side of the creek shall be for
your school and help to support your
teacher; and in commemoration of your
native parish it shall be called Kil-
donan."

It was 34 years before this promise
to which they attached so much im-
portance was fulfilled, and the bent-
backed, white-headed warriors could
worship as they had done in the shadow
of the heather clad hills, under the
leadership of Rev. John Black.

We now see the pioneers after much
voyaging come to land, looking with
undying hope towards the harvest of
their ripening wheat and barley, at
peace with the now united fur traders
and enjoying the protection of Pegwis,
the Indian chief.

The Grasshoppers.

But not yet was the scourge of the
galley slave off their backs. On July 18,
1819, a shower of grasshoppers alighted
on the crops, leaving their larva to de-
vour the harvest.



The Presbyterian Church, Kildonan.

The plight to which the settlers were
reduced was made worse by the arrival
of some French settlers. The plague
continued for six years with more or
less severity, during which the young
men had to work on the freight crafts
to preserve the colony; and in winter
a general exodus to the hunting fields
of the buffalo south of Pembina was
the custom during these lean years, and
their only salvation.

In 1820, Rev. Mr. West arrived, but
being a clergyman of the English
Church, his ministrations were not
popular with the Highlanders, and we
find him complaining of their discon-
tent. However, they attended his ser-
vices, for they were great sticklers for
the means of grace.

Buying Seed.

In the same year some of them made
a journey to Prairie du Chien, occupy-
ing about three months, for 250 bushels
of wheat seed, which yielded a very en-
couraging return. In the same year a
number of Swiss arrived through Lord
Selkirk's indefatigable negotiations,
who joined their countrymen, the De
Meurons, at Point Douglas; but the en-
tire colony left the Red River a year
or two later, so hard was the struggle,
for the States, where many perished.

In 1822, the colony had no serviceable
plows, for iron could be procured at
Fort York only at a prohibitive price.
The lots at first had a frontage on the
river of ten English chains, extending
back 90 chains, which made 90 acres,
but in 1822 they were replanned to a
frontage of 8 chains with a greater

stretch back, making an area of 130
acres.

By this time the settlement was be-
ing added to by retired employees of the
Hudson's Bay Company, both high and
low, and its increasing importance in-
duced the Hudson's Bay Company to
adopt a paper currency payable in bills
of exchange at York.

A Limited Liability Company

The first Limited Liability Company
in Manitoba is worthy of notice. It was
promoted in 1822 with the object of
weaving the buffalo's wool into cloth,
and tanning the skins. The capital
consisted of 100 shares of £20 each,
and after a few years of prosperity, it
became insolvent in 1825.

The first cattle the Highlanders
owned since the days on the hills of
home were brought in from the United
States in 1822, and in 1823 the breed
was greatly improved by a herd of 400
or 500 driven in by American settlers,
and a drove from Louisiana and Ken-
tucky. These animals commanded good
prices, oxen selling at £8 to £9 per
head, and milch cows at £7.

The year 1826 was the most disas-
trous in the history of the colony. The
French hunters who had settled at Pem-
bina, found their chase after the buffalo
this winter a fruitless one, and they
and their families were starving on the
Dakota plains. The Kildonan men went
to their assistance and with great diffi-
culty hauled them provisions, but
thirty of the hunters perished.

The Crisis.

The following spring (1827) brought
their misfortunes to a crisis, for on

DOCTORS HAD GIVEN UP ALL HOPE

"Fruit-a-tives" saved my Life

RIVIÈRE À PIERRE, Q., May 9, 1910.

"I look upon my recovery as nothing
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years, constantly suffering from Chronic
Dyspepsia and Indigestion.

I was treated by several doctors and
they simply did me no good. During
the latter part of my illness, I was so
thin that I weighed only 90 pounds, and
I vomited everything I ate.



The doctors gave me up to die as the
stomach trouble produced heart weak-
ness and I was frequently unconscious. I
received the Last Rites Of The Church.

At this time, a lady strongly urged
me to try 'Fruit-a-tives'. When I
had taken one box, I was much better
and after three boxes, I was practically
well again, and had gained 20 pounds.
I have taken 13 boxes in all and now
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"Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine
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juices and always cures Indigestion.
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial
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5 inches wide,
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not a shabby,
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Lamb, made of
good material,
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glossy black
curl, closely
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real skin. Well
padded and
lined. Looks
handsome,
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will keep you
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Prettiest Fancy
Folding Xmas
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in Canada for less than 5c. 60 different
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bossed in nature's own colors—Robins,
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somerly illuminated Greetings and charm-
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rage this season. Everybody wants them.
At 3 for 5c you can sell them as fast as you
can hand them out. We have all kinds of
postcards, too, in fancy designs and Can-
adian Winter Scenes at 3 for 5c. This is
your chance. Act quickly. GOLD MEDAL
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Send 50c and receive Five Pair of Hose Feet
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lady's stocking that wears out
is the feet. When the feet are
worn out the whole stocking is
thrown away. This is not nec-
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and sew a pair of our hose feet
to the leg of the stocking and
you have a new pair of stock-
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and broad enough to waive the more objectionable part of the Episcopalian ritual, and his generosity was acknowledged by the Presbyterians.

The colony had now established itself so that it could not be moved. The vicissitudes that followed its sale by Lord Selkirk to the Hudson's Bay Company in 1835 were numerous, but did not seriously affect a community tried by fire like the Kildonan settlement.

History mainly records the outstanding acts of a people; there is an inner life which is hard to make interesting. It is the inner hit of the bullet which is marked; but the loading of the gun and the aim are the things which fell the foe and make history. And so with the Selkirk settlers. They lay like a marksman long on the cold, bleak prairie, but they took sure aim, and down went chaos in the West; and into his tracks leaped Europe with a suddenness that knocks the breath out of the chroniclers.

Their passive resistance against adversity from day to day is an interesting study, but must be embodied in the imagination after a consideration of the state of the country when they found it, and that when they left it. And who does not know that as each year added whiteness to the veterans' heads it added, too, the whiteness of the wheat harvest to the prairie at a speed beyond their fondest hopes.

It must always be kept strongly in mind that the memory of the past days on the heather hills was the bitterest element in their lives, and among those memories the little church in old Kildonan, by the birchen river, sung in the amphitheatre of the ancient hills—the voice of the minister, Mr. Sage; the singing of the plaintive psalms; the visiting of friends at the Communion season; these memories must have caused them to open their dreamy eyes and see the level, friendless, kirkless prairie in a mist of tears. But the memory stirred them to greater action, and largely as a result—lo! Winnipeg, Manitoba, the West!

The faith that held this handful of men to the outpost of civilisation is inspiring to think upon in these days of shallowness and doubt. Their belief in Calvinistic Presbyterianism, absurd as it may seem, made heroes of them.

To them, plowing and weaving were not solely to feed and clothe them. In these processes they were shuttles and instruments in the hands of an Awful Destiny, and they acted as tools worthy of such a hand. And, with this belief, their sowing and weaving now draw all nations of the earth to join in their task so that all the hungry and naked of Europe may have food and warmth.

Wrong Notions Britishers have about the Great West.

By J. Richardson. Photos by the Author. Specially Written for The Western Home Monthly.



THE GREAT WEST! I had often heard the term in my Yorkshire home, but it meant for me then something very different to what it means now. I used to conjure up all sorts of rough experiences when I heard the Canadian West spoken of. Cowboys would come in front of my mind's eye; I would occasionally picture Indians and tomahawks. But it was always the same. The Great West meant "roughing it." Let those who like go there, I would say, I will stay in old England.

To-day the Great West means something different. It means—well, just Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Edmonton, and the other places. These cities constitute a country in themselves, and

once thinks Canadians are frozen out. He sees photographs of Indians in war paint, and he warns the emigrant to be sure and take a revolver with him. If he asks why, he will be told, as I was told, "There are Indians there."

Unfortunately the governments and transportation organizations have not gone the right way about clearing away these wrong ideas. The Britisher who gets in touch with the authorities because he is anxious to get abroad the livelihood he cannot get at home, receives volumes of literature about Canada's acres and very little that really counts. The result is that he undergoes many unpleasant experiences he might have avoided, and spends money he might have saved.

Nor are the wrong notions confined to the emigrating class. I shook hands with the proprietor of a newspaper in Oxfordshire one day, and told him that



A group of Indians at Birtle, Man.—Not as the average Englishman pictures them.

their people almost constitute a nation.

What mistaken notions the Britisher in the Old Land has about Canada. I know they are mistaken because they were once my notions. I don't blame the Britisher either. He sees pictures of ice-palaces occasionally, and he at

I had determined to try my luck abroad.

"Where are you going?" he asked. "I sail for Nova Scotia on Monday," was my reply. He didn't want to discourage me, but he said I might as well proceed to the North Pole.

The people in the old home were more solicitous. They packed me off with an outfit which might well have suited Cook or Peary, and when I landed I found the countryside covered with ripe corn; the orchards filled with choice fruit, people wearing flannels. Instead of seeing the snow, I felt the sun.

Dr. J. W. Roberston, one of Canada's foremost educationalists, told me that one day a box containing medical instruments reached Montreal from experts in England. On the lid there was this warning in big, black letters: "Keep warm and protect from frost." The season was the hottest; the farmers were cutting their crop; the flowers were in bloom and the birds were singing. And with such weather, somebody in England had issued a warning against the frost.

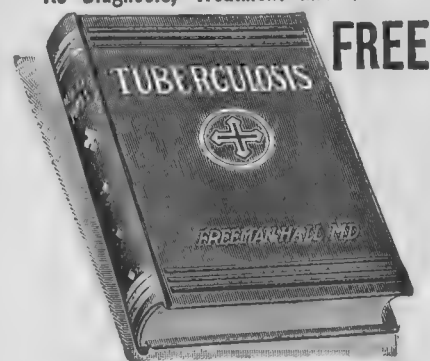
Of course, Canada has her winters and sometimes they are severe. But ask a Britisher who has experienced a Canadian winter, and he will invariably tell you that he prefers Canada. One Cornishman in Toronto summed the Canadian climate up in these words: "Why," he said, "when it snows in this country the sun shines."

The Canadian climate can be depended upon. In summer the people expect glorious weather, and they get it. They know when winter comes and they are prepared for it. The school children do not wonder days and nights whether the rain will hold off for their school treat in August. They know the chances are ten to one that it will be fine.

Relatives who write from the Old

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Given Away

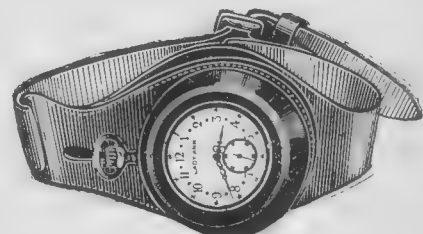


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Land often ask me how I manage to keep warm in the cold weather. The other day one relative asked, "Don't you miss the Yorkshire fires?" I pictured at once the wide, open firegrate and the heap of burning coal in front of the hearth. These are rarely met with in Canada, but because there are few firegrates, don't think the people freeze. No, the houses are heated by furnaces in the cellars. Pipes take the heat uniformly throughout the buildings. Instead of sitting in front of a blazing fire, getting his knees burned and his back frozen by the biting draughts, a Canadian can sit in any part of the building and feel warm.

But the Canadian does not spend all his time indoors during winter. He has sports which always amaze those who come from the Old Land. Ask the snowshoer, the young people who toboggan, the children who sleigh, what they think of the winter, and they will tell you that life would scarcely be worth living without it.

One day last January a thousand Montreal snowshoers turned out for their annual tramp, and in the street a Sheffield manufacturer turned to me and asked who they were. He could not understand their blanket suits, their snowshoes and the French-Canadian songs they sang as they tramped



Mrs. Kennedy of Virden, Man., one of Canada's oldest citizens, saw the first brick house built in Winnipeg.

toward the snow-capped mountains. "I didn't know they had such fine sport here," he said.

Next day, I took him over Mount Royal, from which the city derives its name. He saw the crowds on the toboggan slides, the skaters on the rink, the snowshoers marching over the mountain, and it was a revelation to him. "Look at those two youngsters!" he said as a boy and girl about 14 years old flew past on a toboggan. "I wonder what my kiddies would think of sports like that in Sheffield!"

Those youngsters made me think of my own boyhood days. I had to be content with bouncball, cricket and football. And we hadn't a nice, open field to play in either. We had to be satisfied with a dirty back yard, and when we lost a marble down a grating we would use a stone as a substitute.

But Canada stands for something more than sport. Have you ever examined the name it has got—the Land of Opportunity? When I accompanied Sir Wilfrid Laurier on his tour through the West in the Summer of 1910, I noticed that he always referred to the Dominion as "a young man's country." "There is something about the breezes of the rolling prairie of this young man's country," he would say, "that makes me feel young and vigorous again."

Why is Canada a Land of Opportunity? I will tell you. Last summer I got off the Canadian Pacific Railway at a little town in Saskatchewan. In England it would have been called a village. One of the men I met was a prosperous farmer, who owned his 640 acres. If anybody was ever independent, he was. What with good crops and remunerative land investments he had made enough to retire on over and over again. As he drove me in his buggy one day, he turned and said: "So you are in the newspaper business, are you?" "Yes," I answered. "So was I at one time," was his reply. He had sold papers in the streets of London. To-day he is one of the foremost grain growers in Western Canada. It is because the whole country is dotted over with such cases of men who have "made good" that Canada is a Land of Opportunity.

There is something particularly Western about that term, "Make good." You very rarely hear it in England; you hear it everywhere in Canada. I first heard it in a newspaper office. A manager was engaging a man who asked what wages he would receive. "I will put you on a 'make good' basis," was the manager's reply.

"Give me the Western meaning of make good," I said to the manager after the man had gone.

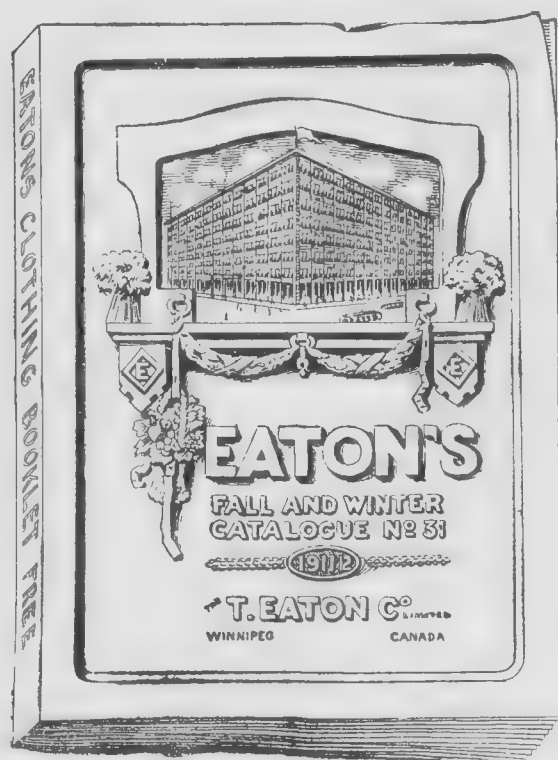
"It means that if he 'makes good' he will get twenty dollars on Saturday, and if he doesn't he will have to make room for the other fellow," was his answer.

Until I saw the West I would never refer to it as the Great West. There always appeared to be something of American bombast about the expression. To-day I use no other. You first begin to realize there is a Great West when you get to Winnipeg. Mayor Peltier, of Fort William, told me that thirty years ago Winnipeg was a babe and to-day she is young giant. Three decades ago, Winnipeg was a Hudson Bay trading post. To-day it has a population of about 150,000 and has properly been christened the Chicago of Canada.

Mrs. Kennedy, of Virden, the 85 year old widow of Capt. Kennedy, the explorer who searched for Franklin, saw Winnipeg's first brick house built. She told me that the man who built it was looked upon by the folk who lived in shacks as being too venturesome to be sane. Nowadays, skyscrapers are not an uncommon sight in Winnipeg.

I think Winnipeg impresses the Britisher more favorably than any other city on the North American continent. That's why so many Britishers are making their homes there. The majority of the important posts in the city are held by Old Country people.

When Sir Ernest Shackleton had concluded his American tour, he crossed over the border and went to Winnipeg. I stood beside him in the Royal



WE wish to announce to our many friends that we will issue no special Christmas CATALOGUE this year, for the following reasons:

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THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA

Alexandra Hotel, and shall never forget how he opened the curtains and gazing out of the window said: "Look there, doesn't it do your heart good to see the dear old flag again." He had caught a glimpse of Main Street, and the dozens of emblems which give the lie to the libel that Western Canada is loosening her ties with Britain for the United States.

And Winnipeg is the centre of a great country. The soil is fertile, and the farmers are prosperous. The Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern railways link the little towns with the big city, and as they grow, as most certainly they will, they will accumulate trade in Winnipeg.

It was in the little town of Carman, about 60 miles west of Winnipeg, that I first met the Canadian Indian. Walking along the street one day, my companion said, "Wait a moment until I have spoken to these three Indians." I looked round, fearing war-paint and tomahawks. I even imagined the Red Man's grip on my throat. To my surprise the Indians were dressed like other people who work on the land. Almost before I knew it, I was introduced to "Running Water" and the two others. They said "How do?" and spoke good English. One little Indian boy proved beyond all doubt that he was just the same as other boys. Seeing the camera slung across my shoulder he turned to me with enthusiasm and said, "Take photo, picture, mister." I satisfied the youngster and offered him a tip. He did what I should have done when I was his age—he took it.

I met quite a lot of Indians after that—at Portage la Prairie, where the squaws are so fond of sitting in the shop doorways, Prince Albert, Brandon, Regina, and other places, and I would laugh at my former fear.

When the Royal Commission on Technical Education went through the West, I accompanied the commissioners part of the trip. At Brandon we went to the Indian Home. It is filled with Indian boys and girls, who are educated at the expense of the State. Looking over the shoulder of one of the

boys, I noticed the picture of a Union Jack in a book in his desk.

"What's that?" I asked.

"The Union Jack," he replied.

"And what is the Union Jack?" was my next question.

His answer would have pleased any Imperialist. "It's the flag of the greatest people in the world," was this Indian lad's reply. His teacher was a Scotchwoman, which accounts for the lad's answer.

The girls were as sharp as the boys. I showed one girl a dollar and a five dollar bill. "Which would you like to have?" I asked her.

"That one," she answered, pointing to the five dollar bill, "because it is five times more than the other one."

The Dominion Government is having the children educated, and recognises that because a child is born an Indian is all the more reason why he or she should be properly educated.

There is a feature of Western development which all Britishers deplore. It is the increasing stream of alien immigration. The steelage of every boat which reaches Halifax and Montreal is crowded by foreigners who have heard of the opportunities there for them. I have seen train loads of them leave for the West. In Winnipeg there are no less than twenty-one different languages spoken. Canada's population can be tabulated under sixty-three different heads. Poles, Galicians, Dukabours, Swedes, Scandinavians, are congregated in every Western city.

The Britisher in Canada would like to see more of his fellow-countrymen taking the place of the foreigners. I heard Arthur Hawkes, one of the Dominion's foremost journalists, say that England's problem was landless people, and Canada's problem was peopleless land. "The problem will not be solved," he said, "until we can get the square men of Britain on to the square acres of Canada."

Its alien population is one of the breakers ahead of Canada. Those who assist in getting the right kind of Britisher out to it, are not only helping the Dominion, but are doing something to solidify the Empire.

Knowledge is Power.

By Percy Chew.

The intellectual gulf that separates man from the lower animals is wide indeed. Even the most intelligent animals manifest but vague glimmerings of reason, although it is now conceded that they do reason a little.

The dog, for instance, appears to find it impossible to perform a simple little feat like bringing a long stick through a narrow paling of parallel upright. He cannot see that to bring a long stick through a narrow opening it is necessary to seize it by the end, not by the middle. Every time a dog is set to this (provided he has not been taught how) he grabs the stick by the middle and charges at the paling as though he expected to break his way through.

Contrast this proof of feeble intelligence with some achievement of the human mind. Take, for instance, wireless telegraphy; a thing that already by reason of familiarity, has become a commonplace. This thing that is thought so little of, is an astounding marvel when you come to reflect on it. Here you are on a ship in mid-ocean. You want to know what is going on in the busy haunts of men, and you go to the Marconi operator and ask him for the news. In his den he has a peculiar apparatus of wires and batteries and things. With the apparatus he reaches up into the sky and drags down the required intelligence. Facts, figures, reports of games, stock exchange reports, news of battles are floating about in the air, put there by men, and your Marconi operator fishes them out for you. Think of it. How immeasurably superior is the mind that can achieve such results to the mind that cannot see how to pull a long stick through a narrow opening.

There is a great difference, also, be-

tween the achievements of civilized man and those of savage man. This difference, however, is not altogether due to superiority of intellect on the part of civilized man. The brain of a savage, considered purely as a thinking machine, is probably little inferior to that of say an average European. Where the savage falls short is the amount of knowledge his brain contains, for it is mainly the possession of an accumulation of experience, i.e., of knowledge crystallised in writing, that gives civilized man his advantage.

Similarly, modern man differs from primitive, or at least from early historic man, not so much because his brain is a better one, as because it has more in it. It may be true that the human mind improves gradually in the course of long ages. But a few thousand years would certainly not be able to make any appreciable change. I do not suppose anyone would hazard the opinion that the people of to-day are as a whole superior mentally and physically to the ancient Greeks. Our progress is the result of increase of knowledge, not increase of brain power.

Moreover I think the difference between individual men to-day is due more to difference in knowledge than to differences in native capacity. It would of course be absurd to deny altogether the natural inequality of men. Some are certainly more stupid than others. But it seems to me that just as the human race appears to approach a certain mean in height, weight, strength, endurance, etc., so it tends to approach a mean in the matter of intellect; and in this way we are kept like enough to each other to make existence tolerable. We are thus neither constantly compel-



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This will ensure your receiving the most artistic catalogue of Fine Jewellery and Handsome Silverware published in Canada, at the season when gift-giving makes a reliable mail-order service both desirable and necessary to you.

Remember, too, that "shopping with Dingwall's" this Christmas will mean absolute satisfaction to you.

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The evenings are growing long and it is time to decide what papers to take for the winter. Here is an offer that will interest you now and meet the needs of readers of both sexes, young and old during the long winter months when the papers become family friends. Just think of it! For \$1.75 you can receive for one full year the WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, (Canada's Greatest Household Magazine), THE NOR'-WEST FARMER (the recognized farm paper of the West), and the WEEKLY FREE PRESS AND PRAIRIE FARMER (with the news of the world).

Our readers will, no doubt, agree with us that this is the most extraordinary offer that has ever been advertised, and as it is not likely to be repeated, we suggest that you take advantage of it today. These three papers can all be sent to the same or different addresses. This special rate of \$1.75 holds good to any address in Canada (except Winnipeg) and also to Great Britain.

Those of our readers, who, in addition to sending in their own subscription, also forward us subscription for one of their friends, are entitled to ask for a magnificent picture of His Majesty, King George V, which will be sent to them free.

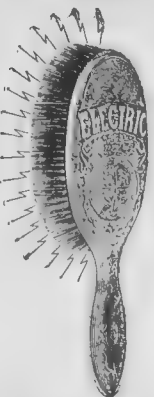
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Gentlemen:—Enclosed find the sum of \$1.75, for which, send the papers mentioned to the following address or addresses:

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Given for selling Xmas

Folders, 3 for 5c

This Reliable, Neat, Stem Wind and Set Man's Nickle Watch, with Beautiful Bronze Maple Leaf Fob, sent postpaid for selling \$3.00 worth of the Prettiest Fancy Folding Xmas and New Year Cards ever sold in Canada for less than 5c. 60

different kinds. Fancy shapes, lovely designs. Embossed in nature's own colors—Robins, Holly, Poinsetta, Violets, Ivy, Oak Leaves, Xmas Bells, Winter Scenes, etc., with handsomely illuminated Greetings, and charming verses inside. They will be all the rage this season. Everybody wants them. At 3 for 5c you can sell them as fast as you can hand them out. We have all kinds of postcards, too, in fancy designs and Canadian Winter Scenes, at 3 for 5c. This is your chance. **GOLD MEDAL PREMIUM CO., DEPT. 12M TORONTO.**

led, on the one hand, to acknowledge measureless inferiority to intellectual giants; and on the other to exert divine patience with those whose endowment has not been equal to our own.

Now, there is one result of the inequality of men (whether that inequality be due to divergence of intellect or of knowledge is no matter) that is seldom a benefit to the great mass of people; and this is what I have been aiming at all along. I refer to the phenomenon of leadership. Leadership, in the strict sense of the word, seems to me to be by no means indispensable to the proper conduct of human affairs. It is doubtless true that the biggest men have always filled the highest places, and always will. It is also pretty certain that where men must act in bodies, collectively, deference to authority must be paid. But if the one whose orders are to be obeyed, rules merely by virtue of delegated authority which may be taken away from him the moment his actions commands do not please them that put him there, he is not a real leader: he is a servant.

True leadership, I conceive, consists in directing the actions of men without consulting either their welfare or their intelligence. Napoleon was a true leader. He caused great hordes of men to follow him to their death, in enterprises the success of which could in no way advantage them. He obliged them to serve him to his gain, but to their loss. That is leadership.

But when a body of men in consultation decide on a course of action, and then delegate one of their number to see that the plan is executed, the one so delegated is not thus made a leader. He may become one later on, however, by virtue of superior knowledge.

Leadership wouldn't be such a bad thing for the human race, if you could always rely on leaders not abusing their power. Unfortunately, however, selfishness is quite common, even among the

"leaders of humanity;" and it is rare that the interests of the leaders and the led exactly coincide. Thus, sad to say, creeps in the possibility of dissension. Leaders, for personal advantage, lure their followers off the true path, and when the said followers find it out they cause trouble. The great difficulty, though, is that they seldom find it out until the mischief is done.

Let us not despair, however, there is a remedy. We have agreed, have we not, that leadership in the strict sense leadership is only possible by reason of inequalities in men. Now if it be of the word, is a bad thing; also, that true that these inequalities are more inequalities of knowledge than of intellect, the remedy is as plain as a pikestaff. All that is necessary is to dish out knowledge copiously, to those that need it. Thus you smooth away the inequalities, and deprive the leader of his unholy power. Beautifully simple.

With political, scientific and economic knowledge widely disseminated, true leadership would be impossible. Public men, instead of being the masters, would become the servants of the people; no attempt on their part to mislead could succeed, for every Tom, Dick, and Harry would penetrate their little game, and the human race would enjoy a hitherto unknown security. For knowledge is power.

The dominion of man over the lower animals is ensured by the enormous mental superiority of man. This, if trite, admits of no doubt. But the authority of civilized over savage man, and of certain civilized individuals over numerous other civilized individuals, is due, as we have seen, to a different cause, to superior knowledge. It is thus reasonable to assume that with the spread and growth of knowledge will spring up rebellion against self-constituted authority, so that in time true leadership will disappear. In its place

will arise increased willingness to hear and abide by the counsels of the wise, who should always occupy the foremost places, but who, for our good, should never be allowed to lead.

Scotch Column.

A Scotch paper remarks very complacently: "At the crowning of the King the leading place was taken by two Scotsmen, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Archbishop of York."

When I hae a sixpence under my thoomb,
I can get credit in ilka toon;
When I hae nane they bid me gang by;
Poverty parts good company.
Old Song.

A thing that's dune is no to do.

In Scotland, shop-fittings are not "fixtures," so called in law, except the landlord can prove by receipts that he put them in.

"John Barleycorn always heightens and exaggerates the prevailing passions, be they angry or kindly."

"E'ne, I wonder how ye can sleep wi' sae muckle debt on yer heid?" "I can sleep fu' weel; but I wonder haw they can sleep that trustit me!"

A Scots Dialect Dictionary has been issued this year by the eminent publishing firm of W. & R. Chambers, 339 Iligh St., Edinburgh, at 7s 6d net. Postage on the copy sent me was 10d. It has over 700 pages; 8vo.; well bound; clear type. And with an introduction of 15 pages, which tells you all about the Scottish dialect. Whoever wishes to study "Scotch" should get it.

Oh! speak him na harshly—he trembles the while,
He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile;
In their dark hour of anguish, the heartless shall learn
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

William Thom.

As far as the British regular army is concerned, there are ten battalions, the men of which wear kilts. In addition to these, there are several volunteer battalions in Great Britain, and a few outside the United Kingdom, such as the Cape Highlanders, and the 48th Highlanders of Toronto.

"Maister Miller, wull ye tak an egg tae yer breakfast this mornin'?"
"O aye, Mistress Tamson, if I canna get twa, I'm aye glad o' ane!"

A when Scots proverbs:—
Naething's ill that's no ill-taen.
A fule at forty will ne'er be wyss.
Yer welcome, but ye'll no win ben!
We'll meet 'or hills meet!
There's nae hair sae sma' but has its shadow.

A bawbee cat may look at a king!
The day has een; the night has lugs!

Samuel Rutherford: "Has Christ fought a battle with the Devil and sin, and hath he won you? Then he hath better right to you than you have to the coat on your back." And again: "As a child cannot hold two apples in his little hand, but the one putteth the other out, so neither can we be masters and lords of two loves."

Burns. The other day in London, two autograph songs of Burns were sold for a hundred guineas. One had for a refrain these lines:

For a' that and a' that,
An' twice as muckle 's a' that!
My dearest bluid to do them guid
They're welcome till't for a' that.

A Sweet Voice. Some voice uncoarsened by the clang of time, and uncorroded by the salt of tears. R. E. Knowles.

The famous Dr. Norman Macleod died 16th June, 1872.

The Hoosier Cabinet Complete, will be Delivered to Your Home on Payment of \$1.00

But you must join the Hoosier Club before the club limit of 500 members is reached.

When the 500 members are enrolled, the club closes, and not another Cabinet will be sold at the club rate.

This is final. The club being conducted by the manufacturers, we have no authority to extend the club limit.

This is published to avoid our being censured by anyone who is disappointed by waiting too long to join the club.

It must be evident to everyone that an unlimited number of these cabinets could not be sold at the club rate.

Especially when you consider that Hoosier Cabinets have a known standard price the country over, and that price prevails during this sale.

You couldn't buy a Hoosier Cabinet for one penny less than they are being sold at the club rate, even if you paid spot cash for it.

Therefore, it shouldn't be necessary for us to warn you to make your application for membership in the Hoosier Club at once if you wish to secure one of the cabinets at the club rate of

\$1.00 a week for a few weeks.

Cabinets sold f.o.b. Winnipeg and shipped from our warehouse immediately on receipt of order.



THE HOOSIER
MAKES THE MODEL KITCHEN



COUNT THE STEPS.

That you take each day in the preparation of your daily meals, multiply the number by seven, then divide the total in three equal parts, add two of these parts together, and you have the number of steps saved each week with a Hoosier in your kitchen.

In addition you would cut down the time spent in your kitchen by one-half.

With the Hoosier everything is at your finger tips and you have only to sit down and reach for everything you want.

The Club Sale opened October 12th and already 181 memberships have been taken.

There are hundreds of women in Winnipeg that know all about the Hoosier—about the hundreds of steps it saves, etc., and who have time and again expressed a wish that they owned a Hoosier, yet always felt that they couldn't afford one.

To these women we want to ask these two questions:

Can you afford to pay \$1.00 this week as your first final payment in the Hoosier Club?

And can you afford to pay the balance on the Cabinet in weekly dues of \$1.00 for a few weeks?

Of course you can; but if you would take advantage of the opportunity that permits you to own a Hoosier at the above rate, you must do so at once — NOW, before the 500th member is enrolled.

Here in brief form are the facts of the Club Plan Sale.

Every woman is eligible to the sale, and by simply paying \$1.00 as her first dues in the club, the Cabinet will be sent to her home, the Cabinet to be paid for in weekly dues of \$1.00 for a few weeks. No other assessment will be made.

The club being limited to 500 members, application must be made before the limit is reached.

Write immediately for further particulars.

The Gem Motor Co., Household Specialties
419 PORTAGE AVE.,

PHONE MAIN 2828

WINNIPEG, MAN.



A Stranger in a Strange Land.

A Sketch by Mary S. Mantle.

"Medford next station." As I heard the brakeman's words my heart sank a little, and when Frank and I stepped off the train at Medford a few minutes later, I felt the first touch of real responsibility since I was married, and I had been married for fourteen whole days! Frank, after five years in this town, had come across the ocean to fetch me. At home there were mother, four of us girls and two brothers. Mine was the first marriage, and they had all been so interested and so generous. Mother and I had sewed and planned for months, and from the boys I had come in for a fair share of the spoiling which sometimes falls to the lot of one about to leave the home roof.

"We're getting rid of the plainest one on the start," said Tom, in a brother's teasing way, "So we'll go in for a little extra rejoicing." But I was accustomed to his speeches, and knew the real feeling of regret which his fun veiled.

And what a send-off they did give me! They rounded out my years of happy home life with the pleasantest and tenderest of memories. And even after the farewell to the home folks, and to the friends gathered to see us off, who through the medium of rice effectively advertised our new estate, we were still the centre of attraction, the objects of consideration. No one asked Frank to go into the smoking-room, though he might be aching for a pipe, and every smoker must know the truth of Kipling's

home people. I knew no one in the place to which we had come.

But the neighbors were watching us, and there was no lack of warm hearts in that little town. One evening, as we were washing the supper dishes, Frank told me that Ben Hill, who worked with him in the store, had said he was coming over to see us that night if we were going to be at home. He was our first visitor, and therefore somewhat of an excitement. We were taking a final survey of our small domain when his knock was heard. Frank's exclamation of astonishment as he opened the door brought me quickly forward to his side. Instead of Ben Hill alone there was a laughing, merry, welcoming group of young people, and one or two older married couples. One, two, three, four, and as the number reached two figures I hurriedly recounted my cups and saucers, and speculated on the minimum amount of bread and butter and cake it would take to decently "refresh" such a company. Sixteen visitors there were, duly introduced to me by Ben, the Master of Ceremonies for the occasion. With my kind permission, they said, I was to be a visitor in my own house for that one evening. And after the introductions were well over, and hats and coats removed, out they trooped again, and soon a dozen chairs, cups and plates, three clothes baskets filled with I wondered what, three small tables and an armful of games were brought in from the front



A Scene at a Western Fair.

words that "a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke;" no one offered to come and sit beside me to relieve for me the tedium of my husband's continued presence; and although the table would seat four, never did the dining-car conductor so far forget his own early married life as to test its capacity. No, our very recent experiment was accorded the greatest respect, and we were left severely alone with it, and its results, on our hands.

But as we reached the little station I realized that the artificial part of my married life was over, and that now I was facing its realities. And how sweet many of them were! Into the privacy of our own home we went, where we were to learn the depths and the heights of each other's natures, the possibilities and the impossibilities of life together. And next to this wifely instinct the housewifely brought its pleasures. Our means were small, and after buying what was absolutely necessary, we were looking forward to the pleasure of adding to our home possessions bit by bit. Then there were the things from home to be unpacked and places decided on for them. Real, genuine enjoyment, this setting our house in order together, and Frank would say that he was as necessary as I was, for I never could hit a nail on the head except turn about with my thumb, and it pleased him that it was so, and proved the superiority of the masculine! But as the days went by, and Frank and I settled into harness in our different spheres, I sometimes felt a little lonely for the old friends and the

yard, where they had been deposited by the company on their first arrival. Before the laughter and chaffing over their invasion had worn off, Ben had us sorted out and playing progressive games at the small tables their forethought had provided. There was krokenole and flinch, tiddeldy-winks and parchesi. No one had time to tire of a game before the signal was given and on the winners moved to the next table. I soon became acquainted with all the folks, and felt I knew something about them, for even in the playing of a game people show a little bit of their real selves. By-and-by from one of the clothes baskets was produced a gramophone and its accessories, and in the enjoyment together of the old favorite songs I seemed to draw nearer to and feel more at home with my visitors.

"My Old Kentucky Home," "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," "My Ain Folks," and I could see again the home kitchen with the big rocker set on the creaky board, and Mother busy with her sewing. Tom would be making her laugh at something if he was there, for his method of sympathy was always indirect, and he would know quite well her thoughts would often rest with yearning on the one absent member of the family. And just as we were growing quiet with the thought of home—for home to many of us still meant some other place than Medford—Ben put on "The Barrin' o' oor Door" record, and then "We all love Jack," in the atmosphere of which it was impossible to remain dreamy. And with the thought of Jack and the sea

(Continued on page 37.)

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THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM.

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg.

AGAINST THE TIDE.

Learn to move against the tide. Remember that uphill traveling lifts you above the level of things. In responding to a higher law you break the chain of a lower law. The exceptional man, is the man who rises by force of will above the circumstances of life.

Theodora, a celebrated Athenian courtesan, boasted to Socrates that she was able to draw off his disciples to herself. "That may well be," said the sage, "for you lead them down an easy descent; whereas I am forcing them to mount to virtue—an arduous ascent and unknown to most men."

GET INTO LINE.

Young man, get into line for some notable achievement. The years are passing. Time never "hangs heavily" after you are thirty. Grey hairs are coming in spite of every human preventive known to human skill. Wrinkles are as sure to write their weary characters on your face as moss is certain to grow on a rock. At a great banquet in an American city, Grover Cleveland turned to President Theodore Roosevelt and remarked: "Young man, do you realize that I'm old enough to be your father?" and he added in the same quietly jocose manner, "Do you realize that after you get through being president, you've got to come back and take your place in the ranks with the rest of us?"

STAND FOR SOMETHING

Stand for something in your community. Have an interest in literature, or athletics, or moral reform, or party politics, or single tax, or the Y. M. C. A. or the church. Don't be simply a tailor's form, or a walking advertisement for a "gents" furnishing goods establishment, or a cigarette holder, or a physical liquor reserve. Be something! Stand for something: Tallyrand's question is ever the main one; not,—Is he rich? Has he this or that faculty? Is he of the establishment?—but,—Is he anybody? Does he stand for something?

SOUL QUALITIES.

Some day you will discover that you possess a soul. A song will reach your heart. Martial music will stir your soul. A strong volume will make you weep. A great poem will compel you to think. A beautiful picture will set your heart on fire. A certain old monument, old, grey, weather-beaten and moss touched will kindle your imagination. In that hour you become an associate with the great. Robert Burns wanders through the haunts of the heroic Bruce, gazes on the field of the battle of Bannockburn; the sight of which recalls deeds that fire him with poetic and patriotic ardor, and he composes without pen or paper those immortal lines which stir the heart like a trumpet, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

THE DETECTIVE.

Destiny provides a detective for every sin. Sin and its shadow follows the sinner as trouble follows on the heels of disaster. God or no God, bible or no bible, church or no church, hell or no hell—the moral law-breaker has a hard time. It was a cultured transgressor who said: "The way of the transgressor is hard." Sin and its results will "bob up" in a most unexpected way. We quote:—"In one of his autobiographical volumes Sir M. E. Grant Duff tells of a clergyman staying at Castle Howard who had been much complimented at luncheon one Sunday for the admirable sermon he had just preached. In the afternoon Lord Carlisle, with the most harmless intentions, went into his library, took down a volume, glanced through it, found what he thought would suit, and proceeded to read to his household and guests, amongst them to the orator of the morning, the very sermon which had obtained him so much credit. Of all possible accidents that must surely have been the most incalculable."

THE RICH MAN'S SON.

If every young man were just a slight improvement on his father we could clean up this old world in just about two hundred years. The trouble is, the race backslides. The successful man has no successor in his own family. Men of genius are prone to be childless. Nature, in the distribution of her gifts, seems to skip a generation. The missing link is to be found in that skip. Just here is a youth in whose mental make-up there is something loose. All of which will account for the following newspaper clipping: "Mr. Pullman, of Pullman car fame, has left an enormous fortune, but concerning his son he left this proviso:—"Inasmuch as neither of my sons has developed such a sense of responsibility as, in my judgment, is requisite for the wise use of large properties and considerable sums of

money, I am painfully compelled, as I have explicitly stated to them, to limit my testamentary provisions for their benefit, to trusts producing only such income as I deem reasonable for their support." He therefore left upon trust for each of his sons, George Mortimer Pullman and Walter Sanger Pullman, only such a sum as shall produce an annual income of \$3000, with the reversion of the capital to their children."

BE HONEST.

Be successful if you can. Be wise if you know how. Be eloquent if you possess the orator's temperament. Be religious if you feel so disposed. Be popular if nature has granted you the gift of social conquest. But above all things be honest! Be downright, upright and outright. Honesty—a reputation for honesty is as good as an endowment policy—paid up. Of Macaulay's public life and character, Sydney Smith expressed the truth in a few words: "I believe Macaulay to be incorruptible. You might lay ribbons, stars, garters, wealth, title, before him in vain. He has an honest, genuine love of his country, and the world could not bribe him to neglect her interests."

AIR CASTLES.

The last trick of the capitalist is to turn waste into wealth. He seems to be learning how to use the useless. Mud is being turned into money, dust into diamonds, and dirt into dollars. There was a time when "thin air" was about as thin a thing as could be found in all of nature's domain, and an "air castle" was something without foundations or visible means of support. But now the air is being blocked out into atmospheric cubes and humanity is actually thinking of building "mansions in the skies." The editor of the Outlook, remarks: "The world laughed when Jean Paul Friedrich Richter said: 'Providence has given to the French the empire of the land; to the English that of the sea; to the German that of the air.' At the time it was a biting sarcasm, a taunt to Germany's limited strength and size. But times have changed, and the 'empire of the air' seems to be causing no end of anxiety to the other empires. And so we hear charges and counter charges, threats and counter threats, and each power in a mad contest strives for the conquest of the air, aye, mastery at all cost!"

TIME ON "TOP."

Time killing inventions belong to youth. Time saving machinery belongs to men of maturer years. In early life the days are long. In later life, the morning and the evening are scarcely divided. A millionaire without health is like a king without a sceptre; for health seems to be a prophecy of life and life moves on the track of Time. The youth who plays with moments, hours and days, is playing with months, years and decades. Dr. George S. Chadbourne has said:—"To one of the foremost journalists and public men of our country, now deceased, Mr. Andrew Carnegie once said that he would give two hundred million dollars to have a lease on his life. 'Two hundred millions,' said the great financier, 'that's what I would give for a lease on this life.' Then he added: 'I'm not pigish either; I'd give it for ten years only.'"

AVOID CANT.

"Clear your mind of cant," said Samuel Johnson to Boswell, which advice is good for the young men of our present generation. Be exactly what you are, without pretence, affectation, "agony" style, or peculiar phraseology. Ask to be taken at your actual worth—no more, no less. Great men are simple, direct and genuine. Be true! Don't act. When Frederick the Great invaded Silesia, someone proposed to write upon their banners, "For God and our Country," but the king said, "I am marching to gain a province, not for religion. Strike out, 'For God.'"

DON'T LIE.

Don't lie. Liars occupy a poor place in history. The little liars like Napoleon III drop out of sight after a generation, and the big liars like Napoleon I grow ugly under the microscope of historical inspection. Why should a man lie when it is easier to tell the truth? The devil has no special compensation for a liar, although he is the father of deception and humanity has never crowned a hero wholly on the ground that he could not be trusted. A universe built on a lie would last about a week. An eminent physician was once asked if he would not resort to falsehood if it would help his patient "I dare not," he replied; "the faith my patients have in my truthfulness is one of my best means of restoring them to health. If I were to undermine that faith by falsehood, I should be sacrificing for one man's benefit what I am entrusted with for the good of many."

A LESSON FROM HISTORY.

At Syracuse, New York, last week, two hundred women attended a boxing exhibition. English papers recently to hand mention also that in London it is a usual thing to see women at athletic entertainments in which knocking out an opponent is a usual thing. In this advance towards equality with man in the matter of sports history is in its way repeating itself. Roman women once were experienced judges of gladiatorial shows, and knew the points of an adept with the iron-loaded cestus for crushing a rival's skull. Rome was in its decay then.—Montreal Gazette.

YOUR MOTHER.

Your mother talked with me, concerning you, the other day. She said you were as handsome as a picture and as stubborn as a mule; and so obstinate, that when she desired to have you do any particular thing, she found it necessary to propose something which was exactly the opposite. So I told her a story of Thomas Carlyle:—Mrs. Moulton once told Mrs. Carlyle how much she admired Carlyle's conversation. "I have heard him before," the lady replied. "But he is the most interesting, the most wonderful talker I ever heard," insisted Mrs. Moulton. "Well, remember," abruptly concluded Mrs. Carlyle, "you have never lived with him; I have." Mrs. Moulton confided this occurrence to Lady Ashburton, and was assured that it was "always like that."

MEN GOSSIPS.

When men begin to gossip—women are "not in it." When a man turns his mind to slander he succeeds like snow sliding off a slanting roof. To such a man the twitch of an eye, equals a flirtation, and a smile of masculine appreciation bestowed by a married man on some fair daughter of the race is a prelude to family trouble and divorce proceedings. To this man, words are weighty, acts significant, and incidents events in germ. We extract a paragraph to emphasize our meaning: "The 'Dr. Packthread' of the American story is plainly a portrait from life. He could whisper away a character by innocent interrogations; he could destroy a high and worthy reputation by charitable hopes or gentle sighs, or by shakes of the head and liftings of the eyes at proper intervals of the conversation, or lastly by silence when silence became the strongest as well as the safest form of assertion."

INSIDE THEOLOGY.

"The inward witness is the best evidence of Christianity," said the father of John Wesley. How did it happen that man "ever thought" of heaven, hell, God or sin? These great thoughts are woven into the fabric of the soul. An atheist, if genuine, is an abnormal creature. It is so much easier to believe that you are, yourself, a god, than to believe that there is no God. Says Dr. Dale:—"I decline to surrender my dignity in the presence of material immensity. I am greater than the planets, I am greater than the sea; they are subject, I am sovereign; they submit, I rule; they are bound, I am free. My own conscience (consciousness) assures me of this, and the living God who is above nature declares that I, too, am above nature and must give an account of myself to Him. This conception invests human life with dignity and grandeur which all share alike."

EAGLE EYES.

My friend, folks are watching you! The preacher has an eye on you. The bank manager knows about you. The man on the street has heard your name. You were the subject of conversation in a social circle yesterday. Today, I heard something about you which I simply refused to believe. Aye, folks are watching you. From an English journal I clip a paragraph:—"During these years, when the Irish question was in its most acute stage, nearly every member of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet was under police surveillance, and none of them were allowed to go about without being shadowed. Mr. Gladstone himself gave great trouble and anxiety to Scotland Yard by the reckless way in which he disregarded all necessary precautions, and, if possible, he always endeavoured to evade his protectors. Precautions were carried to such an extent that detectives were even introduced as waiters into houses where he dined, and I remember a friend of mine telling me that Mr. Gladstone had been dining with her one night and had confided to her how delighted he was at having for once frustrated all the schemes for his safety, and how he had come to her house that evening without being watched or followed. She was immensely amused, as two of the principal waiters standing behind his chair at that moment were detectives from Scotland Yard."

came stories from one and another of that voyage to this new land which several of them had undertaken, and one and another told of their experiences on ship-board. Of the young city-bred fellow with the desire to sing, and the knowledge of only one song, and that "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," which he gave on all occasions. So often had he sung it, and so often had he explained—and it was necessary—that he felt farming to be a calling in life, that when the star concert evening came his name appeared on the programme, without his knowledge, for a song, "Locked in the Stable with the Sheep." But he was not so slow as some had judged, and rose to the bait. With only one hour's warning he had changed the good old song to fit its new title, and caused much merriment the way.

But "Miss Fanny" interested us all

too. He had become enamoured, in his middle age, of a certain young lady on the boat, to such a serious extent that he spent hours each day with her in the dining saloon learning to crochet, and before the voyage was over had a very presentable display of his own handiwork to exhibit, and had also qualified for a first-class certificate in the subtle art of flirtation. The men had tried to laugh him out of his crochet, to tease him out of it, to shame him out of it, but had given up in despair. "What's the use," they said. And one of the company reminded us that this was the same remark as the skunk made.

A guessing game was started, and I sent out of the room while an object was decided upon, of which they were all to think, and I to discover later by questioning. A long time it seemed to me before the signal came for me to return, and when I did I was led into the middle of the room and seated in front of a table on which were set out a cut glass fruit dish and a cut glass butter dish, and all the guessing I had to do was how to express to them my appreciation of their friendliness and generosity.

It was all so new to me, this hearty open-handed way of welcoming a stranger to their midst, for I had come from another land, where customs were different, folks not quite so readily hospitable, and where it took much longer for one to find their niche and feel at home.

And the supper they set out! From the depths of another basket what cakes of new and delightful variety appeared; what salads; what delicious home-made candies! Even all these were different to what I knew, and how good they tasted. Ben stuck to his post as M.C. to the last, and when he thought it was getting pretty late set his gramophone to play "I'm afraid to go home in the dark." Taking the indirect hint our guests prepared to start on their homeward way, and with off-hand deliberateness the right young men saw to it that the right girls were not lonely or afraid on their homeward way in the dark that night.

As the last good-bye sounded out in the clear night air, Frank and I turned back into our little home with a new feeling about it. It had been consecrated before by love; now we felt it was to be consecrated by friendships; and the home was dearer still because from the outside had come the greeting, "We're glad to welcome you, we're glad you've come." And growing out of that bright introduction many true friendships were made; and because of the manner of our first coming together all stiffness was gone, and it was not long before I learned to love my new surroundings and the new country.

Ben Hill, as he had been our first, became also our most frequent visitor, and when a year later a new little life entered our home, none outside of it was more pleased than he. A fine, well-built man was Ben, six foot one in height, and to see him nursing our little bundle of possibilities, the tiny figure nestled close up against him, was a beautiful sight. A strong man never shows to greater advantage in the eyes of a woman than when he is tenderly handling her baby. I would lay the little one in his arms, and at first he was afraid to change her position, being convinced she was breakable; but in time he handled her most cleverly, and as she grew older she showed her partiality for him by claiming all the attentions which are dear to the heart of even the youngest little bit of femininity.

One day Ben told us, rather shyly, that he was going to be married to Bessie Tarn. We knew Bessie well. She had made one of the surprise party, and we both liked her. A cheery, sensible girl, just the kind to mate with Ben's inclination to over-seriousness. And when they too set up their home we watched with sympathetic eyes. We knew the fullness of content which a true marriage brings, and believed it was going to be their heritage too.

When sickness came, and for three weeks I lay weak and helpless, my little girl but a year old, and Frank of necessity out all day, again my neighbors rallied round, and their actions showed what they never could put into words, that having shared our happiness they



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claimed the finer privilege of sharing our troubles. I was only just beginning to realize what neighborliness in a new country meant. I had lived where it was always possible to hire help in case of sickness or necessity and then mother and my sisters were there too, so it was new to my experience to be dependent on outsiders for help. For three hours every day Bessie came in and kept baby. Other neighbours took turns for the rest of the time. Indeed they seemed for the

time being to feel that my responsibilities were theirs, and divided my duties amongst them as a matter of course, and not one failed in the carrying out of her self-imposed task.

As the years went by, and other strangers in a strange land came to the little town, I was able to pass along some of the kindness which had been shown to me in the West, and many things I was privileged to do which would never have occurred to me had my neighbors not unconsciously taught me them.

So in time I entered into my trinity of woman's rights,—the right of love, the right to serve, the right to suffer.

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Oats as a Hay Crop.

By M. Coverdell, Missouri.

We make it a practice every season to mow the oats while they still are in the "milk" or "dough;" that is, after the heads have filled, but not thoroughly ripened. After they have cured sufficiently they are raked and shocked the same as the meadow grass and stacked

or mowed away for winter feeding.

In this condition oats make one of the finest rations it is possible to secure, since they will require little or no grain in conjunction with them. In fact, they form an almost perfect balanced ration, the stems of the oats containing much

of their natural succulence, while the heads furnish a richness that supplies the elements found in the ordinary grains and which is so necessary to the proper growth, good health and development of all live stock.

However, one should use discretion in feeding oat hay, as too much of it will cause the bowels to become looser than is conducive to the good health of the live stock. For this reason we never make oats the entire ration for any of the stock, but feed about one-half meadow hay and one-half mown oats. This makes an ideal feed and is especially recommended for dairy cows, as the cured "milk," stored away in the heads of the oats, is a wonderful factor in promoting a profuse flow of milk, besides keeping the bowels and general system in prime working order. We are at this time (April 20th) still feeding this oat hay to practically all live stock on the farm, and find that it is greatly relished. Even our early spring calves that we are raising on skim milk, go right after this oat hay the very moment it is placed where they can reach it, and they are doing fine on it, as oats are one of the best feeds it is possible to offer young stock, especially calves, while the roughage they secure along with this grain is of such an excellent quality that it cannot fail to start the little fellows to growing rapidly. Since a part of the straw will be somewhat woody this will, of course, be refused by the stock, but it makes fine bedding, which later is hauled to the fields as an excellent fertilizer, having absorbed the rich liquids and juices that usually are lost in the stalls. We also utilize this oat hay for the poultry in their scratching shed, where it furnishes both the litter and small grain for them to scratch around in.

Then, after this oat crop has been removed from the field for feeding purposes, we stir the ground again, just as quickly as possible, sow it to millet, and harrow it in well. This second crop may be utilized as pasturage, if one thinks there is any danger of frost nipping it before it will do to mow and stack for roughage, but, as a general rule, it will be sufficiently developed to cut for feed before early frosts; in fact, it is best to mow it before it is fully matured, anyway, as it will then be a much more desirable feed by not containing such a heavy and thoroughly ripened crop of heads, while the stems will be less woody and the blades more tender and nutritious. In case a light frost catches the millet it will not be materially damaged if cut at once, cured and stacked or mowed away.

Some farmers may object to this double drain on the soil's vitality every season, but with a light dressing of rich, barnyard manure or commercial fertilizer each year, or even every other year, the fertility of the soil will not be seriously impaired, and we doubt very much if it will be lowered in the least. Besides, where a field grows only one crop a year, that field almost invariably goes to weeds after the first crop is removed from the land, which most assuredly is as much of a drain on it as a profitable crop would be. Double cropping, then, means the eradication of weed pests. Again, ground that is double cropped will be cultivated oftener and more thoroughly than if planted to but one crop, and this will work toward perfection in soil capillarity, porosity, drainage, and a general improvement that bespeaks a wonderful increase in crop production and a corresponding advance in the value of the land and the profits accruing therefrom.

A provincial assistant once got a job in a London store. He was very cautious in his new berth—they had told him at home that the City people would try to take advantage of his innocence. He kept a sharp look out accordingly. A staid old lady entered the shop one morning. "I want some birdseed, please," she said. The shopman sneered and answered scornfully, "No, you don't, lady. You can't fool me! Birds grow from eggs, not seeds!"

"It was not a verra neighbourlike thing to be doin', Angus, when you was tellin' the whole toon that I was drunk aal the

week that we was in Glesca!" remarked a Scotsman angrily to a compratit, "I never said no sic a word oot o' my lips, Dugald Mackay," the latter rejoined. "Aal I said was that you was pairfect sober on the Sabbath Day!"

At Sunday-School one day the superintendent had been discoursing on David. Finally he held up a little coloured print of David dressed in royal robes and asked, "What child can tell me who this is?" Among the class was the son of parents addicted to card-playing. "I think it's a king, but it may be a jack!" answered this lad.

"May I see Mr.—?" asked a lady journalist of a stern-looking woman who confronted her at the house of a newly-arrived resident. "No, you can't!" answered the lady decisively. "But I want to know what party he belongs to!" pleaded the girl. "Well, take a good look at me," said the woman—"I'm the party he belongs to!"

I hae been East, I hae been West,
I hae been far ayont the sun;
But the blythest lad that e'er I saw
Was Andra wi' his cutty gun.
Old Song.

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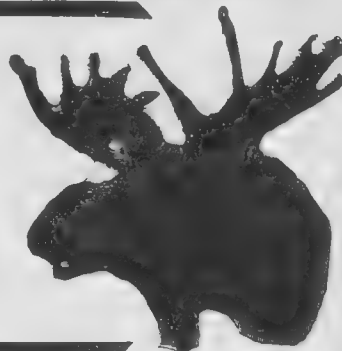
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THE PHILOSOPHER.

OUR NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

Now that we have as the head of our machinery of government in this self-governing nation within the Empire, a son of Queen Victoria and uncle of the present King, we may be said to be brought into closer touch with the system of limited monarchy which has developed with the development of the Empire, dating from William III. Long before that monarch, of course, restrictions began to be imposed upon the King by Parliament, from the days of John down to the days of the Stuarts; but William III was the first King to acknowledge that his title to the throne was the people's will—a title not of divine right, but by Act of Parliament. The British system of limited monarchy, with representative institutions of self-government responsible to the people, is the best-working system that the world has known. Great, as have been the achievements of the British race, this represents the greatest achievement of all. It is the Crown that holds the world-wide empire together. A republican form of government would spell disaster for British rule over the hundreds of millions of native races under the British flag, which stands for the responsibility for those races accepted before God and man. In addition, it would, in all human probability, result in the splitting up of the Empire into its component parts. Loyalty to a person is the basis of autocratic loyalty to an idea the basis of republican, government. It is the combination of the two which gives the ideal form of government. The Monarch, in whose name the laws throughout the whole Empire are made, to whom all the soldiers and sailors under the flag have sworn allegiance, in whose name all the Governments of the self-governing nations within the Empire govern, is the bond and symbol of the Empire, not the choice of any party, class or creed, but the sovereign of all. As the representative of the Crown in Canada, the Duke of Connaught has had it amply demonstrated to him how welcome he is to the whole Canadian people.

WHEAT CROPS AND WHEAT PRICES.

Some writer gifted with the power of making word pictures of historical events should write a book showing how wheat harvests and prices have been the moving forces in some of the greatest turning points in history. For instance, it was the blighting of the crop of 1789 in France which precipitated the French Revolution. It was the crop failures in Great Britain and Ireland that brought about the beginning of the British free trade era more than three score years ago. It was the "bumper" wheat crop of 1873 in the United States along with European harvest failure, that was the essential factor in making possible the resumption of specie payments in the United States and in starting the era of prosperity after the Civil War. Now, more than ever, the problems of agriculture are among the foremost economic and financial considerations the world over. The production, marketing and distribution of wheat crops on all the continents, and the history of wheat harvests and wheat prices is one of the most important, as it is one of the most interesting of studies. Nothing has a more vital influence on the course of human affairs than wheat crops and wheat prices.

POLITICAL HUMAN NATURE.

If you listen to what the average member of Parliament, or of a Legislature, tells you, you are apt to come to the conclusion that both sides in politics are fighting for what they do not want. Members who are Government supporters are apt to say that patronage is the curse of politics, and that their lives are embittered by the mad fury of office-seekers. They say they envy the opposition members, who draw just as much sensational indemnity, with little or no worry. They will tell you that a member who is a Government supporter gets twenty letters to every one that an Opposition member gets, and that most of the letters mean work and worry. And, on the other hand, an Opposition member will tell you that he does not envy the cares and responsibilities which beset the Government supporters, besieged by place-hunters, with endless troubles piling up around them, every favor granted meaning the offending of half a dozen disappointed applicants. So the talk goes, both the "ins" and the "outs" protesting that it is all vanity and vexation of spirit, and means the giving up of months of their time every year, to the neglect of their private business. But when an election campaign comes along, watch them each rush to the front to fight against letting the other side capture the worry and trouble and vanity and vexation of spirit.

THE FORTUNES OF WAR IN POLITICS.

Are any politicians entitled to sympathy? There are plenty of people to answer this question in the negative, and to say that no man is bound to stay in politics. But viewing the situation in a less rigid mood,

must it not be admitted that some sympathy should be extended to the leader of the Opposition—any Opposition? He is supposed to hold his party together with cords of love and fealty. That is all very good, and if he succeeds, it certainly is a great achievement. But it is a difficult proposition. Politicians are sometimes influenced by other things than love and fealty. Material advantage has been known to triumph over love and fealty to a leader who had no material advantage to offer. The party in Opposition has been known to become impatient and dissatisfied with its leadership; and when it fails in an election, there is a tendency to turn against the leader and blame him, and say that the party will never amount to anything until it gets a real leader. The leader of a defeated party is generally blamed by his party—especially the leader of a defeated Opposition. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, when as plain Mr. Laurier he was leading the Opposition at Ottawa from 1888 to 1896, had to listen to many complaints about his leadership. Doubts were openly expressed in his own party that he could be expected ever to lead the party to victory. Sir John A. MacDonald, when after his Government went out of office in 1873, he was Opposition leader until he became Prime Minister again in 1878, had to hear even louder and more decided complaints against his leadership. It is one of the most striking episodes in Canadian history that one man, with one newspaper, successfully defeated the movement to oust Sir John from the Conservative leadership after the defeat in 1873, on account of "the Pacific scandal." Without citing any other instances, it may be mentioned that Sir James Whitney, the present Premier of Ontario had to put up with complaints from impatient followers during the years when he was Opposition leader. In politics success is everything—that is to say, in the eyes of the average politician, whose maxim it is that nothing succeeds but success. And it must be said that success makes every difference in the world in the general estimate of a man's worth. A candidate is defeated, it may be by only a narrow majority. Is there not a disposition among not a few of his party to say he is no good, never was any good, and they might have known better than to select such a candidate? But the man who has defeated him is a successful man, and further successes come his way, if he is at all able to take advantage of his success—which escaped only by a narrow majority from being a defeat. And such is politics. From one point of view it is the cruellest game that is played. But from another point of view no politician is ever entitled to sympathy—he should recognize that whatever happens is the fortune of war.

DOCTORS OF FARMING.

The president of Ontario's Agricultural College, Dr. Creelman, says that the man who has graduated from such an institution, with the title of Doctor of Agriculture, should take his place in his district along with the physician, the lawyer and the veterinary surgeon. Why not? The farm is a great laboratory, where sun, rain, soil and seed are doing a wonderful and varied work. What field of human endeavor furnishes greater scope for knowledge and skill, or opens better ways of studying the processes of Nature? What occupation is more essential to human needs than that of the farmer, and, therefore, of truer dignity? No idea has been more thoroughly dispelled than that farming is an occupation to be handed down from father to son without improvement. No man is more free to follow his own course than the farmer. In no occupation is there greater independence, or greater possibility or greater scope for the application of intelligence.

LIFE IS NOT A GAMBLE.

United States periodicals are still talking occasionally about the late multimillionaire, John W. Gates, "the most daring plunger who ever rose to fame and fortune in Wall Street." His creed, we are reminded, was this: "Life is a gamble. Everything is a gamble. When the farmer plants his corn he is gambling. He bets that the weather conditions will enable him to raise a good crop. Sometimes he loses, sometimes he wins. Every man who goes into business gambles. Of course the element of judgment enters in, but the element of chance cannot be ruled out. Wherever a man starts on a railroad journey, it's a gamble whether he ever reaches his destination. All life is a gamble, you see." A plausible doctrine this, it may be, at first glance, but not one that will stand clear-sighted examination. The essence of gambling is that what one man gains, another man loses. A gambler produces nothing. He lives by the work of other men, who are the producers. Some business, especially in the regions of "high finance," is undoubtedly just that sort of thing. But to speak of the farmer planting his wheat as a gambler is to muddle logic and confuse thought in a manner which is both deplorable and grotesque.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF A HINDU.

Mr. Sant N. Singh, a Hindu journalist, who was a visitor in Winnipeg last year, in the course of his travels through this country and the United States, is now writing his impressions of this continent in the Hindustan Review. He says that when he landed at Seattle, he was greeted with cries of "Skidoo," and "23 for you." He was astonished when he "fathomed the meaning of these phrases." All through the States, he tells his fellow-countrymen, he found that people considered that Asiatics "had their heads filled with mashed potatoes, instead of brains." After recounting some of the experiences which "dejected, harassed and discomfited him," he concludes that "America is young; it has much to learn." Mr. Singh has not expressed himself frankly, as yet, concerning his experiences in Canada. It is to be hoped that his impressions on this side of the international line were more favorable. But we can take to heart what he says about what he calls the "burly manners" of our neighbors, to some extent, at least. The sort of visitor who comes to this country from the old world and goes back and writes a book in which he speaks about us as if we were a lot of "impossible persons" is quite a joke. But lack of courtesy is something deserving of a little serious attention—now and then.

IN REGARD TO SINGING.

A child that grows up where there is no singing, no more gets its rights than a young robin would, that was hatched out in an incubator. The robin is pretty sure to sing when he grows up and is turned loose in the sunshine, whether his ear got any early cultivation or not, for the habit has been strong in the robin family for generations. But if the child does not get its singing instincts developed by example, they may stay asleep permanently. Song is almost pure gain. It need not be of very high quality, so long as it emanates naturally from inside the singer, and does him, or her, good. Its value as an appurtenance of domestic life, does not lie in its merits as a performance, but in its success as an expression of the feelings. Ordinary, normal children ought to learn it by ear, as they do language; and they should sing because they are happy, as the birds do. It appears that the best singing of birds is performed as an accessory to courtship. Certainly, it is that way with humans. Just what the songs of courtship are in this decade, the lovers of this decade know best. Songs of that sort, belonging to a couple of decades ago are running in the heads of middle-aged people, and will continue to run in the heads of some of them for some decades to come. "An old song" is a proverbial synonym for something worthless, but with any one for whom it has a real meaning it passes current always. One and indivisible is a man and the songs he heard when he was young—provided he heard any.

A FAVORITE BIRD AT THIS SEASON.

It is interesting to read in the records of pioneer life in Ontario—which was known as Canada West until past the middle of the last century—about the turkeys. Of all the wild creatures that "faced the new conditions" consequent upon the coming of the settlers who cleared the bush and made the first Ontario farms, the turkey fared the best. As the forests disappeared, he stepped into the barnyard, where he ever since has lorded it like a king who has come into his own. The pioneer records say that the turkeys were so plentiful that the first wheat that was sown in the new clearings had to be protected from their depredations. It is related that whole flocks of them were killed by one discharge of an old army musket loaded to the muzzle with buckshot. As for capturing the birds, the trick was ridiculously easy. The Ontario pioneers built little huts of logs where the turkeys were plentiful, leaving out the bottom log on one side, and covering the top with brush. They took corn and dropped it in a trail over the beech knolls where the turkeys fed and into the hut. When the turkeys found the corn they began eating and followed the trail with heads down until they had entered the hut. When they lifted their heads, it was to find themselves prisoners, for the silly birds never thought of stooping down and going out by the way they had entered. In this way, entire flocks were captured, and from those that were kept with clipped wings, the tame turkeys of the present day were developed. And even yet, in some places, the tame turkeys wander away to the woods at brooding time, and do not return to the barnyards until driven home by cold weather. The turkey, as every school-boy knows, is a native of this continent. Fourteen years after the discovery of America turkeys are mentioned in the court annals of England as being part of the royal fare. It is generally supposed that they received their name through a mistaken notion that they had been brought from the East—though it has been suggested that the name was bestowed on them because of the haughty, Sultan-like appearance of the gobblers. Since their first appearance on the banquet table, their place has been assured, and there is no danger that they will disappear, as some of the other wild game which was plentiful on this continent when the first white men came has disappeared, or is disappearing.

ANNOUNCEMENT

OUR CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE is to be mailed on November 6th, and should be in the hands of all our Customers by November 10th. If your copy does not arrive before that date, we will be pleased to send you one on request.

In preparing this Catalogue we have put forward every effort to compile a complete Christmas list, and our customers will find that they will have the advantage of being able to buy from a Catalogue that contains nothing but Christmas presents of which this shows a splendid range.

Our Toy section will come before you very prominently, showing as it does, almost every toy manufactured for the pleasure of the little ones.

Remember, if you do not receive a copy before November 10th, send us the Coupon below and one will be sent by return mail.

The Hudson's Bay Company
Winnipeg, Man.

Please send to me at the address below a
copy of your Christmas Catalogue.

NAME.....

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The Hudson's Bay Co.

Winnipeg, Man.

Biscuits, Cakes and Candies.

(Their Western Home.)



THE old nursery rhyme that nearly everybody remembers running something like this "What are little girls made of? What are little girls made of?"

Of sugar and spice and everything nice, That's what little girls are made of!—came back most vividly to the writer's mind the other day, as he walked round the magnificent building in Market Street, Winnipeg, which the Mooney Biscuit and Candy Co. have made their headquarters. There was so much "sugar and spice and everything nice" everywhere, and in the marvellous manner in which these and other tasty materials were handled and converted into delicious biscuits, cakes and candy there was much to see, much to learn, and so much to wonder at. The western housekeeper, whether she be the mistress of a city residence or a busy farmer's helpmate living in the country, can scarcely sufficiently appreciate the great boon these biscuits and cakes are to her, for the old proverb, "time is money," is nowhere truer than in the domestic kitchen, and the time that she is able to save by using Mooney's cakes and biscuits, instead of making and baking her own, as her mother had to do, is in itself something she cannot be too thankful for, to say nothing of the great saving of mental wear, tear and trouble, for every woman knows too well to her sorrow that not by any means be she ever so careful, do the home made products turn out "just right" always.

Just right always, "all the time," as our American cousins say, is what the Mooney cakes and biscuits will be found to be, and how convenient they are. How often, especially in the homes of those living in country districts remote from a store, it happens that some unexpected visitor calls, or some other occasion arises when a hospitable hostess wishes to add some attraction to her table, which time and circumstances do not permit her to prepare at home. A few of Mooney's toothsome biscuits or other dainties, some slices of their delicious cakes (for a supply of these if kept in the store-room in properly closed tins will keep fresh and good almost indefinitely) save the situation at once, and convert what might otherwise appear to be a somewhat meagre meal into quite a tempting repast without trouble and at a very trifling cost.

Although the Mooney Biscuit and Candy Co. only established their Winnipeg branch a little more than a year ago their name has become, in even this comparatively brief period, almost a western household word, wherever biscuits, cakes and candy are consumed, and it can be truthfully asserted that among all the rapid business developments that have so closely followed upon the wonderful prosperity of the West, no concern has forged ahead and secured so large a western business in so short a time as they have.

"The man on the road," however, who has merely seen the Mooney biscuits, cakes and candy upon the table, or in the stores, cannot form the slightest conception of the vast amount of organizing skill, scientific knowledge and ingenious machinery that have been brought into operation at Mooney's splendid factory in Winnipeg. It may be truly said to be the "Western Home" of Biscuits and candy, for it is by far the largest concern of its kind in Western Canada.

Entering the establishment upon the ground floor, one sees the spacious and handsomely equipped offices, and one notices a constant stream of customers passing in and out. Here there are a large staff of stenographers and clerks hard at work, dealing with piles of correspondence, multitudes of orders, and the usual clerical routine of a large business house. In this department, one catches one's first glimpse of the most progressive and thoroughly up-to-date methods that are so very prominent a feature of the concern throughout, as one notices the clever systematic filing cabinets, the phonograph dictating machines, the mechanical devices for calculating and adding figures, and other numerous and ingenious clerical labor-saving contrivances.

Passing through upon his way upstairs, the writer saw the forwarding department, where a large number of employees were busily engaged despatching an almost incredible amount of various goods to places near and far spread all over Western Canada, including the most distant points. Stacks and stacks of wooden pails containing candy, piles and piles of packing cases, boxes and barrels filled with all kinds of good things were being started upon their journeys with almost machine-like rapidity and order. The department seemed full to overflowing, and yet as fast as one large consignment left, another quantity of goods would appear from the packing room to take its place.

Well known and extensively used throughout the West as all Mooney's dainty products are, it is perhaps their celebrated "Perfection" soda biscuits that the rank and file of the general public are the most familiar with. For "soda" biscuits have to-day in Western Canada become almost a staple article of diet in every home. An article all but as important as bread itself, and they are to be found upon the tables of even the most humble establishments, where the family budget does not permit of much expenditure upon cakes, candy and the fancy varieties of biscuits.

The writer was, therefore, especially interested in the extraordinarily clever system, a system that appeared to be a perfect combination of ingenious machinery and deft manual labor, working harmoniously together, by which Mooney's are able to cope with and supply Western Canada's demands for their "sodas," a demand which, judging from the number of these

would appear to be almost insatiable. The dough from which these soda biscuits are made, is prepared from the flour derived from the heart of the finest wheat grown in Canada, together with the other ingredients, being placed in mechanical mixers, which consist of larger cylindrical vessels in which there are a series of arms revolving on a central axis. The admixture of moisture is most carefully regulated and the revolutions of these arms work the biscuit mixture into a stiff dough. The dough when ready goes to another machine with heavy rollers, where it is passed backwards and forwards and rolled out to a sheet of uniform thickness. The final making of the biscuits takes place in a large, highly complex and most ingenious apparatus, the dough first passing through gauge rollers, graduated so as to give a sheet of any desired thickness and then passing on to be mechanically punched and cut into biscuits of the desired shape. The biscuits, as this machine glides them forward on to the plates are quickly placed into especially constructed huge ovens, the baking capacity of which is no less than 12,000 lbs. per day.

The expedient manner in which these soda biscuits are packed is also most interesting. The biscuits when baked are passed up to the floor above upon trays that travel on a kind of mechanical elevator, and the trays are glided over a machine in a long continuous row. At each side of this machine numbers of girls stand, who, as the trays pass them, pick out the whole and perfectly baked biscuits and place them in a kind of trough along which the biscuits travel towards the packers, who pick them up and quickly pack them into casks and packets. As each tray reaches the end of the long row, it turns over and empties itself of the imperfect biscuits, for the finest specimens only are packed, and then returns underneath to be refilled.

The making of these appetising soda biscuits is, of course, only one feature of Mooney's enterprise. They also manufacture, as everybody knows, fancy biscuits and cakes in almost endless variety of form and composition. The writer as he passed through the departments where these are made was simply bewildered by the truly astonishing numbers of every kind of cake and biscuit that he saw finished and waiting to be packed, and yet it seemed the whole time as if some invisible, gigantic authoritative consumer was crying "more! more!" as the various machines appearing almost uncanny in their rapid precision mixed and cut and dipped into chocolate and other coatings, cakes and biscuits of every shape, variety and size, while the human operatives, deft handed, spotlessly clean and healthy looking, finished, wrapped and packed with astonishing rapidity.

Closely adjoining this department, the writer saw the special ovens where the larger and best kinds of cakes are baked, and all these he noticed, including the fine almond covered fruit cakes that Mooneys are so celebrated for, are hand made. To a school girl or boy, or for the matter of that to anyone, possessing a "sweet tooth," and what western man or woman has not

one? a visit to Mooney's candy making departments would reveal a veritable garden of delight. Trays upon trays of every kind of candy lie in dazzling, lightly colored and tempting array before one's eyes. Here again, as in their biscuit departments, Mooneys have taken into their service the very latest machinery that the wit of man has devised. There is a huge weird machine mixing a vast quantity of cream for chocolate filling. There stand others ruthlessly slicing up immense slabs of caramel. Whilst others again are rapidly turning out blocks of butter Scotch, toffee balls and various candy for coating with chocolate, the careful preparation of which receives particular attention at Mooney's. A special department with the most up-to-date machines installed being utilized for grinding and purifying the crude product into pure wholesome chocolate. As in the case of cakes and biscuits, the finest varieties of candy are hand coated and finished, and the astonishing rate at which one saw the employees in the candy departments covering chocolates, placing shelled walnuts on the creams, finishing and packing the sweatmeats into the artistic fancy boxes which are such a specialty of Mooneys was astonishing.

The whole of the power used for driving all the machinery and the electric current for lighting their factory throughout is generated by this house in a fine station upon the premises. The plant consists of large steam boilers and powerful engines coupled to direct current generators. Here also the writer noticed a powerful pump that supplies the factory with water from their own artesian well, Messrs. Mooney having found the water supplied by the Winnipeg city authorities to be too hard for their purpose.

In conclusion, it can be truthfully said that the Mooney Biscuit and Candy Co.'s factory would be a credit to any city, with its progressive methods, scrupulous cleanliness and the high quality of all the goods they make. They have but one standard, both for the materials they use (the quantities of these are enormous, a carload of sugar, for instance, only lasts about a day and a half), and the dainties they produce—the purest and the best.

The old saying that "the proof of the pudding is in the eating" is equally applicable to biscuits, cakes and candy, so it is evident that the Mooney Co. have fairly won by the sterling quality of their goods the great success they have attained. There are about 300 hands employed and a railway siding runs right up to the factory, upon which the Mooney Biscuit and Candy Co. have their own freight cars and the writer from what he saw believes they make full use of them.

Duke of Rothesay. Young Albert Edward, Prince of Wales with respect to England, is "Duke of Rothesay" in Scotland, and should there be no Heir-Apparent, the privileges and inheritances of the position or heirship remain invested in the King—not as such, but as tutor or guardian for him when he should appear, and so continued as long as the Heir-Apparent is under age.



Reaping and Harvest Time.

SASKATOON



General Post Office, Saskatoon.

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In 1903 Saskatoon had a population of 113 people. Its population today exceeds 16,000 and the shrewdest business men in Canada and the United States predict that it will have a population of not less than 50,000 in five years. This means that it will more than treble its present population during the next five years and as real estate values increase in proportion to the increase of population, by investing in Saskatoon today, you are absolutely certain to treble your money during that time.

Saskatoon real estate is not a speculative venture. Saskatoon realty has a definite, certain fixed value, and so confident are we that values in Saskatoon will increase, that we offer to refund any moneys paid to us on account of Saskatoon property, at any time after six months, if you are not entirely satisfied with your investment. Look up our property at Saskatoon. Look up our financial standing and you will then know that you are taking absolutely no chance in buying from us at Saskatoon.

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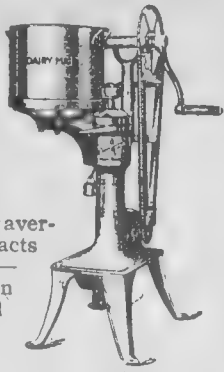


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The Women's Quiet Hour.

By E. Cora Hind.

So many of my readers are familiar with the name of Lillian Laurie through the pages of many western magazines, and not a few of them have met her personally when during last winter and this summer she went through Saskatchewan,

Lillian Laurie.

organizing the Homemakers' Clubs in connection with the University of Saskatchewan, that I am sure all will be interested in hearing of her marriage. Lillian Laurie (or Miss Lillian K. Catharine Benyon) was married on September 27 to Mr. A. Vernon Thomas and at present she is on a trip to the Old Country.

Among the many women who have written for women's pages in the daily, weekly and monthly publications in Western Canada I do not think that anyone has come quite so close to the hearts of the women of the west as Lillian Laurie. She spent her very early girlhood on a farm near Hartney. Her people struck the bad years of the middle eighties, and she knew from personal experience what it meant to have frozen crops and all that that means in the way of deprivation on prairie farms. A little later she taught in country schools in many of the new districts both of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, beginning her career as a teacher when she was only 16. She knows pioneer life in all its phases, and, having seen the struggle which her own mother had with small and inconvenient homes and lack of help, she has been able to sympathize very keenly with the thousands of women who, in the Canadian west, are similarly circumstanced; and not only has she sympathized with them, but, in many ways, she has been able to lighten their burden, by suggestions, by helping in the securing of better legislation, and, perhaps, more than all, by the letters and articles which she has published which have stirred up others to help.

Speaking to her just before she left for England, she stated that one of the things she valued most in the opportunity of going to the Old Land was that it would help her to more fully sympathize with the English, Irish and Scotch women who are on our prairies, when once she had been in their home land and realized something of what they had left behind. On her return she will continue her work on the woman's page of the Weekly Free Press and in other journals. I am sure that she will be followed by the warmest wishes of hundreds of women into her new life and her new home.

Pauline Johnson.

The name of Pauline Johnson is a household word throughout Canada, and it seems a very brief time since she was touring the west, delighting all who attended her recitals by her brilliant portrayal of Indian life. It is a matter of deep regret that, having quitted the entertainment stage with the intention of devoting herself to literature, her health has so completely failed. She is an invalid and a very great sufferer. She is at present making her home in Vancouver, and the Canadian Women's Press Club and the Canadian Club of Vancouver have taken up the work of collecting her unpublished manuscripts and her fugitive poems and stories; a strong committee has been formed, of which Lord Strathcona and Sir Charles Tupper are members, and this committee will superintend the publication of a book containing the greater part of her poems and stories. Pauline Johnson is by birth an Indian princess, though she has white blood. She is a great-granddaughter of the famous Chief Brant, the head of the Six Nation Indians to whom George IV made a grant along the Grand River in Ontario, and after whom the town of Brantford is named. Pauline is intensely proud of her Indian blood, and has been one of the warmest friends of her own people. Possibly no one on our American con-

tinent has a finer collection of Indian legends and stories than she has been able to gather together, and which will appear in the promised book. This book will be not only of literary value, but it will be of great historic value, as many of the legends and stories commemorate the earliest history of Canada. The book will be published by subscription, and Canadian Clubs all over Canada are being interested in it. In a chat I had with Mrs. Stoddart, of Vancouver, who is a member of the committee, she told me that any individual who wished to subscribe for the book could do so by writing the Pauline Johnson Committee, Vancouver. This had been arranged to meet the convenience of many admirers of Miss Johnson who are scattered all over the country and might possibly not be in touch with Canadian Clubs.

I have a very vivid recollection of the first time that I heard Pauline Johnson recite. It was one of her own poems, of which I have forgotten the name, but it represented an Indian bride being torn from her husband and carried off on horseback by a victorious brave. The girl is behind the Indian on the horse, and pretends that she is not sorry to be carried away, but that she has really fallen a victim to the charms of her captor. She carries her fluttery on until she is able to reach for his hunting knife, with which she stabs him to death in the back. Anything more vivid and awfully realistic than the recitation of that poem I have never seen; and yet Pauline Johnson passed from the splendid portrayal of that scene, and as an encore gave that exquisite bit of verse, "The Song My Paddle Sings."

On the distaff side, Pauline Johnson has a right to inherit literary talent, for she is closely allied to the Howells family, formerly of Scarborough, near Toronto, of which W. D. Howells, the famous author, is probably the most distinguished member.

* * * * *

I had during the month a letter from one of the women who had applied to me for the catalogue of china which I had promised. She stated

China that she had not received a copy of the catalogue. I had the

matter looked up and found that one had been mailed to her, but it had apparently gone astray in the post. Another has been sent to her, but this incident suggested to me that possibly others who had asked for the catalogue might not have received it. If such is the case, I would be very glad if you would let me know, as the company sending out these catalogues has a special book in which the names and addresses of all to whom the catalogue has been sent are entered, and it is certainly not their intention to overlook anyone. I understand that a few have ordered the china, and no doubt some have already received it. I shall be very glad to hear from those as to how they like it. I went through the showrooms of the house which gets out this catalogue the other day and saw the wonderful collection of Ginori china which they have brought out from Italy. This china has very much the same standing in Italy that Crown Derby has in England; but the company manufacturing it manufactures also guns and all kinds of firearms as well, and the manager of this china department remarked that he was very glad his supply had come in before war was declared, as practically all the employees of the china department who were not called to bear arms were being drafted into the gun shops. It struck me as a very odd combination and one that would probably be of interest to many of my readers. The Ginori china is not only beautiful in shape, but the color of it is exquisite, and apparently it is very durable. Strange to say, it only about half the price of Crown Derby.

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I have had one or two requests recently to devote part of this column to cooking recipes. There is a special section of the magazine for these, but I am very glad to give any that I can which may possibly be new to my readers. I have been continuing my experiments with my fireless cooker, and each month adds to my appreciation of its general adaptability for cooking purposes. One thing which I find it extremely useful for is cooking meat for making into potted meat. For this purpose nothing is better than a beef shank, which should be cut into four or five pieces. One of the things which you have to learn about a fireless cooker is that there is practically no waste of water, and you only need to add to anything which you are cooking the amount of moisture which you wish to have when the food is actually cooked. A beef shank cooked specially for potted meat would not require more than a pint of water, whereas if you were cooking it on the top of the stove it would be necessary, to almost, if not quite, cover the meat with water. The long, slow cooking, with all the steam shut in, gives the meat a most delicious flavor. I have never had such success with potted meat cooked in any other way.

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* * * * *

A dish which may be familiar to many, but which possibly may be new to some of my readers, is a salmon pudding, which is made from canned salmon.

Salmon Pudding. bread crumbs, eggs and milk. The salmon should be taken from the can, broken up very fine with a fork, all bits of skin and bone removed; add to it half its quantity of bread crumbs. Then make a custard; two eggs are sufficient for a small can of salmon; beat the eggs very light; add the salmon and bread crumbs, well seasoned with pepper and salt, and then sufficient milk to make it quite soft and moist. I put this into my fireless cooker in a china bowl, standing it in about two inches of water, and with one hot stone underneath it. It cooks in three-quarters of an hour. It would be equally good if steamed in the ordinary steamer, I imagine, though I have not tried it that way. When turned out of the bowl, it will be as light as a light sponge cake. Serve along with this, as a dressing, white sauce made in the ordinary way, but with a can of green peas heated in it. It looks best served on a side dish, the pudding turned out and the sauce with the peas in it poured round. You have the three colors—pink of salmon, white of sauce, and green peas—and it makes a very artistic dish. It is quite cheap, and in this way many people who find salmon too heavy when scalloped are able to eat it quite readily without any ill effects.

The same kind of pudding may be made with grated cheese, but when making it of cheese, there should be equal quantities of cheese and bread crumbs, and a great improvement is to add a little tomato to overcome the extreme richness of the cheese. Canned tomatoes will do nicely for this purpose.

* * * * *

I had the pleasure this month of meeting Mabel Burkholder, a young girl from Hamilton, whose book, "The Course of Impatience"

About Books. Carnaghan," is just coming out. She has a bright sprightly way of writing, and those who have read her book in the proof sheets say that it is one of great promise.

* * * * *

There is another child's story by Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, and is, I think, quite equal to "Little Lord Fauntleroy." It is a book which not only children but the grown-up people in the family would thoroughly enjoy, and one that would make a delightful Christmas box for a family of children. The theme of it is not

new, for it is the power of love to turn disagreeable, ill-tempered children into reasonable human beings. It is a story exquisitely told. There is a wonderful pathos about the secret garden and the little lad whose mother had made the garden and who had died in giving him birth, going there to find at last health and strength. In this secret garden the children practice white magic, and part of it was to all stand in a row daily and say that the little invalid lad would be strong and well; and strong and well he grew — not, of course, because they said it over and over, but because he was out in the garden and his mind was occupied and taken away from himself. The characters of Dickon, the boy who was the friend of the foxes and the squirrels; and his mother, Susan Sowerberry, are splendidly drawn; in fact they are some of the best character work that Mrs. Burnett has ever done. This book is issued by the Copp, Clark people, and the illustrations are in colors.

The season promises a great many books, but so far few that are outstanding have come to me. There is, however, a new book called "The Hill," which is said to be the best boy's story since the publication of "Tom Brown's School Days." I have not read it yet, but I hope to be able to say something about it for the first of December, so that there will be time for readers to order it for Christmas if they wish to do so. It is high praise to say that any book for boys is equal to "Tom Brown's School Days."

* * * * *

All the young women throughout the west who have had the privilege of attending the Household Science classes at the Manitoba Agricultural College will learn with regret that Miss Juniper has felt compelled to resign her position, on account of her health, as Professor of Household Science, and that she has accepted a position at Victoria and has gone there. When Miss Juniper left Winnipeg at the beginning of August for her holiday in England, it was with the full expectation of returning to her work at the end of October. She was greatly fatigued at the time she left, and the voyage, instead of acting as a restorative, made her very ill. She was quite laid-up for over two weeks, after reaching England. The advisory board of the college greatly regret Miss Juniper's decision not to return, and had it not been that she had already accepted the position in Victoria, they would have urged her to take a longer rest, and reconsider her decision. As this was impossible, the advisory board at its last meeting took action, and, after accepting with regret Miss Juniper's resignation, they decided that the time was too short in which to select anybody for the permanent head of the department, and decided to appoint merely an instructor in cooking and household management. For this they selected Mrs. Charlton Salisbury, who is a graduate of the Rochester Polytechnic and a sister of Dr. Charlton, the well-known bacteriologist of the Saskatchewan Government. Mrs. Charlton is not only a graduate of a school of very high standing, but she has had for three years charge of the domestic science extension work in connection with Ames College, Iowa. She has been a very acceptable lecturer on household subjects on two occasions in the Province of Saskatchewan.

Household Science. I am very glad to announce that the applications for the Household Science classes for the winter term of 1911-12 are much more numerous than at any previous time since this section of the college opened. In fact, there will be material for two classes instead of one, and the faculty of the college feel greatly encouraged by the interest which has been awakened by this branch. It says very much for the quality of the work done by Miss Juniper that this should be the case, since a very large percentage of the applications are traceable to girls who have already been in the school. The outlook for the coming season is most encouraging.

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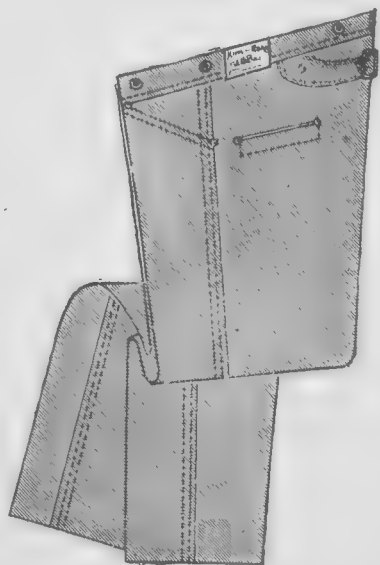
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I have seen this month a cream separator which I think bids fair to almost revolutionize the dairy industry, and will be very shortly found in nearly every farmhouse. This is a separator with a new gasoline engine attached. The whole machine does not occupy any more space than the ordinary separator, and performs the operation of separating the milk perfectly. More over, it costs exactly the same price as that charged for the cream separator alone. It is very easily put in motion, is very simple of construction, and, in addition to operating the separator, can also be attached to either the washing machine or the sewing machine.

The dairy school of the Manitoba Agricultural College is to make a test of this machine, and by next month I hope to be able to give my readers something more definite about it from Professor James Mitchell, who is in charge of the dairy section. By what I have seen of the machine myself, it seems to me to be the very thing that the farm household has been looking for. It is so compact, so easy of operation, and so safe, that I do not think even the most timid woman could have any objection to giving it place in her kitchen.

Home Economic Society.

Swan Lake.

The Swan Lake Economics Society was first started in December, 1910, and was inaugurated by Miss Kennedy, who came from Winnipeg for the purpose. The membership for the first year was about 30, but from various causes the society was unable to make much headway, and only three meetings were held somewhat irregularly.

This year the society has started out with every promise of success. The first meeting, of which an account is enclosed, was held on Saturday, Sept. 30th, and already there is a membership of 42. The meetings will be held on the last Saturday in each month. Kate H. Langridge is the Corresponding Secretary.

There was a very successful meeting in the small hall on Saturday afternoon last, when the ladies of the Swan Lake Home Economics met for the first time this season.

Business opened in the usual way by the secretary, Mrs. Hartwell, reading the minutes of the last meeting.

The president, Mrs. Gordon, then addressed the meeting, and expressed her pleasure at seeing so many present; she reminded them that their society was not merely of a social character, but had formed itself for the carrying out of real, practical work which would benefit, not only themselves, but the town and district in which they lived. As an illustration of what she meant, the president pointed out that there were two matters which might well be taken in hand by women — the care and improvement of the cemetery, and the providing of efficient school grounds for the children, and it was decided to consider both these matters shortly. After reading an excerpt showing what women in other towns had done, the president called upon Dr. Tisdale to give his promised address on typhoid fever.

The paper read was short, but extremely interesting; the various ways in which infection can be conveyed being thoroughly explained and the necessary precautions to be taken against the spread of the disease being detailed.

A short discussion on the possibility of disinfecting well water followed but the doctor pointed out that such a thing was not practicable on account of the constant infiltration of water into the well and the difficulty of locating the source of danger. In any case, the only safe plan when there were any cases of typhoid in the neighborhood, was to boil all water needed for domestic use, there being grave danger of infection even in washing salads, etc., in suspected water.

As a subject for discussion at the next meeting was not decided upon, a committee of three ladies was appointed to arrange a programme.

Among other matters of business

settled, was the appointment of Mrs. Langridge as corresponding secretary, and it was decided that a report of the Home Economics Society should be sent to the Western Home Monthly after each meeting. After singing the National Anthem, lunch was served and the meeting dispersed.

Dorothy Dix: Social conditions help to form our characters.

Dr. D. A. Stewart: The ancient theory that an open window was dangerous is now dead; and we must not let it be resurrected.

Premier McBride: A man who aspires to a high position must have a thick skin, if only to withstand the sharp thrusts of the caricaturist.

Sir Wm. Osler, M.D.: How often is it said that no two people see alike! If we say there are no two brains alike we get the nearer the truth of that statement.

Sleeping Princess



Given for Selling

XMAS FOLDERS, AT 3 FOR 5c.

This Sleeping Beauty Princess is the prettiest dolly you could imagine. She has a lovely pleated dress, completely covered with lace, threaded through with satin baby ribbon; lace-trimmed underclothing, cute little openwork lace stockings, and the prettiest little white kid slippers, with silver buckles. Her hat is pleated and lace-trimmed to exactly match her dress, and puts the finishing touch to as dainty a costume as you could wish to see. This little Princess is so like a real baby that she can move her arms and legs to any position, sit down, close her eyes when she is tired, and go right off to sleep. She has lovely curls, and the sweetest smile just parting her lips to show her little white teeth. She is just longing to have a nice, kind mamma to care for her. Won't you adopt her? She is given for selling only \$3.00 worth of the Prettiest Fancy Folding Xmas and New Year Cards ever sold in Canada for less than 5c. 60 different kinds. Fancy shapes, lovely designs, embossed in nature's own colors—Robins, Holly, Poinsettia, Violets, Ivy, Oak Leaves, Xmas Bells, Winter Scenes, etc., with handsomely illuminated Greetings, and charming verses inside. They will be all the rage this season. Everybody wants them. At 3 for 5c you can sell them as fast as you can hand them out. We have all kinds of postcards, too, in fancy designs and Canadian Winter Scenes, at 3 for 5c. This is your chance. Act quickly. Sell \$1.50 worth more, \$4.50 in all, and we pay express charges. **THE GOLD MEDAL PREMIUM COMPANY, DEPT. 13M Toronto.**

The Young Woman and Her Problem.

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

TO THE GIRL READER IN THE OLD COUNTRY.

Two bright, young women, who recently came from Scotland, told me that the Western Home Monthly is the most appreciated magazine that goes into their Old Country home. They furthermore stated that the reading of this magazine created in them a desire to come to this country. Now, if we are responsible for the immigration of these two young women, as well as many others, we are doing a great and good work. These girls are sending the Western Home Monthly to their friends in the Old Country and in time they, too, will want to come to the land of encouraging promise. Since hundreds of Old Country girls read this magazine with such keen interest, they tell me I feel it my duty to say a word that may help the prospective immigrant.

In the first place, I believe this is a land of splendid opportunity for the young woman, but at the same time, she must not expect when she reaches here that fine positions are "growing on bushes." I think there is a position for every girl who comes, but she must be willing to work up. She may not find on her arrival the very position she desires, but if she be willing to work she has every chance of realizing her ambition. In my experience with girls who come from the Old Country, I find that some of them expect too much after their arrival. For example, the housekeeper in the Old Country finds after several applications here that she can get a position only as general servant. Of course, there are positions for housekeepers, but it may take a while to find one. Then there is the governess who comes over and finds extreme difficulty to obtain a place. There is little demand here for the governess. Some very able governesses have told me that they simply cannot find positions here in their line of work. Some of them work as housekeepers.

When girls first come they are often bewildered—they do not know how to go about to find positions and boarding places. This is a very critical time, because the tempter is on every side waiting to offer his services. A very good way is for the girl to first find the church of her denomination. The minister is always willing to direct her to a woman in the church who will see that she makes the right applications and is located in a safe boarding place. Some of these women aid the girls in finding positions, and become personally interested in them. At any rate, the girl is in a protective environment when she is under the guidance of any one of these women. A complete list of these women was published on this page last winter.

There are always good positions open for girls who will do general housework. If I were an immigrant girl and could not find at once the work I wanted to do, I would take a place in a home and work up to something better. One girl, who is now on a visit to her home in Ireland, did this. She studied evenings, taking a business course, and she now commands a good salary as a stenographer. Another girl of my acquaintance did the same thing. Some days were very, very hard for her, especially when she began a big washing at four in the morning, but she was willing to sacrifice pleasure and pride for her ambition. She earns a splendid salary now as stenographer. Some of our most successful men and women in Western Canada pocketed their pride when they first came from the Old Country, and did the work they could find to do until better positions could be obtained. A young woman should be willing to do any honest work. I have met girls who were disappointed in not being able to find the positions they desired, but they expected too much. Many come with no

experience and they need to take what they can get.

The girl immigrant should not become friendly with any stranger—man or woman—on her way over, because it is on these journeys that white slave agents reap a rich harvest. One immigrant girl told me that she had a few hours to wait in a Canadian city and went to a little store near the station to ask for stamps. As she went out, a man gave her a card, saying as he did so, "Here is the address of a good place for meals." A minute later a private detective, who had been

watching the affair asked the girl for the card. After looking at the address, he told the girl that had she gone to the place she would never have left it. A girl who is travelling alone should ask information from railroad officials and policemen only. They will give safe instructions. A young American woman who has travelled much, told me that she always feels safe in Canada, because the Canadian officials give honest information.

Then, too, the girl from the Old Country should be very careful of her acquaintances in the new land. A young lady of experience told me this month that girls from the Old Country and country girls of our own land, are in danger when they first come here if they accept as sincere the flatteries of strangers. Girls like attention—I am not criticizing them for this—but many who have not been accustomed to flattering attention lose their heads, and thus fall victims to tempters.

This is a land of opportunity for the

girl who has courage and common sense. There are thousands of splendid girls here from the Old Country, and many are making good. Come prepared to sacrifice and work, and you will win, as you will in no other land.

AN HONEST BLUFF.

Every girl has the germ of success in her if she be determined. Determination demands proper recognition of service. A timid girl came to me lately asking my aid in securing a position for her. I learned that they were taking on new girls where she applied and I wondered why she was refused. After asking one of the girls in the place how she got in, she replied: "I was determined to get in here because I knew I could do the work required of me." Then she told me if the girl had applied again, and perhaps again, she would have secured a position—the employer liked determination.



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Vibration is one of the most marvelous curative agents known. It is the remedy provided by nature for many ills and diseases. It relieves like magic. Simple, sure and inexpensive—it banishes drugs forever.

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Pain, suffering and disease are unnatural—they are wrong. It is your duty to be well. Don't try to stand pain—STOP IT. No matter what ails you—even if others have told you that your case was incurable. DON'T GIVE UP HOPE. The great natural forces, Vibration and Electricity, are recognized to-day as among the greatest of curative agents.

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The White Cross Electric Vibrator gets at the cause of disease. It sends the rich, red blood leaping and coursing through your veins and arteries straight to where the disease begins, and where there is rich blood it is impossible for disease to remain long. It tones up your nerves and muscles and every vital organ. It makes you fairly tingle with the joy of living.

Don't neglect the FIRST symptoms. If you feel "run down," "out of condition," if you feel "out of sorts" generally, something is wrong. The most serious diseases creep upon you unaware. The White Cross Electric Vibrator aids in filling your body so full of vigorous, robust health that pain and disease have a hard time finding a foothold.

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Not only has the Direction Book that goes with each machine been compiled so that the novice can understand it—for all technicalities have been put out and supplanted with language of the simplest kind possible—but every part of the appliance has been left together so that a child of seven can operate it without the least fear of danger. In fact, never has there been anything of the kind offered to the public so low in price, and yet so perfect and so simple in construction.

Proof

That Electricity and Vibration are the most marvelous natural curative agencies in existence to-day is proven by the fact that the cleverest and most scientific doctors throughout the entire world are leaving the drug medication and treating almost every known disease by these wonderful forces.

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\$3 guarantee of money back if you are not fully satisfied. Hundreds of letters from pleased wearers in all parts of Canada. Notice the price, remember our guarantee and free delivery, then order yourself a pair of Lumbersole and find foot-comfort all winter.

SPECIAL ; SCOTCH HAND-KNIT SOCKS.

Guaranteed hand-knit by the women of Scotland from Paton's *Alloa* Pure Wool, absolutely the best in the world. These splendid socks are warm, durable and healthy for you. They are practically an "overcoat" for your feet. The cold can't penetrate, that's all! All sensible colors.

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SPECIAL : Our second grade Scotch Socks, machine-knit. Great value for the money. Good grade wool; wear well and keep feet warm.

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SPECIAL : Ladies' English Ribbed Worsted Stockings, These are wonderful value. Finest hose for winter wear, full length and comfortable, snug fit. Every lady should get a few pairs for cold weather wear.

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SPECIAL : Guaranteed Trousers for \$2.25.

Our greatest value offering this season. "G" Brand *English Moleskin* Trousers. Worn by stone-workers, carpenters, iron-workers and all whose work is hard on clothes. Will outwear half-a-dozen pairs of overalls and keep you warm at the same time, because the material is so closely woven, it keeps out the cold wind, even in a gale. Comfortable, wear like iron, guaranteed and your money back if you are not satisfied. Made in black or brown, pockets hip or side, back strap.

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Men's Best Quality, 2-Buckle Styles, Sizes 6-12, to fit	\$2.00
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Children's Two-Buckle, Sizes 6-2, Fit ages 3-10	1.35
Children's Fine Lacing Style, 6-2	1.50

16 other styles for all purposes. Ask your dealer for Lumbersoles.

A stenographer of my acquaintance applied six times for a position that she wanted. She was refused it five times, and when she appeared the sixth time, the employer said: "Well, you are so determined, I believe I will try you, but you have had no experience—can you do the work?" She replied, "Try me!" The girl advanced rapidly, and she is to-day drawing an unusual salary. If an employer sees determination written on the face of a girl when she applies, he thinks she will use the same trait of disposition in doing his work. A girl must lay aside her timidity when she applies for a position. It is a lie of modesty for a girl to say she cannot do what she can do. Girls who apply for positions are justified in assuming an honest bluff. When the employer asks if you can do a certain kind of work, if you feel that you can, say so. Do not say, "I do not know." I knew a teacher who had never studied Latin. As the board had accepted her diploma from another part of the country, they overlooked the fact that Latin was not among her standings until she arrived to take up her work. The superintendent asked her this question: "Can you teach First Year Latin?" She replied, "Yes." He assigned her the class and that evening she hunted up a scholar in the place who knew Latin and she began the study with determination. All year she kept well ahead of her class. At the end of the term a teacher who had taught Latin for thirty years visited her class. After the hour he told the superintendent that Miss R—'s class was the most successful Latin class he had ever visited. The answer "Yes," coupled with determination, justified the teacher's honest bluff.

If a girl makes up her mind that she can do a thing and back the determination by an honest will, and says, "I can do it," this is what I call an honest bluff. Girls often fail to secure positions by saying they do not know. Employers are keen in discovering the mark of indecision. If you want a position, apply, if you are refused, apply again, and keep on applying until you get it.

ENCOURAGE THE HOME-SICK GIRL.

There are hundreds of home-sick girls in the city, and country, too. Immigrant girls are coming in great numbers and they are hungry for a cordial handshake and a kind word. It costs so little to show a bit of interest in another and it means often the saving of a girl from ruin. These girls are among us and it is our duty to make their world a little brighter by a word of encouragement. There is no soul so low that a word of encouragement cannot lift. There is no life so saddened that an encouraging word cannot brighten.

While writing this page, a home-sick girl came to my door—the reddened eyes and the trembling body indicated a condition near despair. All she needed was a bit of encouragement. If every woman with a comfortable home would take an interest in just one girl, few girls would go wrong. By an interest, I mean—invite the girl to your home for tea once every month or once every week. Give her a little home-life; the tiny four-walled room of a boarding house becomes cold and lonely at times, and the girl longs for open. She needs it, too. If women would open their homes occasionally to homeless girls, there would be a decided decrease in the number who seek the excitement and fascination of an evening supper in the public restaurant.

Young women who have good positions and comfortable rooms could do great good by inviting a lonely girl to their rooms occasionally. Girls long for company. A young lady this month attracted my attention one day. She was on the verge of a nervous collapse. Another young lady invited her to her home, and made it possible for her to meet some young people. She is a happy girl to-day—and the transformation was made by just a little kindly interest.

"There are lonely hearts to cherish while the days are going by."

CONVERSATIONAL ABILITY.

One of our readers in the country sends me this problem: "My problem is a lack of conversational ability, and as the country boys are not very good at helping one in this, I often feel decidedly stupid. My arms feel awkward, and I do not know what to do with myself. Another awkward time is after dancing a square dance; in the interlude, one's partner is not very interesting when he is busy wiping the perspiration from his face and hands. Will you give me some suggestions?"

This problem concerns many girls. They do not know what to say and the more they think about it the harder it is to talk. In the meantime the girl feels herself the object of all eyes in the room until she is absolutely tongue-tied. The first step in overcoming this is to put self in the background and become intensely interested in others. Every one has a hobby of some kind—find out what the young man is most interested in, then ask him questions about that particular subject and you will thus draw him into a conversation that will make you interesting to him. Then read good books, learn humorous stories in magazines, and commit to memory funny jokes. You can cultivate wit, and a witty person is always popular. Nearly everyone likes a good story, but never repeat gossip or tell a joke at another's expense. If you fill

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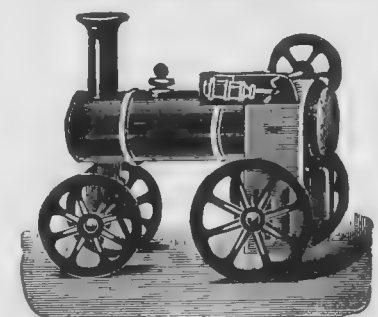
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15 ELEGANT CHRISTMAS POSTCARDS, 10c. Please send silver. Each card is beautifully lithographed in ten exquisite colors and beautifully embossed in gold. This is a bargain. **ANSONIA SILVER CO.,** Toronto, Ont.

REPEATING ARMY RIFLES.



\$6.00 41 calibre—Repeating 10 shots. Cartridges cost \$3.50 for 100 Foreign make and 80c. for box of 20 "U.M.C." make smokeless. **\$6.00**

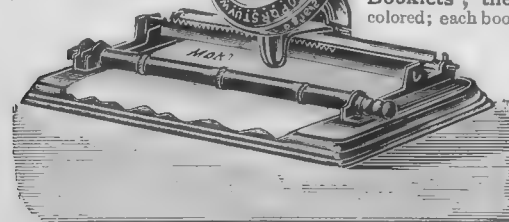
Rifles are sighted to 1,000 yards, guaranteed accurate and reliable.

Send for Catalogue "W" of other Rifles and Guns.

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Typewriter FREE

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This is an exact picture of the nice typewriter we are giving to Boys and Girls for selling our Christmas Booklets. This Typewriter is easy to operate and has all the letters of the alphabet, together with figures, etc. Every boy and girl ought to have one of these. Send for only \$4.00 of our dainty Christmas Booklets; these are all nicely embossed and colored; each booklet has insert with appropriate greeting attached with silk ribbon. These are quick sellers at 3 for 10c. Write us now for Booklets and we guarantee that you will have no trouble selling them as everybody buys Christmas Booklets. As soon as you have sold them all send us the \$4.00 and we will send Typewriter as represented. Don't delay in writing us as the earlier you start the better chances you have of securing other premiums in addition to Typewriter. The Jones Mfg. Co. Dept. 82, Winnipeg

your mind with good thoughts and if you read good literature your mind will grow and you will influence the mind of every person you meet. It is not the one who talks the most who says the most. One time a girl talked as fast as her tongue could work all evening, and every man went home disgusted with her. It is not how much you say, but how well. Our most brilliant women say little, but they say that little well. "Margaret Fuller Ossoli was a woman who was witty, learned and imaginative, and she was conceded to be the best conversationalist in any circle. She possessed the charm that any woman may possess—appreciation of others, and interest in their welfare. This sympathy unlocked every heart to her. She was made the confidante of thousands. All classes loved her. She was always an inspiration. She was fond of social life, and no party seemed complete without her. She could appreciate the best of the minds and hearts of others, and they gave the best in return."

There is always some topic of interest in the neighborhood. Become familiar with the leading topics of the day; if you become interested in these affairs you will forget about yourself. Women need to read more of what is going on in the outside world. Cultivate the memory and fill the mind with wholesome knowledge. One person wrote Margaret Fuller Ossoli this: "What I am I owe in a large measure to the stimulus you imparted. You roused my heart with high hopes; you raised my aims from paltry and vain pursuits to those which lasted and fed the soul; you inspired me with a great ambition, and made me see the worth and meaning of life."

In regard to the second part of the problem, I would let the young man take his perspiratory bath in peace. The most interesting topic in the world would not appeal to him under such conditions.

STREET SLANG.

A group of school girls walked ahead of me this week and this was a part of their conversation:

"Hello! How are you?" "I'm on the bum—all in."

This reply was what one might expect from a ragged boy who blackens boots or sells papers. I would not be surprised to hear it from a certain class of girls who work for their living, not having had the opportunity of school life, but from a class of school girls it is really unpardonable. A girl who won the prize essay in her rhetoric class was also the prize winner in slang among her associates.

In the study of literature we get some idea of the beautiful possibilities of the English language. In writing themes and essays we try to put into practice the lessons we have learned. In our daily speech, too, the practice should be continued. Did you ever know a woman whose wardrobe was full of expensive gowns, yet she went around the home looking shabby? She is very like the girl whose head is full of the beautiful vocabularies of great writers of English poetry and prose, yet she expresses herself in the slang of the street.

AN ANTIDOTE.

The happiest woman in the world is the woman with a high ideal. People who live with cheap ideals find life tiresome and useless. Cheap things soon wear out—only the best stands wear. After the novelty of a cheap song is worn off, there is nothing left, while a classic piece of music adds new beauty every time one hears it. A good book gives food for thought every time one reads it, but who can endure reading a trashy story through once? People who live with cheap ideals wonder why others are so happy. Selfish purposes may attract for a while, but they soon wear out.

"You are too unselfish," one of Queen Alexandra's friends said to her one day after she had done a charitable act that demanded sacrifice. The Queen smiled and asked: "Is that possible?" Queen Alexandra has always been a lady bountiful. She discovers a need, and

says nothing; but she does not forget. Soon the person she wishes to benefit receives the very thing of all others which she had wished for. The girlhood of Queen Alexandra was remarkably beautiful in sincerity of purpose. She won her way into the hearts of the British people by her grace, her charm, her sweet smile, and the ready sympathy of her tender heart. One of her last acts in her native land before her marriage was to arrange for a sum of money to be distributed among six Danish brides of the poorer classes during the year of her own marriage; and she afterwards received many touching letters from young girls to whom her thoughtful generosity had made happiness possible. Sorrows come into every woman's existence, but a bright, unselfish disposition is their antidote.

STEALING TIME.

A girl came to me, saying, "You people who are interested in young men and women have so little time to give us; you do not even allow us an opportunity to tell you our troubles." This remark was rather unusual, so I immediately sat down to listen to her complaint. In two minutes she had told her whole tale, and then she repeated it over again and again, and branched off on other uninteresting topics, until she had used up an hour of my time. The next day she came to my home and repeated her story, making no effort to go until I told her that I simply could not give her any more of my time that day. The arrival of two callers did not appeal to her to leave, but she stayed on and on.

Two days later another girl came to me, saying, "Now, I shall only take a few minutes of your time, as I know you are busy. Will you kindly give me a bit of attention?" I asked her in and within ten minutes she had made her case clear and was gone, leaving be-



GRAIN GROWERS

AFTER the crop has been harvested, the next consideration for you is the satisfactory disposal of same.

Since 1853 we have been engaged in the Canadian grain trade. Our Eastern and Western branches and connections keep us in close touch with all current demands and fluctuations. We therefore claim our facilities the best for securing you the highest possible returns for every grade.

We pay special attention to the grading of all cars consigned to us, and the samples of same are carefully checked by our experts.

Our Option Department is prepared to handle with care and dispatch all trading in futures entrusted to it. Reference: Any Financial Agency.

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GRAIN EXCHANGE, - WINNIPEG
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That you can dress as well as the best dressed ladies in Toronto at about half what it costs them to dress.

Send for our Free Catalogue and you will Understand.

We are makers and by dealing with us you do not have to pay a profit to three or four middlemen, thus you can save from 25 to 50% on every garment you wear.

The illustrations shown in this advertisement are of the following garments:

C133—A becoming "Economist" Favorite. Rarely do we use the term "favorite" in describing a garment, but this handsome coat conforms with every style requirement, is of such exceptional value both in design and material as to warrant special mention. Made in all wool diagonal cloth, with attractive plaid collars, cuffs, pockets and back tabs, it gives an unusually smart and captivating effect. Colors: Grey, Tan, Green, Navy and Black. The regular value of this coat is at least \$20.00. Our special price **\$15.48**

C148—This luxurious plush coat of the finest quality, black seal plush of exceptionally fine and silky texture, is distinctly in keeping with fashion's latest decree, faultlessly tailored, 54 in. model, lined with finest quality heavy furriers satin, fastened with 3 large silk braid loops over silk covered buttons. Can be made with the collar as shown, long plain shawl collar or notched collar that may be buttoned up in Military fashion. One of the most essential and stylish garments of the present season.

Special price **\$34.50**

No. 1001—As a fitting accompaniment, we here show a beautiful Black Fox Rug Muff, ornamented with head and tails, and of the finest rich, glossy, genuine Black Fox pelts. It is a real pleasure to us to be able to offer the extraordinary value here shown. Price **\$18.00**

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WE handle Wheat, Oats, Flax and Barley on commission, obtaining best possible grades and prices. Our work is prompt, accurate and reliable. Let us handle YOUR shipments this season. Daily or weekly market letter on application.

References: BANK OF TORONTO, NORTHERN CROWN BANK AND COMMERCIAL AGENCIES

Wheat, Oats, Barley, Flax

Owing to so much unfavorable weather, many farmers over Western Canada have gathered at least part of their crop touched by frost or otherwise weather damaged. However, through the large shortage in corn, oats, barley, fodder, potatoes and vegetables by the unusual heat and drought of last summer in the United States, Eastern Canada and Western Europe, there is going to be a steady demand at good prices for all the grain Western Canada has raised, no matter what its quality may be.

So much variety in quality makes it impossible for those less experienced to judge the full value that should be obtained for such grain, therefore the farmer never stood more in need of the services of the experienced and reliable grain commission man to act for him, in the looking after and selling of his grain, than he does this season.

Farmers, you will therefore do well for yourselves not to accept street or track prices, but to ship your grain by carload direct to Port William or Port Arthur, to be handled by us in a way that will get for you all there is in it. We make liberal advances when desired on receipt of shipping bills for cars shipped. We never buy your grain on our own account, but act as your agents in selling it to the best advantage for your account, and we do so on a fixed commission of 1 cent per bushel.

We have made a specialty of this work for many years, and are well known over all Western Canada for our experience in the grain trade, reliability, careful attention to our customers' interests, and promptness in making settlements.

We invite farmers who have not yet employed us, to write to us for shipping instructions and market information, and in regard to our standing in the Winnipeg grain trade and our financial position, we beg to refer you to the Union Bank of Canada and any of its branches; also to the commercial agencies of Bradstreet's and R. G. Dun & Co.

THOMPSON, SONS & Co.

Grain Commission Merchants

703a Grain Exchange, Winnipeg, Man.



The farmer's occupation exposes his watch to unusually severe service. In and out of the jolting wagon, bumping over ploughed fields, sudden changes of temperature and climate are every day experiences of the farmer's life.

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hind her a splendid impression and an eager desire on my part to help her. This is a busy world and time is precious. It is possible for a girl to steal time and in many cases it is real theft.

INCONVENIENCES.

Some girls are not willing to put up with inconveniences. I know a girl who has been a constant source of anxiety to those interested in her, because she drifts from position to position, always finding petty little things that did not suit her. A business man told me that girls stand in their own light when they allow little trivial inconveniences to interfere with their work. One young woman applied for a position and when she saw the desk that she would use, she said, "Oh, I never could use that thing; I am accustomed to better," and her friends wonder why she is constantly losing her place.

I went to an employer one day to find out why a certain girl could not hold her position. Since I had worked for nearly a year to find the girl a permanent place and since she was out of work half the time, I wanted to know the reason. In answer to my question, her employer said: "She will not work overtime—she is not willing to do a little extra work when I am rushed." Grasp at the best there is in your environment. Do not notice the petty little inconveniences. Use the best for uplifting yourself. Take the circumstances which surround you and weave them into a character of strength. It lies with you to take the best into your lives and make it uplift your thoughts and words and deeds, leaving forgotten all that is unpleasant.

An employer expects his work done and he does not care about the little things that annoy you. So do the work and do not waste your time and energy on the unpleasant surroundings.

One time when Josephine stood at the top of a precipice of two hundred feet, she became dizzy at the dancing waves below. She swayed and was about to fall, when some one called: "Shut your eyes until your head is steady."

So when you think your position has difficulties, shut your eyes to them until your head is steady.

A DISOBEDIENT GIRL.

A young woman came to me last month with a sad tale but an old one. A young man had urged her to come to this city. Against the wishes of her parents she came and he deserted her. How often—oh, how often has the same story been told me! The girl was not strong enough to do general housework, as a consumptive cough had weakened her seriously. She was alone in a strange city without money or friends. Two other similar cases have come to my knowledge this month. If my girl readers who feel that mother and father are too strict with them, could only see the pitiful anxiety on the face of this disobedient girl who came to me in her distress, they would appreciate more the protective environment of parental love and authority. Mother and father know best, girls.

Bernard Shaw: The physician is necessarily a student of human nature; he sees his fellow-men under every aspect from the cradle to the grave.

The Month's Bright Sayings.

Hamar Greenwood, M.P.: Unless agriculture is successful, nothing else can be successful.

William Marconi: All great ideas in their early stages appear in the clouds and unattainable.

Elbert Hubbard: It isn't enough to hit the nail on the head—there must be some force behind the blow.

Hamilton Wright Mabie: Education has brought a revolution of thought in making people think for themselves.

Dr. Grenfell: More men in the past generation have been injured through over-exercise than under-exercise.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson: No child yet has ever inherited or been born with a taste for alcohol, pickles, tea, coffee, or tobacco.

Andrew McPhail: The man who is ashamed of his badness is a better man than the man who is ashamed of his goodness.

Henry George, Jr.: As the nineteenth century saw the creation of wealth, so the twentieth century is to a very large extent to see its distribution.

William Watson: To-day there is a great lack of originality; people are afraid to be themselves, and by stupid imitation of others make life tame and uninteresting.

W. D. Howells: There is an unfailing comedy in the curious illusions that people cherish about one another when they happen to have been born in different countries.

Thomas Hardy: It is absolutely impossible to deal adequately and fairly with the great social wrongs of our time as long as people look at things only from their own point of view.

Dr. Andrews: A man corrupted in morals will tell that there is no such thing as unselfishness in the world, but the faith of a pure heart will be the power to steady in many a dark hour.

Earl Grey: No better fate could befall any British boy, girl, man, or woman than to become a good Canadian and play his or her part in the Dominion's forward march, which is the most wonderful process in this wonderful age.

The Duke of Connaught: My pleasure in coming to Canada is much enhanced by the fact that I come amongst you during such an era of remarkable progress, and I trust that the prosperity you now enjoy may continue unimpaired to the full and complete development of your great and wonderful Dominion.

W. J. Bryan: Too many people scorn too much the little things in life. They don't stop to think that it is the little things that the big ones depend on—big ones like safety and health and prosperity and human life and happiness. A few, here and there, recognize the relation of the little things to the big things, and these coin their wisdom into success.

Joseph Medill Paterson: In its results, the treating habit is often tragic. Men treat their fellows openhandedly, as they line up against the bar, when their children are suffering for lack of bread and shoes at home. Custom and the desire to appear generous and not stingy, is more powerful than the instinct of humanity toward the treater's dependent ones. It is humorous, in a way, to think of a man behaving like a prince of good fellows in a bar-room with money that his wife and children need; but it isn't a pleasant sort of humor at all.

Suggestions for Holiday Gifts.

The first cool Autumn days seem to bring with them thoughts of the approaching holiday season, and with them is associated in the mind of every woman the Christmas gifts for which preparation must soon be made and the annual search for "new ideas" now begins. One very often hears the resolve which so many women make while under the

A handsome cushion, and centre to match, is pictured here, and as they are distinctly "Canadian" they would form a most acceptable gift to friends across the seas. These have been selected from a Birch Bark series, others of which will be shown later on these pages. The material upon which the beautiful sprays of maple leaves have been embroidered



No. 5106 Birch Bark Cushion Top 50c.

stress and rush of final shopping, and the hurried finishing up of hand made gifts, one is apt to say: "Well, this is the last time I shall be in this plight, next year I shall begin during the long summer days, and have all my gifts ready long before they are needed," and it is quite probable that this wise resolve faded away, and this Autumn finds one still unprepared, so we are sure that the

in their gorgeous red, brown, gold and green tints is a quite new idea and a perfect imitation of the silvery grey tints of the real birch bark, and is a most appropriate background for these beautiful leaves, which have been embroidered in long or short tipping stitch. The design is handsomely tinted and a ribbon ruffling in three tones of red, green and gold effectively finishes this handsome cushion.

The centre piece matching the above cushion is embroidered in the same man-



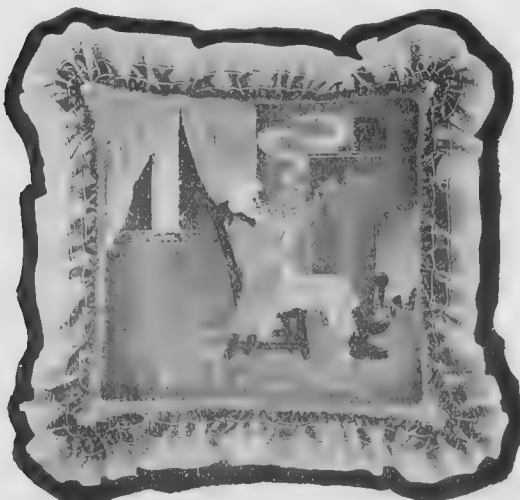
6400—27-inch Birch Bark Centre 75c.

handsome cushions and centres pictured on this page will furnish our readers, many of whom are far from the large cities, where the shops offer so many suggestions with acceptable ideas for some handsome gifts

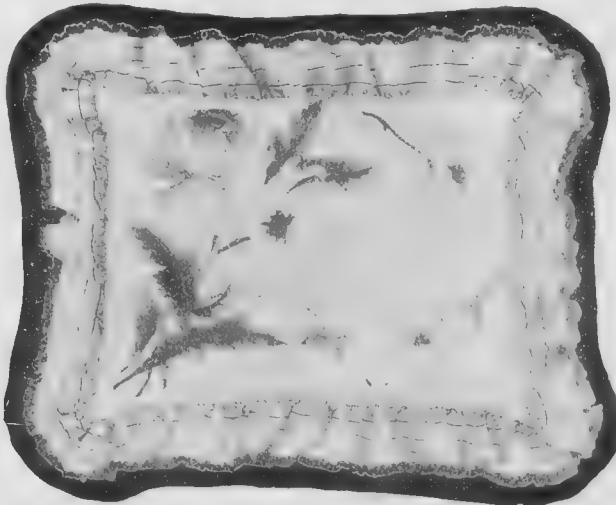
ner, the edge is worked with buttonhole stitch of dark green rope silk and a handsome cluny lace edges this centre piece.

A most appropriate gift for a man's den, or smoking room, would be the

cushion No. 5600, with its effective design tinted on a brown background. Very little embroidery is needed to bring out this design, as most of it may be outlined, but the lettering should be worked solidly in red. The handsome

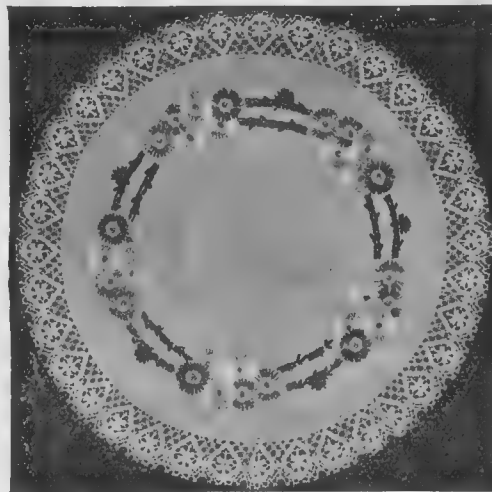


5600—Smoker—Tinted Top, 50c.



8032—Pillow Top, 50c.

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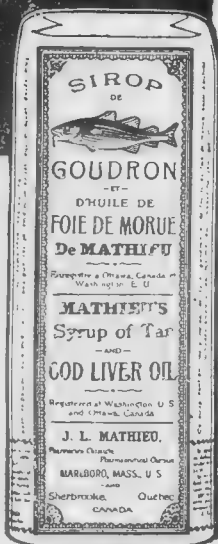
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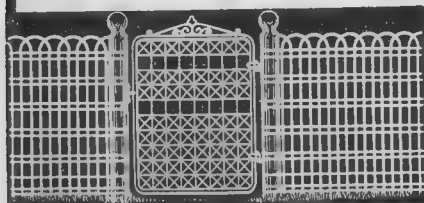
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frill which finishes this cushion, is a shaded brown ribbon ruffling.

No. 8032, a very handsome cushion, is pictured here, which is unusual in coloring. A handsome spray of golden brown chrysanthemums is tinted on a yellow background and these beautiful flowers are heavily embroidered in long and short, or half solid stitch, in gorgeous shades of yellow, blending into deep orange. A ribbon ruffling matching these tones finishes this beautiful cushion.

The popularity of oval centre pieces still continues and a handsome design of conventional poppies are shown on No. 2020. The design is embroidered in solid, padded, satin stitch, in shades of red and green, matching the tinting, and all the bands and scroll work is brought out by couching with black and Japanese gold thread. Three bands of couching form the outer edges, thus doing away with buttonholing, and a deep, handsome fringe finishes this centre piece which is most suitable for the oblong mission tables now in such general use.

For further information regarding any of the articles described on this page, address Belding Paul Corticelli, Limited, (Dept. L.), Montreal P.Q.

In sending in orders for any of the designs illustrated on this page, allow at least one week from the time the order is received for filling same. Silks, laces and ruffings can be also supplied to finish any of these articles, prices for which will be furnished on request.

A Great Musical Conservatory.

The wonderful success of the Columbian Conservatory of Music is not to be wondered at when you consider the determined business men and musicians that are at its head, as well as the ideal system of teaching music. No matter in what part of the country a pupil is, the correspondence branch of this conservatory can reach him. The lessons are prepared by a number of the finest musicians and critics, and makes it possible for any pupil to study under the great modern musicians, artists and musical educators, and to get the benefit of their combined experience and accumulated wisdom. There are many thousands of homes in Canada in which musical talents of a high order exist side by side with the utter impossibility of having them developed by competent teachers. The Columbian Conservatory has overcome this fault, for by its carefully graded written lessons the pupils have in their home an up-to-date conservatory method, with technical books, scale charts and music; in fact, all that is necessary to put them through an excellent musical training, including theory, technic and elementary harmony. Thousands have availed themselves of it advantages, and their success has almost been miraculous.

Mr. S. L. Barrowclough, the president, is delighted with the progress of the correspondence pupils, and will be pleased to forward full particulars to anyone interested in the study of music. The Conservatory's address is Phoenix Block, corner of Princess Street and Notre Dame, Winnipeg.

Finnigan or Flannigan.

Superintendent wuz Flannigan;
Boss av the siction wuz Finnigan;
Whiniver the kyars got offen the thrack,
An' muddled up things 't' th' divil an' back
Finnigan writ it to Flannigan,
After the wick wuz all on ag'in;
That is, this Finnigan
Reported to Flannigan.

Whin Finnigan furst writ to Flannigan,
He writed tin pages—did Finnigan,
An' he told jist how the smash occurred;
Full minny a tajus, blunderin' wurred
Did Finnigan write to Flannigan
After the cars had gone on ag'in.
That wuz how Finnigan
Reported to Flannigan.

Now Flannigan knowed more than Finnigan—
He'd more idjucation—had Flannigan;
An' it wore'm clane an' completely out
To til' what Finnigan writ about

In his writin' to Muster Flannigan,
So he writed back to Finnigan—
"Don't do sich a sin ag'in;
Make 'em brief, Finnigan!"

Whin Finnigan got this from Flannigan,
He blushed rosy red—did Finnigan;
An' he said, "I'll gamble a whole month's pay

That it will be minny an' minny a da-ay
Before Superintendent, that's Flannigan,
Gits a whack at this very same sin ag'in
From Finnigan to Flannigan,
Repoorts won't be long ag'in."

Wan da-ay on the siction av Finnigan,
On the road sup'rintindied by Flannigan,
A rail gave way on a bit av a curve
An' some kyars went off as they made the swerve.

"There's nobody hurted," sez Finnigan,
"But reports must be made to Flannigan."
An' he winked at McGorrigan,
As married a Finnigan.

He wuz shantyin' thin wuz Finnigan,
As minny a railroader's been ag'in,
An' the shmoky ol' lamp wuz burnin' bright

In Finnigan's shanty all that night—
Bilin' down his repoort, wuz Finnigan!
An' he writed this here:—"Muster Flannigan:—
Off ag'in, on ag'in,
Gone ag'in—Finnigan."

—S. W. Gillilan in Life.

Just One Request.

A well-known journalist vouches for the authenticity of this anecdote of the Czar Nicholas, who, returning from paying an early visit to one of his daughters, noticed at the door of the hotel a young man with a cigar in his mouth. Nicholas could not tolerate the smell of tobacco.

"You are a foreigner, sir?" he asked.
"Yes, general," was the reply; "I have just returned from Paris."

"Then you are unaware that smoking in the streets of St. Petersburg is forbidden. I warn you, lest your ignorance get you into trouble."

"Thanks, general," and the Parisian threw away his cigar.

But if smoking were not allowed, neither was it permitted to address the emperor; and scarcely had the latter passed out of sight when two police officers approached the traveller, and he was soon on his way to the station, where he remained until ten in the evening.

When the superintendent questioned him he told his story: how an officer in general's uniform, who was passing had advised him to throw away his cigar, and he had at once done so.

"And you didn't know who the general was?"

"I don't know."

The official set the Frenchman at liberty, and made his report to the chief of the third section.

The latter thinking the adventure might have some unpleasant political consequence, and that he—the chief—might be blamed for the action of his subordinates, decided to inform the emperor of what had happened.

"Go find the traveller," his majesty ordered. "I wish to express to him personally my regret for the outrage to which he has been subjected."

When an officer in uniform came to his hotel the poor Frenchman had visions of Siberia, and began to regret bitterly having yielded to his desire to visit "the Empire of the North." He was only restored to his usual equanimity when Nicholas explained to him the cause of his unpleasant adventure.

"Forget the little misunderstanding," added the emperor, "and if you remain any time in Russia it will give me pleasure to prove to you that we are not as uncivilized as we may seem to be."

"Since your majesty is so kind," replied the traveller, "may I make one request?"

"What is it?"

"That if your majesty should meet me again you will kindly ignore me."

Tom—"I was just saying good-night to my sweetheart when"—

Jack—"Which good-night?"

Tom—"What do you mean?"

Jack—"Which good-night was it, the first or the fiftieth?"

Sunday Reading.

The Call to Duty.

Tired! Well, what of that?
Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease,
Fluttering the rose leaves scatter'd by the breeze?
Come! rouse thee, work while it is call'd to-day!
Coward, arise—go forth upon the way!

Lonely! And what of that?
Some must be lonely; 'tis not given to all
To feel a heart responsive rise and fall
To blend another life into its own;
Work may be done in loneliness; work on!

Dark! Well, what of that?
Didst fondly dream the sun would never set?
Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet;
Learn thou to walk by faith and not by sight;
Thy steps will guided be, and guided right.

Hard! Well, and what of that?
Didst fancy life one summer holiday
With lessons none to learn and naught but play?
Go, get thee to thy task; conquer or die!
It must be learned—learn it then patiently.

No help! Nay; tis not so.
Though human help be far, God is nigh,
Who feeds the ravens, hears His children cry.
And He will guide thee, light thee, help thee home.
He's near thee whereso'er thy footsteps roam.

—British Weekly.

The Story of a Life.

By Robert J. Burdette.

Night. Silence. A struggle for the light.

And he did not know what light was. An effort to cry. And he did not know that he had a voice.

He opened his eyes "and there was light." He had never used his eyes before, but he could see with them.

He parted his lips and hailed this world with a cry for help. A tiny craft in sight of new shores; he wanted his latitude and longitude. He could not tell from what port he had cleared; he did not know where he was; he had no reckoning, no chart, no pilot.

He did not know the language of the inhabitants of the planet upon which providence had cast him. So he saluted them in the one universal speech of God's creatures—a cry. Everybody, every one of God's children, understands that.

Nobody knew whence he came. Some one said: "He came from heaven." They did not even know the name of the little life that came throbbing out of the darkness into the light. They had only said: "If it should be a girl." They did not know.

And the baby himself knew as little about it as did the learned people gathered to welcome him. He heard them speak. He had never used his ears until now, but he could hear them. "A good cry," someone said. He did not understand the words, but he kept on crying.

Possibly he had never entertained any conception of the world into whose citizenship he was now received, but evidently he did not like it. The noises of it were harsh to his sensitive nerves. There was a man's voice—the doctor's strong and reassuring. There was a woman's voice, soothing and comforting—the voice of the nurse. And one was a mother's voice. There was none other like it. It was the first music he had heard in this world. And the sweetest.

By and by somebody laughed softly and said, in coaxing tones:

"There—there—there—give him his dinner."

His face was laid close against the fount of life, warm and white and tender. Nobody told him what to do. Nobody taught him. He knew. Placed suddenly on the guest list of this changing old caravansary, he knew his way at once to two places in it—his bedroom and the dining room.

He looked young, but he made himself at home with the easy assurance of an old traveller. Knew the best room in the house, demanded and got it. Nestled into his mother's arms as though he had been measured for them.

Found that "gracious hollow that God made" in his mother's shoulder that fits his head that pillows of down never could. Cried when they took him away from it, when he was a tiny baby "with no language but a cry." Cried once again, twenty-five or thirty years afterward, when God took it away from him. All the languages he learned, and all the eloquent phrasing the colleges had taught him, could not then voice the sorrow of his heart so well as the tears he tried to check.

Poor little baby! Had to go to school the first day he got here. He had to begin his lessons at once. Got praised when he learned them. Got punished when he missed them.

Bit his own toes and cried when he learned there was pain in the world. Studied the subject forty years before he learned in how many ways suffering can be self-inflicted.

Reached for the moon and cried because he couldn't get it. Reached for the candle and cried because he could. First lesson in mensuration. Took him fifty or sixty years of hard reading to learn why God put so many beautiful things out of our longing reach.

By and by he learned to laugh. That came later than some of the other things—much later than crying. It is a higher accomplishment. It is much harder to learn and much harder to do. He never cried unless he wished and felt like it. But he learned to laugh many, many times when he wanted to cry.

Grew so he could laugh with a heart so full of tears they glistened in his eyes. Then people praised his laughter the most—"It was in his very eyes," they said.

Laughed, one baby day, to see the motes dance in the sunshine. Laughed at them once again, though not quite so cheerily, many years later, when he discovered they were only motes.

Cried, one baby day, when he was tired of play and wanted to be lifted in the mother arms and sung to sleep. Cried again one day when his hair was white because he was tired of work and wanted to be lifted in the arms of God and hushed to rest.

Wished half his life that he was a man. Then turned around and wished all the rest of it that he was a boy.

Seeing, hearing, playing, working, resting, believing, suffering and loving, all his life long he kept on learning the same thing he began to study when he was a baby.

Until at last, when he had learned all his lessons and school was out, somebody lifted him, just as they had done at the first. Darkened was the room and quiet now, as it had been then. Other people stood about him, very like the people who stood there at that other time.

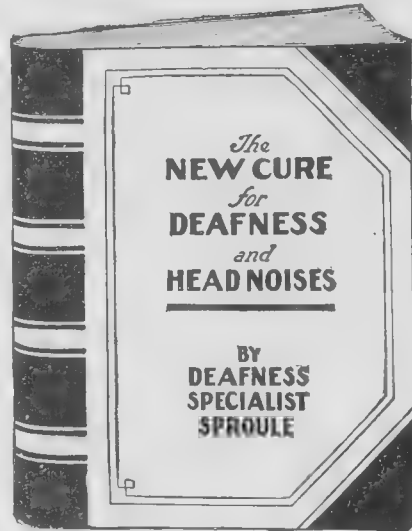
There was a doctor now, as then; only this doctor wore a grave look and carried a book in his hand. There was a man's voice—the doctor's strong and reassuring. There was a woman's voice, low and comforting.

The mother voice had passed into silence. But that was the one he could most distinctly hear. The others he heard, as he heard voices like them years ago. He could not then understand what they said; he did not understand them now.

He parted his lips again but all his school-acquired wealth of many-syllabled eloquence, all his clear, lucid phrasing,

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From cover to cover this excellent book is full of the very help and knowledge that every deaf person needs. It explains all about the formation of the ear, why the deaf cannot hear, the diseases that cause Deafness, and the reason for ringing, buzzing noises in the head and ears. It shows just how the passages of the ear get all blocked up and how the delicate inside parts get out of order. Best of all however, it points out how Deafness and Head-noises are now being cured and clear perfect hearing restored. Remarkably fine pictures of

the ear and its various parts illustrate almost every page.

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and read it through carefully from beginning to end. It will give you without any expense, whatever the very information you should have at once in regard to Deafness and its cure. Remember this book is yours just for the asking, and it's well worth asking for. All you need do is to write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out the free Coupon and mail to Deafness Specialist Sproule, 117 Trade Building, Boston, Mass.

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WHY MAN OF TO-DAY IS ONLY 50 PER CENT. EFFICIENT.

By WALTER WALGROVE.

If one were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring and informing articles one sees in the public press and magazines, the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire American Nation is striving for such an end—And this is so.

The American Man because the race is swifter every day; competition is keener and the stronger the man the greater his capacity to win. The stronger the man the stronger his will and brain, and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself, the greater the confidence of other people in him: the keener his wit and the clearer his brain.

The American Woman because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home, and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man, whose present-day business burdens are all that he can carry.

Now what are we doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally, some of us much physically, but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried—all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this—a practical reason, one that has been known to physicians for quite a period and will be known to the entire world ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. No matter how regular we are, the food we eat and the sedentary lives we live (even though we do get some exercise) make it impossible; just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of clinkers.

And the waste does to us exactly what the clinkers do to the stove; make the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough clinkers have accumulated and then prevent its burning at all.

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about 75 per cent., to drug ourselves; or after we have become 100 per cent. inefficient through illness, to still further attempt to rid ourselves of it in the same way—by drugging.

If a clock is not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops; the same way with an engine because of the residue which it, itself, accumulates. To clean the clock, you would not put acid on the parts, though you would probably find one that would do the work, nor to clean the engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts; yet that is the process you employ when you drug the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that Nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system is that no medicine can take effect nor can the system work properly while the colon (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon were not clogged up, the chances are 10 to 1 that you would not have been ill at all.

It may take some time for the clogging process to reach the stage where it produces real illness, but, no matter how long it takes, while it is going on the functions are not working so as to keep us up to "concert pitch." Our livers are sluggish, we are dull and heavy—slight or severe headaches come on—our sleep does not rest us—in short, we are about 50 per cent. efficient.

And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form that illness will take, because—

The blood is constantly circulating

through the colon and, taking up by absorption the poisons in the waste which it contains, it distributes them throughout the system and weakens it so that we are subject to whatever disease is most prevalent.

The nature of the illness depends on our own little weaknesses and what we are the least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically correct in every particular, and it has often surprised me that they are not more generally known and appreciated. All we have to do is to consider the treatment that we have received in illness to realize fully how it developed and the methods used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumulated waste directly and constantly pulling down our efficiency by making our blood poor and our intellect dull—our spirits low and our ambitions weak, but it is responsible through its weakening and infecting processes for a list of illnesses that if catalogued here would seem almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause of that very expensive and dangerous complaint—appendicitis.

If we can successfully eliminate the waste all our functions work properly and in accord—there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so it is pure and imparts strength to every part of the body instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make us bilious, dull and nervously fearful.

With everything working in perfect accord and without obstruction, our brains are clear, our entire physical being is competent to respond quickly to every requirement, and we are 100 per cent. efficient.

Now this waste that I speak of cannot be thoroughly removed by drugs, but even if it could the effect of these drugs on the functions is very unnatural, and if continued becomes a periodical necessity.

Note the opinions on drugging of two most eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M.D., of the same school, says: "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

Now, the internal organism can be kept as sweet and pure and clean as the external and by the same natural, sane method—bathing. By the proper system warm water can be introduced so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure.

There is no violence in this process—it seems to be just as normal and natural as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day, and it seems as though everyone should be informed thoroughly on a practice which, though so rational and simple, is revolutionary in its accomplishments.

This is rather a delicate subject to write of exhaustively in the public press, but Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., has prepared an interesting treatise on "The What, The Why, The Way, of the Internal Pth, which he will send without cost to anyone addressing him at 275E College St., Toronto, and mentioning that they have read this article in The Western Home Monthly.

Personally, I am enthusiastic on Internal Bathing because I have seen what it has done in illness as well as in health, and I believe that every person who wishes to keep in as near a perfect condition as is humanly possible should at least be informed on this subject; he will also probably learn something about himself which he has never known through reading the little book to which I refer.—Adv't.



Burgess swimming the English Channel. The second successful attempt.

had gone back to the old inarticulate cry.

Somebody at his bedside wept. Tears now, as then. But now they were not tears from his eyes.

Then some one bending over him said: "He came from heaven." Now some one, stooping above him, said: "He has gone to heaven." The blessed, unfaltering faith that welcomed him, now bade him godspeed, just as loving and trusting as ever, one unchanging thing in this world of change.

So the baby had walked in a little circle after all, as all men do, lost in a great wilderness.

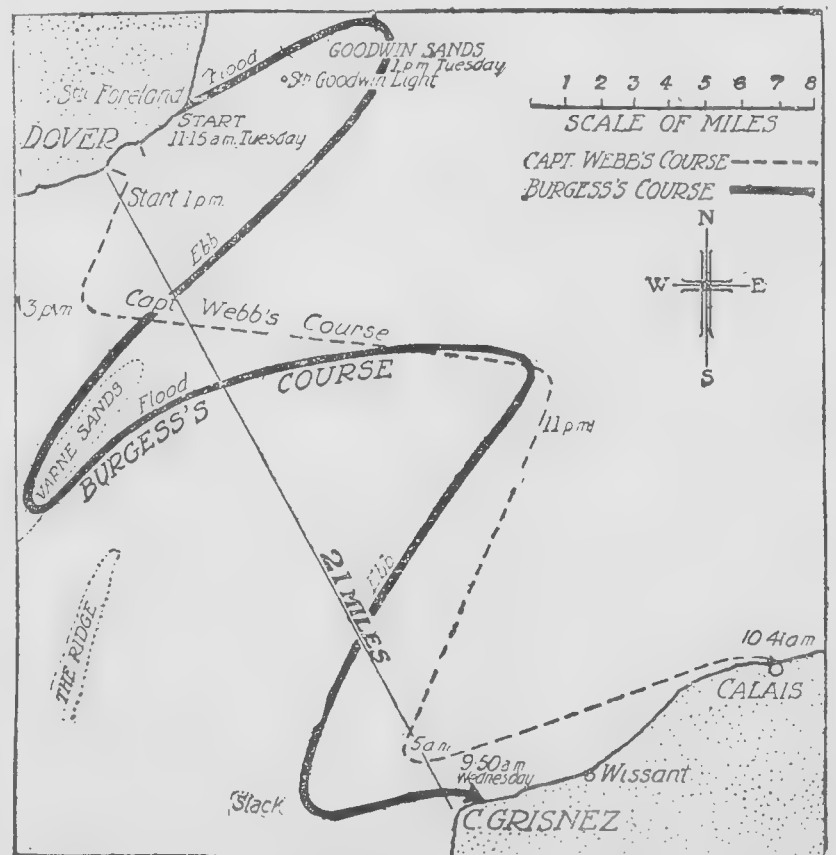
As it was written thousands of years ago: "The dove found no rest for the sole of her foot and she returned unto him in the ark."

He felt weary now, as he was tired then. By and by, having then for the first time opened his eyes, now for the last time he closed them. And so, as one who in the gathering darkness retraces his steps by a half-remembered path, much in the same way as he had come into this world he went out of it.—Chimes from the Jester Bells.

Illustrations.

Ready to Save.—A despondent young fellow flung himself on a lawn near a fountain, wearied with repeated failure in his life. As its jet of spray leapt into the air, flashed in the sunlight, and fell again into the basin, he said to himself, "This is like my life, my life. I make good resolutions, rise for a while from sin, and then fall back." Then he looked at a soft, fleecy, pure white cloud, and thought, "That was once, perhaps, dirty water, but was drawn up by the sun. Oh, for a power to draw me up!" Jesus is that Power. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, because He shall save His people from their sins." He can draw men and women out of their oft-repeated failures into the sunlight of His purity.

Miracles.—A famous lawyer in a technical case was addressing a jury at great length to prove that the wheels of a certain machine could not possibly be more than a certain size. His opponent in court was expected to argue at equal length. But, instead of doing so, he rose and drew aside a curtain, showing the machine and said impressively, "Gentle-



The black line shows how Burgess was borne East and South-West by the flood and ebb tides respectively, the former sending him back and the latter helping him on.

men of the jury, there are the wheels." When men dispute the possibility of miracles, we can quietly show them the wheels of God's marvellous power moving the world.

"Where are the Nine?" (Luke xvii. 17).—A little boy, dressed as a clown, was following wearily his masters home after a long day's acrobatic performances in the street. Passing a hospital for sick children, the tired boy brightened up and hurried to the box placed on the door to receive contributions. He dropped in a screw of paper, which was found to contain sixpence, and on the paper was written, "For a sick child." It was most of his share of the day's earnings, and he gave it gladly as a token of gratitude for the kindly care exercised when he lay sick within the walls of the hospital. Jesus asked, "Were not the ten cleansed? but where are the nine? Were there none found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger?" How many sick folks forget very soon to the benefits they have received, and fail to glorify God for the priceless gift of health.

"The Lamp of thy Body is thine Eye" (Luke xi. 34).—Turner took infinite pains to see correctly the vision he intended to transfer to canvas. He made over 1700 studies in color, and 19,000 black-and-white sketches in the course of his career. These were only preliminaries before he painted his masterpieces. When we stand amazed with the marvellous beauty of such a picture as "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus," we must remember that countless studies were made by the tireless artist before he was satisfied. The light of his body was truly his eye. It was the same with Michael Angelo, of whom we read, "He spent twelve long years of great weariness and hopelessness with never an hour's comfort." Our seeing is an essential part of our Christian life. "If, therefore, the whole body be full of light, having no part dark, it shall be wholly full of light, as when the lamp with its bright shining doth give thee light" (Luke xi. 36, R.V.).

"Husbands, Love your Wives" (Col. iii. 19).—A man went into a flower shop the other day and selected a few flowers, saying "They are my wife's favorites." The young lady expressed sympathy at the illness of his wife. "Ill!" he exclaimed. "My wife is as well as you are, thank you." The assistant apologised, saying, "I beg your pardon for my mistake, but, to tell you the truth, husbands don't usually buy flowers for their wives unless the wives are ill or dead!" Husbands, don't wait until illness has laid aside your wife before you bring her flowers. It is poor, foolish thoughtlessness which leaves the expression of love until the loved one is ill or dead.

"The Expulsive Power of a New Affection."—The visitor to a young man's college rooms was sorry to see all manner of unworthy pictures on the walls. Jockeys, prize-fighters, and actresses made a degrading display of the young man's tastes. The friend said nothing, but sent him soon afterwards a lovely picture of Christ. When he next called he saw a striking change in the decoration of the room. "I had to take the other pictures down when I put your picture on the wall," said the young man.

Cleansing Needed Within.—One day, says a friend, I was passing a shop where a man was busily engaged in washing a plate glass window. Notwithstanding all his efforts, however, one soiled spot remained. He rubbed hard and used soap and water, but in vain. "It must be on the inside!" he called out at last, and, true enough, it was. Only a very little effort on the inside of the glass was sufficient to cleanse the soot away. Is it not often the case with people who make clean the outward, but neglect the inward soul? Good resolves may polish the exterior, but there is many a spot "on the inside" which also needs cleansing. The heart is deceitful, above all things, and desperately wicked. The cleansing must begin inside. "Create in me a

clean heart and renew a right spirit within me," must be the daily prayer of all who want to follow Christ.

The Difference.—FitzGerald one day went with Tennyson to an art gallery. In it they found a long line of marble busts. Side by side were busts of Dante and Goethe. The poet and his friend studied with interest, and in silence, the two faces. At last FitzGerald broke the silence with a question. He asked Tennyson, "What is it which is present in Dante's face and absent in Goethe's face?" The poet answered, "The divine." God leaves His signature, as it were, on the face of the man who adores Him. He has promised to write His Name on the foreheads of those who belong to Him. Dante's face is sublime with the immortality of a Christian.

"Greater Love hath no Man than this that a Man lay down his Life for his Friend."—Sometimes one turns out of the noise of London streets to the quiet churchyards that, in many cases, now provide peaceful spots where old and young may enjoy the sunshine and quiet. Close to the General Post Office is the ancient churchyard of St. Botolph's, Aldersgate, which is often called "Postman's Park," from its proximity to the centre of London's postal work. More than twenty years ago, G. F. Watts, R.A., the noble artist and idealist, commenced to record on tablets the names of Londoners who had done acts of heroism. One of these tablets is to the memory of Daniel Selves, a lad of twelve. He was bathing in the Thames with a little companion, when some boatmen heard him call out, "Keep up a little longer, Jim!" They then saw Jim was in danger of drowning and that Daniel had gone to his rescue. However, the drowning boy clasped Daniel so tightly that both sank before the boatmen could render assistance. Daniel had given his life for his friend. The last words he uttered have, too, a lesson. How many a young man would be saved from sinking into sin if some friend were by his side urging him to "keep up a little longer."

"She of her Want did cast in All that she had, even all her Living."—(One of the noblest stories I know of Christian generosity is that of Mary Wallis. She was a domestic servant, and one night, as she walked home, the thought came to her, "What if God could strengthen my hands so that I could build Him a little chapel." She was so possessed with the idea that she knelt down and vowed to devote her earnings to this object, keeping only enough for bare necessities. Her wages—it was a century ago—were £8 a year, but she was not discouraged. She got possession of a slaughter house and made it fit for use by the villagers on Sundays. At last she had saved £100, and then she started to build a chapel. She needed £20 more, and was in sore straits, when two strangers (who had heard of her noble self-sacrifice) gave her the sum to complete the chapel. It was opened by Rowland Hill, and was Divinely blessed for many a year. Only a servant! And yet she did more than many a rich woman has accomplished for the service of God. "She of her want did cast in all that she had," and the Master, watching over the treasury, accepted the gift.

"Jesus, the very thought of Thee with Sweetness fills my Breast."—A little while ago a young student for the missionary field passed suddenly away after a very brief illness. On the last evening of his life he was talking with sympathetic friends of his future plans to preach the Gospel abroad. Then he bade them good night and retired to his room. He spent a few minutes reading Dr. Fairbairn's masterly book, "The Place of Christ in Modern Theology." And he marked this sentence: "Jesus Christ is a name which represents the most wonderful story and the profoundest problem on the field of history—the one because the other." Ere morning dawned, he, whose last thought had been of Jesus, had gone to be for ever with the Lord. What pil-



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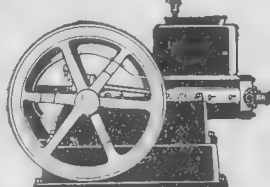
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Amanda G. Dumphy, Naarhwaak Village, N.B., Canada, writes: I have used "Actina" as directed, and I can truly say it has done more for my eyes than I expected. I wore glasses for five years and suffered much pain. Since using "Actina" I can sew or read without glasses and my eyes do not pain me.

John Krahmer, Ricketts, Pa., writes: "Several years ago my eyesight began to fail. Oculists prescribed glasses but I received little benefit from them. After several months' use of 'Actina' I could read and write by almost any kind of light. I would not take one hundred dollars for my 'Actina.'"

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low could be softer? "Jesus, the very thought of Thee with sweetness fills my breast; but sweeter far Thy face to see, and in Thy presence rest."

Rejecting an Opportunity.—An evangelist who was conducting a mission in Plymouth, called at various shops in the town and distributed tracts and invitations to the meetings. In one shop there was an old gentleman with whom he got into conversation. "I don't believe in religion," said the old man. In vain the evangelist tried to meet his objections, and at last said good-bye, asking him to read a little booklet which he thought would put the matter more clearly and effectively than conversation. The old man quitted the shop soon afterwards, leaving the tract on the counter, heedless to the end of his soul's relationship to God. He went home, and an hour later rang the bell violently. On the servant rushing upstairs, she found he had died immediately after ringing. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

Sentence Sermons.

Religion expires when it does not aspire.

Your rights cannot involve another's wrong.

Goodness without motive is meaningless.

The only divine call a true man needs is a human need.

The past is always poor to the man who has lived in it all his life.

Love for giving proves likeness to God.

It is a serious fault to know your neighbor's faults too well.

Malice grips the sword by the wrong end.

You cannot save the ship by throwing the compass overboard.

Some people call children angels so as to forget their need of clothes.

He never succeeds who dare not fail.

Some temptations may be invitations to moral athletics.

Discussing the plans usually delays the doing of the will.

The man who spreads pessimism ought to go into a moral quarantine.

There's something wrong with your faith if a need does not prompt to a deed.

The self satisfied man is seldom content with little things in any other respect.

You can never find the divine in a book if you turn your back on it in people.

Some Christians think they have the whole armor as soon as they buy a chevron.

The man who does not know where he is sailing always complains of the winds.

There is no such thing as divine service to you if you cannot make all service divine.

Henry F. Cope.

What Constitutes the Term "Lady."

By Jean Gordon—Sprucedale, Ont.

This subject is a complex one, in as much as the meaning of the term differs in some essentials according to location and conditions.

Webster defines the word Lady as—First, a woman of distinction relative to Lord in England, a title prefixed to the name of any woman whose husband is not of lower rank than a knight or whose father was a nobleman not lower than an Earl. Second, a term of complaisance, applied to almost any well dressed woman, but appropriately to one of refined manners and education.

In the olden days the term would seem to designate only those of rank, wealth, social standing, education and refinement. It is certain however that this title except in so far as rank is concerned, cannot be maintained, in the light of history, on that distinction alone.

In a recent work entitled the "Daughters of Genius" many notable women are mentioned. Our late gracious Queen Victoria, wives of royalty, statesmen, warriors, and writers and while many are admired and commended for strong and sterling qualities—denounced for failings and weaknesses with one accord they are praised for the virtues of the admittedly true ladylike qualities of amiability, gentleness, consideration for others, and

Infantile Paralysis.

The warning that indications point to a recurrence of Infantile Paralysis uttered by no less an authority than Dr. Simon Flexner of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, is a matter of alarm to every home where there are children. The disease is one of the most serious to which the young are subject, for not only is the mortality high, but most of those who recover are left crippled for life. Medical science has found the cause of the disease in a microbe so small that it will pass through the densest porcelain filter, and so tenacious of life that freezing and drying with caustic potash have little effect upon it. The germ is believed to find entrance to the system through the mouth and nose, and to be given off through the same channels. Not only is the disease contagious as between one who has it and those with whom he comes in contact, but "carriers" who have themselves escaped the usual resulting paralysis may also carry the germs to others. From three to thirty-three days may elapse from the time of exposure to the appearance of the restless, highly nervous state which marks the beginning of the disease.

PRECAUTION IS OF MORE IMPORTANCE THAN THE TREATMENT, for no treatment of proved efficacy has been discovered. The frequent application to the nasal membrane, also the mouth and throat, is a wise precaution no parent should neglect. Therefore we wish to impress the utmost importance that you use the new scientific Antiseptic Kerolene Inhalant with the new device, the Kerolene Inhaler, originated by an eminent specialist. Every man, woman and child, upon arising in the morning, after thoroughly cleansing the nasal passage, also the mouth and throat, should use a Kerolene outfit. The same should be done at night before retiring. Kerolene applied as a germicide will oftentimes act as a positive preventive for Diphtheria, Whooping Cough, Mumps and Sore Throat.

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all that goes to make up the second definition of "Webster" I am not quite so sure of the dress part of it. To my mind dress is an accessory and to be "well dressed" is simply to imply, neatness, cleanliness and a harmony with conditions.

Gladstone says, "Woman is the most perfect when the most womanly" and our highest ambition should be to be womanly. Let me add to be womanly, is to be a lady in the highest sense of the term. St. Paul, who by the way was no great lover of women, speaking of the virtues of Saints, says "love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness, patience." Isn't that our ideal of the true lady? Isn't that the average person's idea, and, remembrance of their mother? Are these not the virtues and essentials to true greatness for time and for eternity? A life is never in vain that lives or tries to live in this way, and some writer says, "To live in hearts one leaves behind is not to die." In a little poem, "The Princess" it says as to duties.

Man for the field, and woman for the hearth

Man for the sword, and woman for the needle

Man with the head, and woman with the heart

Man to command, and woman to obey
All else confusion.

While we do not all agree with the obey injunction the spheres are well pointed out.

To sum up let us say, the term lady can be rightly applied to any woman who lives up to the requisites or ideals I have here touched upon. The term lady has become a concrete expression, for all that is true and good in a woman no matter what is her condition or environment in life and it is an ennobling thought and encouraging to us to feel that we, each and every one pursuing our daily avocations, be they much or little, high or low, can gain this distinctive title and have it accorded us, as we strive and gain the requirements. There is a tendency, in the present age to produce the mannish woman. It arises through employment or engaging in avocations not heretofore considered suitable for women. We have the suffragettes in England indulging in excesses most demoralizing and in many ways we cannot help but feel that women are imperiling their rightful states and destroying their homes. The home and its influence is the bulwark of the nation. Let us be true in our aims and purposes, doing fully the duties lying before us, whatever they may be, and a discerning public will cheerfully and rightfully accord us the title of ladies in all that is valuable in that distinction.

The Abuse of Baby's Arms.

By Bertha H. Smith.

One afternoon a smartly gowned woman came down the steps of a fashionable house, leading a child by the hand. She was evidently in a hurry, and her quick, long strides made a mighty pace for the tiny feet, which finally lost the power to take any steps at all. The woman, unwilling to be delayed by the child, hurried on, dragging the little one after her, deaf to the protesting wail that came from under the big hat atop the little figure at her side. On she went, anxious, no doubt, to make up time lost in hunting a misplaced hatpin, in lingering for a final word of gossip, or a long-drawn-out good-bye—one of the hundred little delays that make women always in a hurry and never on time.

The people she met paid no heed. If one or two turned and gave a passing look to the pair, it was merely to wonder absently why the child cried. But from across the street the driver of a coal cart, busy unloading coal into a hole in the sidewalk, caught sight of the woman, and, with a brief exclamation intended for no one in particular, ran after her, calling loudly: "Madam, if you don't pick up that child, I'll call a policeman. You'd ought to be ashamed to treat a baby worse'n you would a bull pup."

At first the mother paid no attention to the man, unless inwardly to resent his interference, but as he repeated his threat, she stopped impatiently set the

child on his feet, wiped his tears away, scolded him a little for crying, then went on at a pace the baby could keep up to, while the driver turned back to his cart, muttering: "If I'd a struck one of them horses there'd a been a dozen women's heads out of windows yelling at me to stop, and they'd let another woman yank the arm clean out of a baby's body and never say a word." The driver was right. With many women, humanity is more a matter of sentiment than of common sense. They cry out against one act of cruelty that jars upon their mood, and in the common course of every day countenance and commit other acts of cruelty that are none the less cruel because they are the result of thoughtlessness rather than intention. No other single act of cruelty is as common as that which earned for the mother of this child the righteous indignation and the reprimand of the coal cart driver. The lifting and dragging of children by the arm is something that is done every hour of every day, with what lasting injury to the children only doctors know.

Nor are women the only offenders in the matter of using baby's arm as a handle. They offend more often because they have more care of children than men do; but fond fathers, good-natured uncles, doting grandfathers, will have this sin to answer for as well as mothers, big sisters, aunts and grandmothers, in the day of reckoning. Let those who have used baby's arm as a handle and who do not believe that they have sinned listen to what some eminent surgeons have to say on the subject:

"It is not a question of possible injury to the child," says one, "but of certain injury. As well lift a baby by the ears as by the arm. The most common danger is of dislocation of the shoulder. A child's arm is very easily dislocated, and unless properly set the entire arm may grow out of shape. Children do not always know enough to tell when they are hurt, and a dislocation may not be noticed until it is too late to remedy the injury. An arm that has been dislocated may go back accidentally, or it may be set so that the child has proper use of it, but without regaining the proper shape. If not properly set, there is danger of irritation in the shoulder, with the possibility of necrosis of the bone."

"Even if dislocation is not caused by this unnatural use, there is danger of twisting the arm out of shape. The cartilage in a child's body does not become bone until the seventh year. With a very young child it is soft enough to change shape if jerked the wrong way and it is mere chance when a crooked cartilage straightens before it hardens to bone."

"Arms were only meant for certain purposes," says a specialist for children. "People who want to carry heavy weights must train for it, and even so, the position of the arm is a normal one. But a child's arm was never intended to be used as a parcel carrier with fifty or a hundred pounds swung on it."

"The strain on a child's arm when it is lifted about in this manner causes pressure on the main nerve that runs along the inner side of the arm from shoulder to elbow; and any injury to this nerve, which branches and extends along the forearm, is apt to produce weakness of the wrist and hand. Many people suffer all their lives with weak wrists and never suspect that it is the result of this pernicious practice of lifting babies by the arm. Not only the nerve, but the muscles are strained in this way and may become atrophied, inducing paralysis. Again, dragging a child around by the arms weakens the chest muscles, and this weakens the lungs and heart."

The nurses say that many of the physical defects of the children in the hospital can be traced to this one cause. The abuse of baby arms, however, is not confined to children of the washerwoman and fishmonger. A hundred times a day one who has eyes to see may see tots in lace ruffles or silk, whose legged or half-hosed legs are still unsteady, being hoisted or dragged about by fond elders who would stoutly defend themselves against a charge of cruelty.

Dr. Douglas: Invisible dirt is the most dangerous.

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dress No. 11, add 35c for postage, STANDARD GARMENT CO., 10 Standard Building, London, Ontario.

Send 75c. receive by return mail postpaid this beautiful little dress for a child 2 to 12 years old. It is made with a little waist joined to a full pleated skirt front of waist and belt trimmed with heavy wool braid. The material is dark red plaid tartan suitable for winter wear, ages 2 to 12, only 75 cents, age 14, \$1.25. These dresses are worth double and are offered as an advertisement of our big ladies wearing apparel mail order house. Add 12c. for postage.

Standard Garment Co.,
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FREE Girls, do you want a beautiful doll, absolutely FREE? This is a big lovely doll nearly 18 inches high, bisque head, curly hair, pearly teeth, goes to sleep when you lay her down. Send for \$4 worth of Christmas and New Year's cards and booklets, or needle books, thimbles, centers, collars, etc., sell them, return us the \$4. and get the doll by return mail free. Send your order to-day.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S
PREMIUM CO.,
Box 493, Winnipeg.

When purchasing from Western Home Monthly Advertisers, be sure and mention the paper.

Young People.

Little Gertrude.

Little Gertrude was the daughter of a German peasant, who had a cottage and a few acres of his own. She was the eldest of five children, being ten years of age. The little cottage stood in the midst of a village that was surrounded by fine large meadows on one side, and on the other by high hills, covered with vineyards to the very summit.

Her father had but little money; but when the harvest was good, and the weather favorable, they had not only plenty for themselves, but something for the poor as well. The season for gathering the fruit was a regular festival time. All went then to the large meadow and helped to pluck the beautiful red apples and yellow pears, for the large plain was covered with fruit-trees of every kind.

Climbing the hills to gather in the grapes was more delightful still. The men had a wicker basket slung on their backs, and when the children had filled their baskets they threw the beautiful white and purple bunches into them.

Gertrude was a bright, merry little girl, and she had been obliged to help her mother so much in nursing her brothers and sisters that she had become a very steady child. In the morning she rose very early, and lit the fire while her mother was milking the cow, and by the time the rest of the children were dressed, the industrious little girl had the kitchen swept nice and clean, while on the table stood a large dish of porridge ready for breakfast.

If it was not a busy time of the year little Gertrude was allowed to go to the village school; but she could not often be spared. She was very fond of going to school, perhaps more so than she would have been had she been able to go every day, because people don't care so much about blessings of which they have never felt the want.

What she liked best of all that was taught at school was the singing, and it made her very happy to join in the pretty hymns and sweet songs of the village children. Often when she was coming back from the market on her father's cart she would sing so heartily with her clear voice that the people looked with pleasure at her bright face and said, "What a happy child!"

One day she had just returned with

her father who had desired her to carry the market basket into an out-house behind the yard. A strange man was looking across the low wall, and as soon as he saw her he called her by name. "Gertrude," he said, "come here for a moment."

Gertrude was not in the least afraid, and ran over to him to find out what he wanted. "There is one of your father's lambs caught in a hedge," said the man; "come down, and I will get it out for you."

Gertrude dreamed of no harm, and ran off at once. For a considerable distance she followed the man, until at last they reached the furthest end of the hedge; but no lamb was to be seen. "It must have strayed away," said the man, "come down the lane a little, we shall find it there."

But Gertrude had by this time become a little alarmed; and saying that she was afraid her mother would want her, she was turning back, when the man caught her up in his arms, and stuffing something into her mouth, to prevent her from screaming, ran down the lane with her towards his wagon. Into this he threw her, and taking his seat in front, drove away as fast as possible.

Poor Gertrude tried several times to free her mouth to cry for help, but it was of no use. For many hours they drove along the lonely road, until the pony seemed almost too weary to move on. Then only was poor Gertrude relieved from the gag, and her companion told her he would not harm her, if she would remain perfectly quiet.

After this he drew out a knife which was concealed under his coat, and showing it to the terrified girl, he said, "But if you dare say a word to anybody about the way I took you from your home I shall be obliged to kill you."

They had stopped near a barn, into which they now went. The man brought a basket of provisions out of the cart, and pressed Gertrude to eat; but the poor girl was too miserable to do that, and soon afterwards cried herself to sleep.

Her companion was a Russian by birth; but he had been in almost every country in the world. He had spent all his life in wandering from place to place. At present he had a small stock of goods which he had been peddling in the neighboring town, where he had sev-

SEND US \$4.95



Receive by mail, post paid, this beautiful Fall and winter dress. Waist is made with a pleat on each shoulder front and back. Lace collar and yoke which has a strap of self material at each side extending down ending in a point. These two side straps are covered with heavy rich satin which also trims the lower edge of the sleeves. The skirt is cut in the latest 7 gore style with 4 satin tabs just as pictured. The material is fine Lustre in Black, Navy, Dark Green, and Cardinal. This dress is beautifully made and nicely finished and you will be delighted with it. Simply give the inches around the largest part of the bust and hips also inches around the smallest part of waist and length of skirt in front. We guarantee this dress to fit and please you in every way. Same dress may be had in fine all wool Panama in Black, Navy, Dark green, and Cardinal, at \$6.50. Add 35c for postage. Order this beautiful dress No. 6 at once.

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Shiloh's Cure

HEALS THE LUNGS
STOPS COUGHS PRICE, 25 CENTS



"Everybody Works but Father," and He is Well Occupied.

eral times observed little Gertrude, and heard her sing.

"Such a child," thought he, "would be the very thing for me; if I took her to England, her voice would be a little fortune to me." He was glad when he saw the poor little thing asleep, for though he was a bad man, he was not without feeling.

For several days they traveled from place to place; poor Gertrude became more unhappy every day, though her companion really tried to amuse her. At last they reached a large seaport town, where Muller—for that was the name he went by—sold his pony and wagon, and took little Gertrude on board a large vessel to sail for England.

In a few days they arrived in London, where Muller showed Gertrude many curious and strange sights. One evening he called her to him and said, "You see, my little lady, I have now nearly spent all my money, and we must do something to earn our living. You have behaved very well, and if you do so still, I shall soon be able to let you go home again; but first you must help me to earn some money."

"But how could I earn money?" sobbed the poor child.

"You have a very good voice, and can sing many pretty songs; I can teach you some more. I shall play the guitar; and you must call me father."

Poor Gertrude saw that she must submit, and promised, with trembling voice, to do her best. And so she did. Wherever these two went, everybody admired the pretty little girl with the pale face and sad eyes, and when she began to sing, the people stopped in their walk to listen to the sweet sounds, for she really had a beautiful voice.

Meantime, Gertrude's father and mother were in the deepest grief for their lost child. Everybody in the village liked little Gertrude, and joined in searching for her with all their hearts; but to no purpose, and the poor parents thought at last that their little girl must have been drowned in the river.

After she left them, all seemed to go wrong. A disease came among the sheep, and killed half of them. Two years afterwards a bad harvest made it impossible for them to pay their bills. Some of their land had to be sold, and one thing went after another, until, ten years after Gertrude's disappearance, they had lost almost everything.

One evening they were sitting sadly in their little cottage, that now looked bare and cheerless. Though the autumn wind was cold, they had no fire. The mother had her youngest child on her lap; the father was leaning his head upon the window-sill, looking the picture of hopeless despair.

"God sends us more trouble than we can bear," he said at last; "I have borne all with patience, but now every hope has left me."

"If it be God's will," replied his wife gently, "all may be well yet!" But as she said so, she glanced at the helpless little group around her, and a tear fell down upon the baby's face.

"Go well with us indeed!" said her husband, with a laugh that almost frightened his wife. "Nothing has gone well with us since the child was lost. To-morrow we shall have to leave the house, and God only knows what is to become of us then."

A vehicle stopped at the door. The poor man started from his chair. "Here they are already!" he cried. "Will they have the cruelty to turn us out this very night?"

A tall, graceful-looking young lady stood there in the dim twilight; around her a group of wondering people. The lady seemed much affected and for some moments unable to speak. At last she threw herself into her father's arms, for the lady was Gertrude, the stolen child. For a moment all was confusion. The poor mother sobbed, and the baby began to cry.

Gertrude was the first to recover herself; and when she had persuaded them to sit down again, she told them her strange story. For two years she had led a wandering life with her companion; his expectation had been fulfilled, and they had become possessed of a consider-

able sum of money in a short time.

She had been supported by the hope of being allowed to return home, and succeeded in persuading him to write and tell her parents what had become of her. After some weeks he had told her that a neighbor had replied to his letter, and informed him that Gertrude's friends had gone to America.

Soon after Muller had fallen into bad company and began to drink. This had been a terrible time for the poor girl, for he grew worse every day and his passion for drink became so strong that he was hardly ever sober. One evening he engaged in a drunken brawl with a companion, and received a blow on the head, from the effects of which he soon afterward died.

There was nothing left now for poor Gertrude but to follow her occupation alone. She had learned to play the guitar; and when her unfortunate companion had been buried, she went on her way, though she knew not whither. One day she was playing a sad air, when an elderly gentleman stopped to listen to her sweet voice. He made some inquiries. Gertrude told her history.

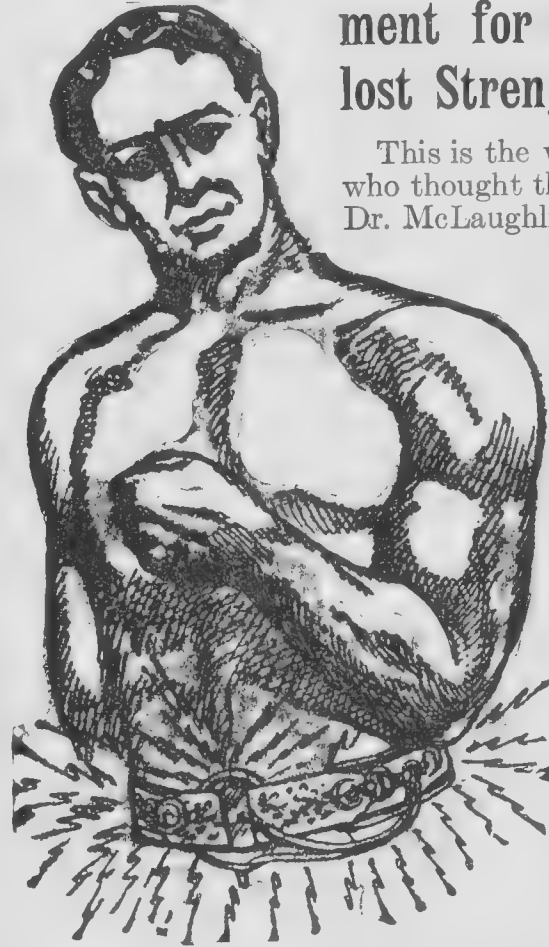
He proposed to have her voice cultivated, as he knew it would repay the outlay and trouble well. For two years Gertrude enjoyed every advantage money could buy, and she had now become a celebrated singer. But her heart was not satisfied by the admiration of thousands, while she was uncertain as to the fate of her parents.

She resolved to go to America to seek them, and her kind benefactor offered to accompany her. For this purpose she had now sought her native place once more, to gather what information she could. The pastor had just told her the sorrowful story of her parents.

In a few weeks Gertrude's family were established in a comfortable farm in their native village, and her brothers and sisters were sent to school. Her father often acknowledged with gratitude that God's ways are not our ways, for what he had deemed his greatest misfortune had in reality proved the means by which they had all been raised to prosperity.

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Do you want to feel like that? Then wear this grand, life-giving appliance for two months at night. It will charge every nerve with electric life, and you will feel like a two-year-old. It puts steam into your rundown body and drives away pain and renews youth.

Dear Sir,—I would have written you before now, but I wanted to test your Belt thoroughly before I gave you any testimonial. The rheumatism gradually left my legs, hip and back, and after wearing it for sixty-two nights I laid the Belt away. Since then I have been to Eastern Canada, where the climate is raw and damp, and back again into the bracing atmosphere of Western Canada and I have never felt a pain or ache since, and it is over three months since I discontinued it. You know yourself that when I bought your Belt I had no faith in it, but today I am just as great a believer in its power to heal. You are at liberty to make whatever use you wish of this statement, and believe me to be,

Your sincere friend and well-wisher,
J. Y. DAVID, Portage la Prairie, Man.

Dear Sir,—I have derived great benefit from your Belt. In fact, I might say that I am completely cured. I cannot say too much in favor of your great invention. Your Belt seems fully as strong at the present time as when I got it, and I have failed to find that anything you said about it has not been fully demonstrated by its use. I will admit that I have not treated you right by my reticence, but it was mostly on account of the satisfaction it has been giving that I said nothing. However, you have my best wishes for the success of your work, and you may be sure that anything I can do personally to forward it shall be done.

C. ROBERT JOHNSTON, Deslisle, Sask.

If you have pains in your back, if you feel tired and listless, if you are nervous and weak, if you are growing old too soon, if you have lost vigor and courage of youth, if you have Rheumatism, a Weak Stomach or any evidence of breaking down, you are wasting time. Get Dr. McLaughlin's Belt with free Electric Attachment.

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What's the use of dragging your legs about like a wooden man? Feel like a man of spirit. Away with the pains and aches; off with this wretched feeling as if you were seventy years old and had one foot in the grave. Ginger up! Feel young and full of glee. That's the way a man ought to feel. Come and let me put life into your nerves; let me give you a new supply of youth and energy. Let me make you feel like throwing your chest out, your head up and saying to yourself, "I AM A MAN!" Let me give you back the old feeling of youthful fire, vim and courage, I can do it, so that in two months you will wonder that you ever felt as slow and poky as you do.

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No home is quite complete without a Perfection Oil Heater. It is a necessity in the fall and spring, when it is too warm to start the regular heating apparatus, and too cool to be without heat. In the midst of winter it is often convenient as an auxiliary heater, as there are always some cold corners in a house.

The enameled heater always presents a nice appearance, as the enamel will not tarnish or burn off. It is not an "enamel paint," but it is the same as the enamel of your cooking utensils.

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The Imperial Oil Company, Limited

One Way to Foretell Weather.

There were weather prophets before the weather bureau. A correspondent of the Springfield Republican says that once when Dudley Leavitt, for many years the maker of the New Hampshire Almanac, was driving northward through Nottingham, he encountred a farmer hoeing by the roadside.

"A fine morning," said Leavitt.

"Yes," was the answer, "but it's going to rain before long."

There was no hint of rain in the summer sky; but before Leavitt had got through Northwood Narrows a heavy shower came down upon him. Wishing to find out how the farmer could predict so exactly, he turned back, and found him out in the field again, after the rain.

"I should like to know," said the astronomer of Winnepesaukee, "how you could tell so exactly what the weather was going to be."

"Well," said the sage, "when my old ram scratches his ear with his left hind foot in the morning, I'm certain 'twill rain before night. Besides, if that old fool of a Dud Leavitt says in his almanac, 'Fair weather may be expected,' I know 'twill be just the contrary."

Not a Flying Fish.

It was "a beautiful fish": the butcher said so, and Mrs. Wilcox was a beautiful woman; a clever one, too, and the first in her class at college for "thinking out things." Therefore, when her maid of all work went to a cousin's wedding,

Colorado, and visited one mine after another under the most favorable conditions.

His letters were from two or three well-known men, and opened to him many shafts where strangers were strictly forbidden. The only difficulty was in approaching mines which were under guard. Labor troubles had made it necessary to put patrols about many of the shafts.

Approaching a coal mine which he was especially anxious to visit, he was stopped by a huge Irishman, who told him to "be aff."

"I have a letter to the superintendent."

"No matter. Ye're not allowed beyond this shanty."

"I'll show you the letter."

"How could I know 'twas true?"

"But won't you take it to the superintendent?"

"An' lave me post?"

"Here is a quarter. You take it, and get this letter to the superintendent."

"A quarter, is it? An' the letter? Wait till I hail Gimpsey an' get him to watch while I go in."

He put his hands up to his mouth and called. A man appeared beyond a ridge.

"See that no man crosses here till I'll be back!" called the Irishman. "Now, ye shtand here an' I'll take your letter."

He went up the path and out of sight round the turn. The works were far from the outposts. Soon he came back.

"Sure, he says he'll see ye, an' ye can go in, but why he lets ye is more than I can see. You sendin' him a quarter



French Canadian Tobogganers at Mount Royal, Montreal.

Mrs. Wilcox was quite sure that she could prepare the fish dinner for which Mr. Wilcox had asked. What he thought about it is no part of the story as the Chicago News prints it.

At four o'clock precisely Mrs. Wilcox put on one of her trousseau aprons and began to think. She thought out the gastronomic trimmings first, but when she had made some hollandaise sauce, and put it where it could not possibly keep hot, although that was not her intention, she began to consider the fish.

To her intense annoyance, the butcher had neglected to clean it and make it ready for cooking.

Very well, she would do it herself. So it came about that when Mr. Wilcox got home he found his wife with worried brow and flushed cheeks standing over the sink, the fish in one hand and the teakettle in the other.

"There is something wrong with this fish," she announced. "It is most peculiar. I've poured gallons of boiling water over it—just as I remember grandmother used to treat newly killed chickens before she could pick the feathers off—and the horrid scales stick just as tightly as ever!"

"Why don't you try singeing it?" Wilcox managed to ask before he exploded.

A Refreshing Change.

A professor of geology in a Massachusetts college has a story to tell of a Colorado mining camp which shows that stars shine in the darkest firmaments. Desiring to spend his vacation in a practical study of mines, he got letters of introduction to all the chief engineers and mine superintendents in

and him earnin' twenty-five thousand a year!"

"You—you gave him that quarter?"

"For sure. Who else would I give it to?"

The professor went by the big sentry with an expression between a grin and a scowl. When he introduced himself to the superintendent he began to apologize for the quarter.

"I'll give it back to McGrane," said the superintendent, laughing, "but our men out here are not hotel waiters."

An Overated Man.

The fact that America is a very big country never becomes so impressive as when one has travelled two thousand miles due west and still finds the prairie stretching out before him. The Washington Star gives an instance of the manner in which the size of the country impressed a young Englishman, the valet of an English nobleman.

They saw numerous seaboard cities, tarried for a time in Pittsburg, in Chicago, and in Kansas City, and then struck out into the great west. The train was delayed at a small station, and the passengers got out to stretch their legs, among them his lordship and James, the valet, who seemed in a brown study.

"What's the matter?" asked his master.

"I was just thinking, my lord," said James, "that Columbus didn't do such a big thing when he discovered this 'ere country hafter all's said and done 'Ow could he help it?"

Woman and the Home.

My Petition.

If only one of all my prayers
Might reach the Lord above,
I'd ask that day by day my heart
Might overflow with love.

For well I know if this one prayer
Of mine might granted be,
The love I measured out would all
Be measured back to me.
Elizabeth Clarke Hardy.

A Word to Farmers' Wives.

By Elizabeth Forman.

I wonder how many busy farmers' wives there are to-day in Western Canada who really realize what a curse the liquor traffic is! I wonder how many there are who would remove the bar-rooms from the hotels if they could?

Do you realize that when your husband or son comes to town he must go to the hotel, as a rule, for dinner, or if you live in the far West, where towns are few and far between, he must stay all night?

Now, in the average small hotel in the average small town, the bar-room yields much greater profits than the dining room. This being the case, it stands to reason that the hotelkeeper will put more energy into conducting his bar-room than his dining room. Just as you would put more time on

per. What wonder that he joins the laughing, boisterous crowd in the bar-room?

Has it ever occurred to you that if the liquor trade was removed from the hotels that the hotelmen would have to look to their dining rooms and bed-chambers for their incomes? Do you think your grocer would give you better groceries in exchange for your butter and eggs if he had a department in his store that would yield him such enormous profits as the bar-room yields the hotelman?

Do you think there would be as much danger of your son learning to drink, if, in order to obtain liquor he had to go to a part of town where only liquor was sold? Where the very atmosphere is tainted! Where one would not care to be met by an acquaintance! A man may step out of the hotel on the main street and join his mother or his sister, or his sweetheart, without a blush, but would he care to have them see him coming out of some dive to which the bar-room is the equivalent?

We can, and we should, do our part toward bettering these conditions. It is true, we have no vote, but we have, what is infinitely better—influence.

Joel Benton's Transformation.

"Well, no, Mis' Seabury, I dunno as I would go so far as to say that Joel Brenton worked his first wife to death.



His Majesty's Mail—Alaska.

your butter than you would on your chickens, if the butter could command a better price than eggs.

In order to obtain a license to sell liquor, a man must run an hotel, but the law does not compel him to run a good hotel.

Now, I am a commercial traveller's wife and I have a chance to know something of what I am talking about. The man who does not spend his money over the bar is not a profitable guest to the hotel, and they do not want him. He may be honest, he may be upright, he may be a great many other noble things, but his patronage does not put dollars and cent. into the pocket of the hotelkeeper. It is the man who spends his money liberally, who "treats the bunch," that receives the warmest welcome and the best room in the licensed hotel -- as long as his money lasts.

It goes without saying that the man who is an habitual drinker, eats his meals and then repairs to the bar-room for a drink, a smoke, or a jolly evening with "the boys." But what of the man who does not drink? His room is small and dark and cold. There is not much comfort for him there. The office is dingy and ill-lighted. There is little to attract him there. His supper has been half cold and miserably cooked, sometimes not even clean. Doubtless a man is much more likely to take a drink if what he has eaten has left a bad taste in his mouth.

The bar-room is ablaze with light and is warm and comfortable; there, also, is companionship. There, too he can secure a glass of sparkling red wine to overcome the bad effects of the sup-

I know some folks say so, but to my notion she was just as much to blame as he was, an' mebbly a little more. But this I do know, they both worked an' delved an' scrimped from the day they was married till the day she died, an' they never had any of the comforts of life, to say nothing of the luxuries that folks as well off as they was could well afford to have. Now your waist is ready to try on, Mis' Seabury, an' it's goin' to be a pretty thing too.

"Now, Mis' Benton the first never had anything nice to wear, and' what was more the pity, she never let little Florry have anything like other girls, either. Jest the plainest an' cheapest things they could get was good enough for them she thought. I couldn't help feeling sorry for Florry, for she was a pretty little thing, an' liked pretty clothes as well as other girls do.

"What's the use, Mis' Benton," I used to say to her when I'd be there sewin', which goodness knows wasn't often, for she was awful near about hirin' help. "what's the use of workin' so hard, an' deprivin' yourself of all the things that make life worth the livin'? You've got enough," says I, "an' why don't you have more an' take time to enjoy life?" "Oh, well, Miss Simpkins," she would say, "I ain't always goin' to work so hard. When we get a little more laid by for a rainy day we're goin' to fix up this old house an' have things more like folks."

But they never did. They jest kept on workin', an' savin' an' denyin' themselves, an' Joel kep' on buyin' land, till all at once Mis' Benton she jest up an' died sudden like, for all the world as if she didn't want to make any more expense than she could help an' Joel an'

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an' so I just bought this car and brought it right along home with me. You'll take a sight of comfort with it, Joel, if you're anything like other men, an' I guess you are, only a sight better than the most of them."

Well, at first Joel seemed kind of stunned, but if you will believe me, Mis' Seabury, there never was a tickler man than Joel Benton was with that car. He went out with the shoer that very afternoon, and he learned to run the thing himself in a few days, and after that you would see him and Florry and Mis' Benton the second out ridin' most every day. It seems kind of strange, but I was talkin' with Judge Liscomb about it one day an' he said he thought Joel Benton had just begun to find himself. I don't rightly know what he meant, but I figger it out that he thought that Joel had jest begun to find out that all the good money ever does in this world is when it is used to make someone happier or better, an' that while work is all right in its place an' time there are some other things in this world that are reely worth livin' for.

There, Mis' Seabury, your waist is all done, an' I know you will look real sweet in it. That old rose color is so becomin' to a fair complected person. An' here comes Joel Benton in his automobile this minnit. Mis' Benton said she would send him over after me this evenin'. I'm promised to her for the next fortnit to make some things for

night-gowns to a laundry, and they retudnerd so shrunken that I could not fasten them on me, although they had been much too large before.

The Girl Who Charms.

By Bess. Specially Written for W.H.M.

Go where you will and how you will, you will always meet the girl who charms as well as the girl who does not. No one can explain, perhaps, why she is so charming, but every one feels it. She may not be rich, clever, or good-looking, but somehow, she is a favorite everywhere. You will sometimes hear girls say, "I cannot understand what the boys see in Milly! She is not half so good-looking as Anna, nor so well-dressed, nor is she so brilliant and amusing as Stella, yet see, everywhere she goes, she has a crowd of boys round her! And, indeed, whatever witchery is about the girl, I can't keep away myself. I try to dress like Anna, and to speak as wittily as Stella, but, do you know, I find myself longing all the time to be by the side of Milly, and it's there I go if I want to talk over my troubles, and can't she help me too. There's no girl so charming as Milly, though for the life of me, I can't tell what's about her!" Haven't you all felt this, too, girls? Felt that



Inverary, Whytewold, Man.

her and Florry It's a changeable world, now, ain't it? Still I sometimes think things get evened up, somehow. If Mis' Benton the first had lived she'd still be workin' an' savin' an' puttin' money in the bank, for goodness knows what, but now, all is, somebody's gettin' a little good out of her hard earnin's.

Washing of Woollens.

Although woollen underclothing and thin woollen blouses are in common use, it is astonishing what perverse ignorance prevails among those whose business it is to wash them. At one house I was told that I must not put my de-laine blouses into the wash, as the servant absolutely declined to receive instruction about their treatment, and persisted in rubbing soap on them. Another place where I stayed I saw the mistress hanging out a small line of blouses, although I knew a washerwoman was coming the next day. "I daren't leave them to her," she said, "they would be all cockled up." But the best was when a lady, who keeps a laundry-maid, told me that she always washes her own combinations and woollen vests. "They're not careful, you see, about getting them out quickly, and as they are expensive articles, I prefer to wash my own." On one occasion that I was overburdened with soiled clothing, I sent some wincey

there is a nice girl you must talk things over with? We know that a sorrow shared is half gone; and how much you feel comforted by her loving sympathy, and sincere hand-clasp, you only feel but can't express charm.

Can be Cultivated.

Charm, if one goes the right way about it—for charm is largely the habit of trying to please—can be cultivated. Think no one unworthy the effort! Everywhere and with everyone keep this as your chief thought. Do not be always on the hunt for occasions to show yourself off, your dress, your accomplishment, your wits. Try to be at your best with everyone you meet.

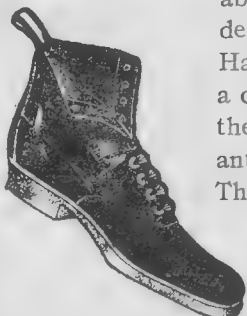
Lead people to talk of themselves, for we are an egotistical people, who love nothing better than talking about ourselves, our woes, our troubles, or our blessings, and in so doing we are happy. If you lead your companion on to talk, and you yourself are an appreciative listener, with ears open for her joys and her sorrows, able to say just the right thing at the right place, you are making her so happy, that she will vote you "a most charming woman" even though you have not said a dozen sentences and certainly not one brilliant one. But you are making your companion happy, and so fulfilling your destiny. The charming girl, too, is ever charitable in her words and deeds. She finds something good always to say of the absent ones, so that in her presence,



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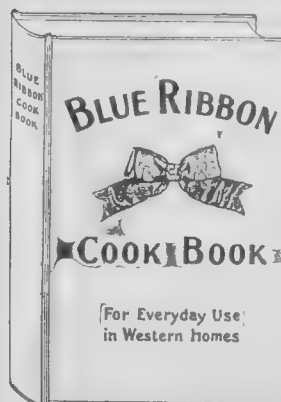
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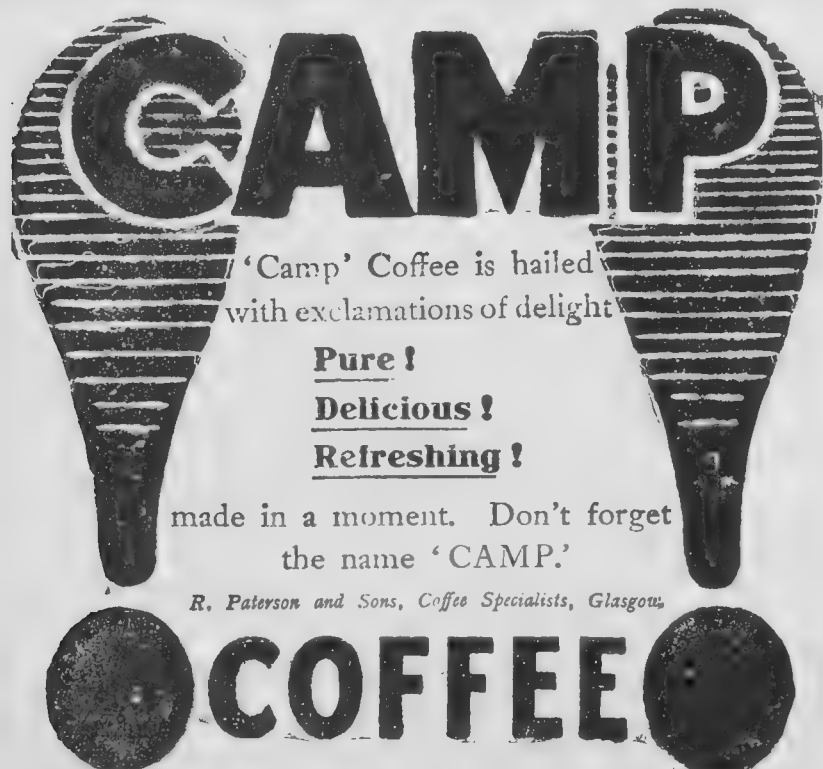
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instinctively, one is at one's best, and that charity "which, envieth not, doth not behave itself unseemly," is practised by her coterie. The charming girl has as her motto—

"There's so much bad in the best of us, So much good in the worst of us, That it ill becomes any of us To speak ill of the rest of us."

She is tactful, too, for no awkward untactful person is ever voted charming. But what is tact, also, but a habit of trying to please? Is it not, trying

"To do and say

The kindest thing in the kindest way" that constitutes tact? It is also merely an embodiment of the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would have others do to you." The tactful woman must not be self-conscious; she must be at her ease, gracious, smiling, ever pleasant—but here we come back to the start again. What makes one self-conscious? Is it not thinking about one's self, how one looks, how one must act, what others think of us? The self-conscious girl has only to stop thinking of herself, and think more of others, to get rid of this self-consciousness, and get on the road to Charming-gate. She must get out into society all she can, and ever and always practise this discipline. Think of others and less of yourself. Try to please others—think no one unworthy the effort, and by and by it will come without effort, the habit will grow with the using.

The charming girl does not snub; she would not be a lady if she did. She will meet undue familiarity with a silence that is more chilling than a snub, but it is not often she needs to do that. Somehow, she, being at her best, draws out the best in us, and so things are ever pleasant around her. The boys like to be near her. "A fellow can talk to her about his sports, and she'll enjoy listening—she's simply a stunning listener, and a good listener is a mighty sight scarcer than a good talker. She's as safe as the tomb, too, to tell your affairs to, all your little scrapes; and, if she can't always help you out of them, by Jove, she makes them feel lighter! And, it's not that she preaches! No fellow could stand that. No, by Jove, Milly's not that sort, she's simply the best chum a fellow could have."

Charm depends on heart, rather than on head all the time. One does not need to be brilliant or clever to be charming; in fact, these, if given full play, are a hindrance rather than a help. If one is brilliant, one may charm for the minute, but one tires of glare and sparkle pretty soon, and is glad to seek a quiet nook with a thoughtful, tactful companion there to get sympathy and talk things over. So, girls, cultivate tact, cultivate the art of trying to please, cultivate that charity that "thinketh no evil." Try always to put people at their ease rather than stand on a pedestal above them, cultivate the art of listening and you are going far towards your goal of being voted "A truly charming girl."

The Towel with the Crocheted Ends.

All ye proud housewives possessing towels with crocheted ends, I implore you, when providing for the convenience of your staying guest, either to put out an assortment of adorned or unadorned, or six at least of the former, if you cannot allow her a choice. The crochet edging permits one the use of only about three-quarters of the towel; insertion reduces this to one-half. Moreover, these trimmed towels are always of the finer order that do not absorb much moisture. As a towel-sham these superfluities do very well to cover the nakedness of the towel-rail in the unused guest-chamber; or serve very handsomely for the day-guest once to wipe her hands and daintily to dab her cheeks; but for substantial service day after day they are a monstrous fraud. Their existence is a mark of fancy work gone mad, and totally at a loss what to do with itself next. Some people I know are so conscious of this that their trimmed towels are never unfolded except when some guest is expected for the day. Although I merely tolerate without admiring these luxurious articles nevertheless, I always minutely examine any new pattern they display, and make a note of it for future possible use.

Useful Items.

How to Light a Fire Without Sticks.—Take a newspaper, tear it into sheets, roll up like a walking-stick, then roll round the hand, and push the end in to keep it a round shape. Four of these rounds will light a fire beautifully without any sticks, with small pieces of coal on the top.

Sometimes the Steels of Corsets break through the cloth and cut the underclothing. To prevent this, cut pieces of kid from an old pair of gloves, and sew over the top of each steel.

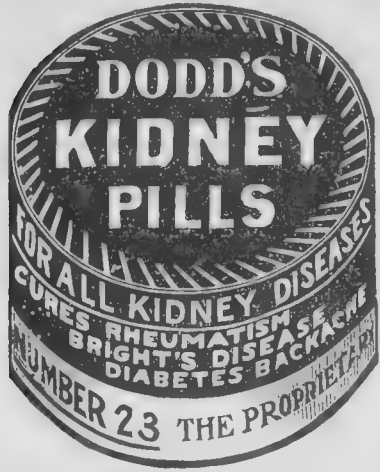
To Make Good Use of Old Kid Gloves. The top of kid gloves make excellent iron-holders, through which the heat takes a long time to penetrate. Take three layers of kid, then add an outer covering of washing material.

A Capital Way to Soften Butter in Frosty Weather.—Rinse a basin with boiling water, and cover the butter with it. Don't dry the basin, as the steam softens the butter.

When stitching on a machine any material which contains stiffening, rub a piece of dry soap on the material where the needle is to penetrate. You will find that this keeps the thread from getting knotted, and renders the stuff much easier to sew.

When roasting pork, rub the skin well with olive oil before putting in the oven. This simple precaution renders it beautifully crisp and hard, and so much more tempting than the soft, tough skin one meets with so often in roast pork.

To keep gold or silver embroidery, from tarnishing on dresses or hats, wrap it in black tissue paper when putting it away, and it will keep its



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color all the season. White dresses should be wrapped with blue tissue paper in the folds and sleeves especially.

About Household Hints.

One day a reader remarked to me, "I am always on the lookout for hints about the care of a house." This came to me almost as an indirect reproach, for of late I have been rather barren of "hints." Every woman who keeps house, however practical and experienced she may be, is willing to learn something from a column of "hints." These are not always useful, some may be familiar knowledge to her, others do not interest her; but sometimes she is sure to come across a hint which makes her exclaim, "What a good idea! I never knew that before!"

I have often thought that, in addition to my practical experience of housekeeping, it would have been of immense advantage to me as an adviser to have gone through a course of cookery, laundry work, hygiene, and housekeeping in all its various branches; even then, I suppose there would be a vast amount of miscellaneous information not included in the most up-to-date course, which could only be collected as "hints." For housekeeping is too wide for any one person to know all about it, or even to keep ready in her memory all that she does know. For instance, when a drop of ink by mischance falls

thought desirable to boil them, tie them first in a large towel before putting them into the boiler; by this means they will not be torn in lifting them out.

Rinse in several waters, and pass through the wringer; starch while wet and without unfolding them. Half a pound of starch will be enough to stiffen two or three pairs, according to their size.

Hang them double over the line, pulling the edges quite evenly together. A sunny day that is not too breezy is the best. If the edge is scalloped, pull out each point. If stretched and pulled occasionally while drying, they require very little ironing except at the edges. Some people prefer to mangle them afterwards, folding them the exact width of the rollers; but I do not like the sharp-edged crease which the mangle leaves.

Madras curtains ought not to be starched, but ironed while still damp. Or, if any starch is used, it should be only about half a pint of water enough to give the very slight stiffness of the new material.

If there is no clothes-line to hang the curtains out, and no convenience to stretch them on the floor, fold them double quite evenly—it requires two to do it—and hang them over a clothes-horse in a warm room until partially dry; then iron. Do not place them near the fire, as one part would thus become bone-dry while the rest was quite wet.

Curtains which have not previously



A baby stag in his native wilds in the Scottish Highlands.

on a white cloth, how many can be sure on the instant of the best means of taking it out? Perhaps an accident of that kind has not happened in the house for, let us say, seven years, and few memories keep a long hold of unused knowledge. A hint, casually read in a newspaper, is only valuable when we can make immediate use of it. "I'll try to remember that"—probably fails nine times out of ten; which is a good reason for the repetition of hints which I might imagine were well known to most readers. Some may not have heard them, and many will have forgotten. Even with a good variety of books of household information to refer to, the particular fact or recipe wanted cannot always be found at the moment.

Washing Lace Curtains.

To prevent the net tearing in the wash, fold the curtains (after shaking them free of dust) until small enough to lie flat in the tub. Add a tablespoonful of borax to two gallons of warm water, and place the curtains in this for a few hours to soak; then pass them through the wringer, and put again in warm water, changing the water repeatedly until it comes off clean. They can be left thus overnight.

Next day, wash them in a strong soapy lather, still keeping them folded and working them up and down between the hands. If not clean, give them a fresh lather.

If they are very grimy, and it is

been washed, should be steeped overnight in water in which about half a pound of salt has been dissolved; next day wrung out of this and soaked in borax water; they will not then require more soapsuds than the older curtains.

Washing a White Boa.

Do not use soap, but powdered borax in warm water: work the boa about gently in this till it parts with the dirt, then rinse twice in cold water; hang over the line, fasten the ends together, and let it hang from there. It must be dried quickly on a sunny day. If carefully done, no feathers need be lost. If necessary, the prominent feathers may be curled with the back of a knife.

Letters Waiting.

We have letters waiting at our office addressed to the following, and if the persons will kindly send their names and addresses we will at once forward the letters: Dick; Housekeeper; Maple Leaf; Q. T.; A Country Farmer; Always Pleasant; Star of the Night; Water Lily; Tiger Lily; The Swede; Man of Devon; Riches; Dellrose; Sunshine; Young Lochinvar; Martha Matilda; The Doctor; Fair Play No. 1; Agnes Mack.

Elbert Hubbard: The man who rises is seldom ready to attribute any of his success to pure luck.

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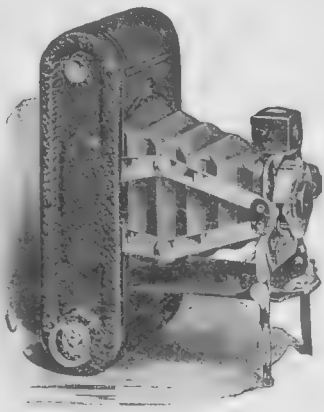
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Fashions and Patterns.

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c. Order by number stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

**CHILD'S ONE-PIECE DRESS, 7130.**

Present fashions, showing as they do a great many frocks that are made in peasant style, are ideal for the little children. Here is a dress that means scarcely any labor for the making yet it



7130 Child's One Piece Dress, 2, 4 and 6 years.

is becoming and smart and altogether desirable. This one is made of linen and the edges are scalloped and a dot is worked in every scallop on the neck and sleeve edges, but even that labor can be obviated, for the trimming can be made of banding with a belt also of banding or of leather.

The dress is made all in one piece.

There is a slight opening at the front which is closed with ribbon laced through eyelets. The under-arm seams that are extended into the sleeves are the only ones to be sewed up.

For the 4 year size will be required 1½ yards of material 27, 36 or 44 inches wide.

The pattern, No. 7130, is cut in sizes for children of 2, 4 and 6 years of age, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

TWO-PIECE SKIRT 7123.

With high or natural waist line.

The two-piece skirt is a favorite one. It is very generally becoming, it is economical and it is smart. This one is of moderate width and it can be trimmed



7123 Two-Piece Skirt, 22 to 30 waist.

with buttons, as in this case, or in any way that may be liked, but buttons make an important feature of the incoming season and this suggestion is a good one. The model is an excellent one for all reasonable materials, for it is just as well adapted to the lighter ones of indoor wear as it is to the heavier ones of street costumes. As it can be finished either at the natural waist line or a little above it is adapted to all figures.

The skirt is made in two pieces. When cut to the high waist line it is arranged over a fitted and boned girdle; when cut to the natural waist the skirt is fitted by means of darts and is joined to a belt. In either case the closing is to be made at the left side.

For a woman of medium size will be required 4½ yards of material 27, 2¾ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, the width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2¾ yards.

The pattern, No. 7123, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

A SMART SUIT WITH TRIMMING OF SATIN.

A great many checked and plaid materials are to be used this season and this costume shows one of the prettiest. The trimming is satin sparingly used



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.

7127 Short Coat for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.

6835 Two-Piece Skirt for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.

and the effect is a most satisfactory one. The coat is one of the very newest with a collar that can be made either square or pointed at the back, and with big revers. It is eminently youthful and it is well adapted to small women and to young girls. It is loose yet shapely, for the fronts are fitted by means of darts at the shoulders which are concealed by the collar. The sleeves can be long and plain or in three-quarter length with big rolled-over cuffs. The skirt is cut in two pieces only. It is of moderate width, yet it takes long straight lines and is in every way attractive. Every reasonable suiting material is appropriate for the model. Rough finished chevots and fabrics of the kind promise to be much worn with trimming of broadcloth. A novel effect could be obtained by making the suit of dark blue cheviot and the revers of

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rich red broadcloth banded with black satin, and the collar of black.

For the 16 year size the coat will require 4 yards of material 27, 2¼ yards 44 or 52 inches wide, with ¾ yard 21 inches wide for the collar and trimming; for the skirt will be needed 3 yards 27, or 2 yards 44 or 52 inches wide.

A May Manton pattern of the coat, No. 7127, or of the skirt, No. 6835, in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age, will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each.

A FASHIONABLE GOWN OF MOIRE SILK AND PLAIN SATIN.

All sorts of fancy silks are to be much worn this season and soft finished moire promises to be a pronounced favorite. This gown shows it combined with satin and with all-over lace. It is very smart and exceedingly attractive. It includes many new features. The tunic skirt is one of the prettiest which has appeared and is especially well adapted to combinations of materials. It can be finished as illustrated or with a belt at the natural waist line, as preferred. There is a cir-

cular flounce joined to a five-gored upper portion and the tunic is arranged over them. The blouse is simple but trimmed in an unusual manner. The sleeves can be cut in three-quarter or full length. There is a fitted lining which can be used or omitted as liked. Such a gown can be made from any pretty seasonable material adapted to indoor use. Surah silk promises to be much liked for gowns of the kind and would be very pretty with trimming of velvet or of heavy lace. Voile, cashmere and materials of the kind are always desirable and can be trimmed with satin or fancy silk or with velvet or in any way that may be liked.

For the medium size the blouse will require 3¼ yards of material 27, 2 yards 36 or 44 inches wide; for the tunic will be needed 3 yards 27, 2¼ yards 36 or 44 inches wide and for the flounce 2 yards of satin 27 inches wide, for the foundation will be required 2½ yards of material 27 inches wide.

A May Manton pattern of the blouse, No. 7119, in sizes from 34 to 40 bust, or of the skirt No. 7034, in sizes from 22 to 30 waist, will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each.

A FASHIONABLE STREET GOWN.

7156—Semi Princess Gown.



Street gowns will be much worn throughout the autumn and this one is exceptionally smart. In the illustration it is made of serge with trimming of broadcloth and the color of the serge is a warm nut brown and the broadcloth is a deep cream in tone. The chemisette is of all-over lace, and altogether the costume is chic in the extreme. but while serge and broadcloth combine to make exceedingly smart costumes there are many other materials that could be utilized. Taffeta with trimming of broadcloth would be handsome and fashionable. serge could be trimmed with ratine to be most effective, or satin or silk could be trimmed with ratine to be really beautiful. Stripes and mixtures both are shown as well as plain colors and either one could be trimmed with silk or with cloth to be in every way attractive. The skirt is six gored and the box plaits at front and back can be stitched to any desired depth. The blouse is made all in one piece and the closing of the costume is made at the left of the front. This skirt is trimmed with rows of braid and small white pearl buttons, and these buttons are essentially new and smart.

For the medium size the dress will require 7½ yards of material 27, 6¾ yards 36, 4¾ yards 44 inches wide with ¾ yards of broadcloth for the collar and sleeve trimming, 1 yard of all-over lace 18 inches wide for chemisette and undersleeves.

A May Manton pattern, No. 7156, in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure, will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each.



You Can Make Clothes Last Twice as Long

No longer are old and faded dresses relegated to the rag bag—at least not by the practical housewife. Instead, she seeks the nearby shop for those dyes which never fail to give new life and beauty to every material. She asks for, and insists upon, **Diamond Dyes**.

You will find that by following this example, you can easily have many such profitable experiences as the one quoted herewith:

"Many a favorite dress I have had to abandon because it was a little soiled or faded, until I became acquainted with Diamond Dyes. And since then my experience with them has always been the same—always have they made new again whatever I used them upon. I wouldn't be without Diamond Dyes now any more than I would my medicine chest."

Mrs. Muriel Anderson, Montreal, Canada.

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There are two kinds of Diamond Dyes—one for Wool or Silk, the other for Cotton Linen or Mixed Goods. Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk now come in **Blue** envelopes And, as heretofore, those for Cotton, Linen or Mixed Goods are in **White** envelopes.

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Vegetable fibres require one class of dye, and animal fibres another and radically different class of dye. As proof—we call attention to the fact that manufacturers of woollen goods use one class of dye, while manufacturers of cotton goods use an entirely different class of dye.

For these reasons we manufacture **one class** of Diamond Dyes for coloring Cotton, Linen or Mixed Goods, and **another class** of Diamond Dyes for coloring Wool or Silk, so that you may obtain the **very best** results on **EVERY** fabric.

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The Pitch Lake.

By D. J. Bengier, Toronto.

The Pitch Lake. On hearing such a name, one is inclined to call to mind a scene suitable for part of Dante's "Inferno." One imagines fire, smoke, sulphurous odors, and, under all, a seething, hissing, lake of pitch, from whose depths, devils, armed with pitchforks, extract a boiling liquid which, in some mysterious manner, under the influence of the great god—Commerce—is transformed into the harmless, if evil smelling material, of which the roads and sidewalks of a modern Canadian city may safely be made.

Visitors to Trinidad who have preconceived such ideas (and most of the guide books suggest something of the sort; even Charles Kingsley allowed his imagination to get the better of facts) are apt to be disappointed when they arrive at La Brea. True, the boulders on the beach are of pitch, and the heat (unless the visit be made early in the morning) is terrific, even as Trinidad counts heat. But in place of devils are some dozens of smiling negros; just the same happy, shiftless people they have seen in the other islands. And the pitch, in hard lumps, is being loaded into steamers from an aerial railway. They are still further mystified on hearing that the lake is "at the top of that



Youthful Life on the Ocean Wave—Lake Winnipeg.

hill," and are apt to imagine that the road up which they are invited to walk is an overflow—a kind of river of pitch.

Actually, the "lake" is a deposit of asphalt 114 acres in extent, of which some 50 acres have been cleared of trees and scrub. And, so far from being liquid and boiling, it is possible to walk over the surface without soiling a pair

of white shoes, although here and there puddles of oily, sticky tar are ready to entrap the unwary. The sleepers and rails of a trolley are, in fact, laid directly on the "lake" surface. The position of the sleepers has, it is true, to be slightly altered every few days, or the track would sink out of sight. This sinking, however, is so gradual that

practically no alteration is made in the direction of the line.

The most curious feature of the deposit, is that, in spite of the millions of tons of asphalt that have been extracted, the level of the lake is practically the same as it was when the work commenced. The pitch is dug out with pick and shovel and loaded on small trolleys. The excavations are never more than about 18 inches deep. When a laborer has reached this depth, he moves on, and after a day or so his original working has filled up again from below. So that a gang of men, working up and down one small section, can, without moving far from the trolley line or excavating to any depth, obtain a large quantity of pitch. The supply appears to be inexhaustible.

Some 110,000 tons are extracted yearly, the royalty on which forms a very considerable part of the Colony's income. The bulk is shipped in its crude state, but a yearly increasing quantity is purified in the works erected nearby.

The existence of this lake, the largest asphalt deposit in the world, was known to the early settlers. And it is on record that Sir Walter Raleigh caulked his ships with pitch from La Brea when, in 1595, he made Trinidad his headquarters for an expedition up the Orinoco River, in search of the mythical golden city of El Dorado.



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You are at liberty to apply to our Consultation Department and receive free of expense expert advice on farming matters or discuss with our trained men any problems that may confront you. Hundreds of our students consult us freely, and do not hesitate to say that this part of our service is worth the price of the whole course. Many times our Consultation Department, which is in close and constant touch with the Experimental Stations in Canada and the United States, send matter of interest to students unasked, simply because they know their needs. There is also a constant exchange of ideas between the farmers who are enrolled.

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About the Farm.

The Increase in Cost of Living.

It may be interesting to the man who ordinarily does not take the time to get the meat out of a bunch of statistics to know that the cost of 257 common commodities has increased 46.7 per cent. in the last fourteen years. These 257 commodities include all or practically all of the ordinary articles we, as farmers, have to sell or buy. While an array of figures is usually a bit uninteresting, it is worth more than passing interest to make note of those things that have increased in price the most in the last fourteen years.

The price of lumber and building material has increased more than any of the other 257 commodities on which the bureau of labor has kept a line for the past fourteen years. This increase has been 10.7 per cent. Farm products, including all that is produced and sold by farmers, comes next with an increase of 7.5 per cent. This seems to put to the bad the oft-heard expression that everything else has been increasing in price faster than that which we

the farmers more than high prices, which are high prices because of a scarcity.

Lumpy Jaw.

A subscriber writes: "Will you kindly discuss the nature of the disease known as lumpy jaw, together with methods of treatment in an early issue of the Western Home Monthly."

Actinomyces or lumpy jaw, as it is commonly called, is an inflammatory growth within the system of an animal due to the development at that particular place of fungus, known to scientists as actinomyces, but commonly referred to as the ray fungus, because of its rosette appearance under the microscope. This fungus is a natural parasite on some grasses and grains, where in appearance it resembles the common rusts. It gains entrance to the animal's system through infected grasses, hay or straw. It is supposed that an animal may eat this kind of feed without much danger of contracting the disease, unless there



A Pioneer Farmer in happy surroundings at Hardisty, Alberta.

as farmers, have to sell. The lumber and building material dealers alone have got the better of us, but they enjoy a long lead in advance of us. Drugs have increased 4.1 per cent.; clothing, 2.7 and the miscellaneous group 5.7 per cent. Few decreased, but fuel and light decrease was the most, being 3 per cent. The decrease in house furnishings was 0.1 per cent.

These figures would not make it appear as if the farmer had been getting the worst of it, as so often claimed, and yet, looking at the matter in another light, most of the increase in the price of farm products has occurred in those years when there was an actual scarcity of the certain products, therefore, having little or none of the products to place upon the market, the farmers have not got the benefits from the increased prices that may appear on the face of the returns. In some cases, instead of being sellers of the higher-priced products, farmers have been purchasers, so the price of an article produced on the farm is not always a criterion of the prosperity of the farmers as a whole. Many a large crop, at lower prices, has netted

are sores or raw places in the mouth or in the intestinal tract. The fungus may also enter the animal system through the ducts (openings) of glands, such as the glands of the throat or the udder through the teat openings.

While lumpy jaw cannot be transmitted from one animal to another by inoculation, recent investigations indicate that it can be indirectly transmitted from one animal to another under certain conditions. When an animal is suffering from an actinomycotic or lumpy jaw infection from which pus escapes and drops on the grass or grain, the fungus contained in the pus reverts back to its natural condition, and again becomes capable of infecting another animal that may feed on this infected grass or grain. Thus one animal may infect a whole pasture, and from this other animals may in turn become infected.

While the fungus may and does at times enter the system through gland ducts, it most commonly enters through some abrasion in the mouth, and such abrasions (raw places) most frequently occur during teething. The disease not being common in very young or old

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Horse dealers have made thousands of dollars by buying lame, Spavined Horses, curing them with Kendall's Spavin Cure, and then selling the sound animals at a handsome profit.

You can do the same with your own horses. Here is one man who saved his horse and his money by using Kendall's.

Oak Bay Mills, Que., Dec. 15th, 1909
"I wish to inform you that I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure with good success, on my horse. I found that it cures quickly and well". Yours truly, ROY HARPER.

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Dr. B. J. Kendall Co. - - Enosburg Falls, Vt.

animals substantiates the theory that most cases are contracted during the shedding of the temporary and cutting of the permanent teeth.

From this discussion it is obvious that it is not economical to retain an animal on the farm that has a discharging actinomycotic abscess; it would be better to destroy such an animal than to allow it to scatter the infection. On the other hand, it is probable that there is little danger from those that do not have a discharging abscess scattering the disease. While the head and the throat are the parts most frequently affected in cattle, the tongue, lungs, liver, and udder are quite often affected, and it is by no means rare in the udder of sows.

As to treatment, if all the fungi are removed from the system, the parts will heal and recovery take place. There are two ways of removing the fungi: First, by cutting away the lump or growth or by destroying it with escharotics, like caustic potash; and, second, by treating with iodine to destroy the fungi. The most satisfactory method, however, consists in a combination of these two; that is, by cutting away the growth when it is in the soft tissue, and then applying tincture of iodine to the wound twice a day until it is healed. Meanwhile give a dram of iodide of potash in the drinking water mornings and evenings until the animal's eyes and nose begin to discharge and the hair acquires a rough appearance. Then stop the iodide treatment.

The iodide treatment is recommended for the reason that the disease may have located in some other parts, as the lungs or liver, and the operation will, of course, not reach such infections. The iodide of potash should de-

the market. The buyer wanted this kind of an animal, for meat was cheap and the consumer could buy large cuts. But new factors have brought about a change in values. As land and labor increased in price, the farmer found that the longer he kept an animal the more of his labor went in maintenance and this lessened his profit just that much. Then he found that the higher-priced lands could not be used for beef and that there was more money in raising corn. So men who had been engaged in raising cattle for market started raising corn and bought their steers from those occupying cheap lands and finished them off themselves. Throughout the corn belt the popular steer has ranged from twenty-four to thirty months old. The majority of fattened steers went to market at thirty months, weighing from 1,500 to 1,350 pounds. The farmer preferred to feed these animals because there was generally a good demand for them in the market. When purchased from western cattle raisers they were in thin condition, but were rugged, thrifty, had good appetites, and were in the best shape to make rapid gains.

During the last few years, due to the fact that the sheep industry has been encroaching on the land in the West, and irrigating projects have made fruit raising successful, vast range areas have been cut into small farms for settlers who have no money to invest in cattle. Then, too, great numbers of cows and young stock are being sent to market each year, with a consequent decrease in the number of breeding animals on the range. One of the greatest problems that confronts the cattle feeder of to-day is where to get hold of feeders.

A number of people who used to feed



On a Farm in Manitoba.

stroy it and perfect a cure. When the bone is affected it is best to sell the animal for what it will bring on the market. When the disease is localized in the throat, the flesh may be used for human food, but when it is generalized, the carcass should be destroyed.

A Hint to Beginners.

Poultry culture is one of the most profitable industries known to-day, and is advancing rapidly every year. It has now the confidence of the general public, and much capital is finding its way to investment. To the man or woman who is willing to give poultry-raising his earnest attention, it offers the inducement of prosperity and a very healthy and pleasant occupation. There are a large number of people who start in the poultry business every year, but all do not make a thorough success of it by any means. A wrong start is more than anything else the cause of most of the failures, or, perhaps, disease. Some think in order to do anything at poultry at all they must have a right up-to-date poultry plant. Now, a new beginner cannot run a big poultry plant unless he has had experience. Begin with a few and work your way up is my advice.

Changing our Type of Beef Animal.

Twenty-five years ago the popular beef animal was a mountain of meat and tallow. Pasture land was cheap and labor low in price; so the raiser could afford to keep the animal until it weighed a ton before putting it on

cattle till twenty-four or thirty months of age in the corn belt are attempting to raise their own calves and market them at around twelve months of age or between the ages of twelve and eighteen months, and weighing from 800 to 1,000 pounds. This is what is known as the "baby beef" proposition, and it is a question that is exciting more interest every year among cattle feeders and producers.

Baby beef has not been popular with steer feeders, because under conditions formerly existing the man on the range could produce them more cheaply than the man in the corn belt could buy them. The extra land necessary for maintaining breeding cows could be used for corn; the feeding period of the baby beef animal lasted from six to nine or twelve months, while that of the twenty-four and thirty-months old steer only lasted from 90 to 180 days. Then, too, greater uniformity and more indications of better breeding are necessary in the baby beef proposition in feeding out old cattle. Greater skill in feeding and caring for the young animals is also more necessary than in the case of the older ones whose appetites do not have to be catered to. The killer also discriminated against the younger animal, because the carcass of the older animal usually carried a little firmer flesh than the young animal, and there is less water in the carcass, so that they kill out a larger per cent of good meat. The feeder himself found that unless he exercised great vigilance, the young animals shrunk more in being shipped to market and finally the consumer favored the meat from the older animal.

If the cattle feeder aims to produce his own feeders, he cannot afford to

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let his calves lose what is known as "calf fat." It is well known that young animals gain more rapidly in proportion to their live weight and to 100 pounds of food than do older animals. That is, they not only make more economical use of their feed than the older animals, but they take a shorter time to make a certain total gain. The man who turns off a steer that weighs 1,000 pounds, has, if that calf weighed 100 pounds at birth, been given 10 per cent. of the total weight by the dam; while the man who keeps the animal till it weighs 1,250 pounds has been given only 8 per cent. The man who can make a steer weigh 1,000 at twelve months has more return for his trouble than the man who keeps it twenty-four months, with an additional weight of only 250 pounds.

Butchers, too, have changed to suit the demand of the consumer. Although meat is generally considered a luxury in the diet of the poor man's family, it still remains an absolute necessity in the diet of the better classes. But, where people formerly ordered large roasts and steaks, they are ordering steaks and roasts now that are from 50 to 75 per cent. smaller on account of the advanced prices. They find that if they get a small roast from a large animal that it is "long" on bone. The butcher, then, to suit the demands for smaller bone, demands smaller animals, and, during the last few months they have been willing to offer, not a premium on smaller steers so far as dollars per 100 is concerned, but they have brought the price of small steers up so close to that of the large ones that there is really a premium on little steers when we consider the cost of production.

We do not think that the 1,200-pound steer will ever be entirely eliminated from the market, but we do think (if a conjecture is allowable) that the baby beef animal will continue to increase in popularity in those districts where men do not wish to dairy.

To the Hen.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who's never to the waitress said
"Bring me some eggs on toast," and
then

Thought gratefully upon the hen
Who clucked and scratched and pecked
and fed

To help him with his daily bread?

Lives there a farmer's wife whose mood
When she beholds the yellow brood
That's just broke forth from many a
shell,

Doth fail to make her bosom swell?
If such a heartless one there be,
Please do not make her known to me!

Is there a farmer sits him down
To carve the rooster, roasted brown
With gravy, dressing, or with pie,
And doesn't heave a grateful sigh?
If indigestion's pangs pursue
That farmer, he's but got his due!

If every soul who reads this verse
Reflects how much he'd be the worse
Without the hen, and all she gives,
To all those meals whereby he lives,
He'll join me in my heartfelt praise
Of her, and all the eggs she lays.

Effects of Food.

Too much nourishing food will ruin a strain of Bantams, in a few years they will be "overweight." Too little food in the heavy breeds will result in a lot of undersized specimens. The over-feeding of birds on Indian corn will clog the internal organs with fat, and soon put the bird out of action. The color of the feathers is materially changed by various foods. Iron deepens the color, Indian corn will cause a creamy, yellow tint to appear in white breeds.

Cayenne pepper will turn a yellow canary into a "ball of fire" as regards plumage if continually fed. Hemp seed will turn bullfinches black if used exclusively for a few months before and during the moult.

The English linnet, in a wild state,



A trip through the lonely wilds.

when mature has a lovely red breast and nut-brown plumage. When cage moulting it never assumes the red breast, and the plumage is very subdued in color. The gloss on the bird's feathers is increased by feeding seed of an oily nature.

Sheep that feed on poor pastures never attain the size of sheep on rich pastures. But here we have an object lesson of the wonderful adaptability of animals. If you take large-bodied sheep and put them on poor pastures the size will gradually diminish, the mortality will be great amongst the lambs, but the survivors will produce a race of small-bodied, active sheep, suit-

able to the surroundings. Darwin himself noticed this. We all know the effects of feeding to produce "show condition."

The gizzard of the fowl can be materially altered in size simply by the manner in which you feed. The contents of the egg depends upon the food eaten by the hen. The heat of a sitting hen may be increased or diminished by the food you give her during incubation.

At certain seasons of the year a hen may be forced to go on laying or compelled to start moulting simply by regulating the food. The same meals mixed exactly the same way, but with

different qualities of water, may agree with the flock, produce diarrhoea or clog the system. Always mix your meals to a "crumbly" state, not sloppy or sticky. Meals should always be mixed with boiling water, left a few hours to swell, then dried off with bran till quite crumbly. Wheat, oats, buckwheat, barley, Indian corn are all good feeds, but should be regulated to suit the condition of your flock. Green food is always in order.

Forcing Hens to Moul.

Many poultrymen who are anxious for eggs in winter stop their hens laying by keeping them confined to the hen-house and only allowing them a few handfuls of wheat daily. In a few days the hens knock off laying and commence to moult. Sometimes they take ten days or two weeks to get started. There need be no suspicion of cruelty by this treatment; simply keep the birds on a very low diet, solely on wheat. When they have commenced to cast off their old clothes you can go "full steam ahead" and feed more liberally, for poultry during the moult require sufficient food to manufacture new feathers, and should always be well fed during this period.

An Egg a Day.

In testing out your hens either by the trap nest system or any other method of egg isolation, the fact is brought out that hens as a rule can be divided as layers into two classes, the ones that lay every day and the ones that lay every other day. This classification, though not ironclad, of course, serves in the majority of cases. Some-



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Your Photograph May Win a Prize

A MONG the prizes we are offering in our big Prize Contest is one of \$100.00 (Prize "C") for the farmer in each Province who furnishes us with a photograph showing the best of any particular kind of work done on his farm during 1911 with "CANADA" Cement. For this prize, work of every description is included.

Now just as soon as you finish that new silo, barn, feeding floor or dairy, that you've been thinking of building, why not photograph it and send the picture to us? The photograph doesn't necessarily have to be taken by a professional or an expert. In fact, your son's or your daughter's camera will do nicely. Or, failing this, you might use the kodak of your neighbor's son nearby. In any event, don't let the idea of having a photograph made deter you from entering the competition. Particularly as we have requested your local dealer to help in cases where it is not convenient for the farmer to procure a camera in the

neighborhood. By this means you are placed on an equal footing with every other contestant. Get the circular, which gives you full particulars of the conditions and of the other three prizes. Every dealer who sells "CANADA" Cement will have on hand a supply of these circulars—and he'll give you one if you just ask for it. Or if you prefer, you can use the attached coupon—or a postcard will do—send it to us and you'll receive the complete details of the contest by return mail.

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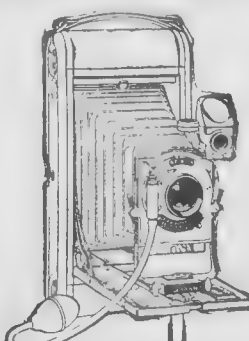
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times the every-day layer takes a period of every-other-day work and again at times the every-other-day layer works every day, Sundays included. Others don't lay at all. However, this is the rule, and care and conditions influence the exceptions.

It goes without saying that the every-day hen is the hen we want to keep, as the twice-a-day hen has not yet been discovered, although the claims of some enthusiastic breeders encourage this belief.

This every-day layer is the only one that will produce the "high level" yields. While I believe her tendency to take periods of complete rest is greater than that of the every-other-day or periodical layer, extra feed and care will keep her "on the job" and I want to say right here that unless that is her nature you cannot get results with even care and feed. The time is past when the up-to-date egg producer can trust to chance for his results. Chance sleeps on his job.

If you have fifty hens and twenty-

snatch an hour or ten minutes or a day from her work for rest and recreation is healthier and happier and more prosperous in every way than one who keeps going from sheer force of will from early morning till late at night. It may be only the little walk after the cows in the cool of the evening, the trip to town for meat, the half hour's rest under the old apple tree while waiting for the men to come to dinner or the little nap while the baby is getting to sleep, but all the same it rests and refreshes a tired body, and makes the wife and mother far more comfortable to live with, than if she ignored these little periods of repose.

Then there are the little one-day excursions so popular in all sections, that are patronized by many country ladies and should be by many more. These little trips give glimpses of new country and yet allow time for the morning and evening chores, so necessary on every farm. They may be to some lake or summer resort, to some large city or some attractive spot near or far from home, but wherever they are they fur-



Go where you like, its all got to be plowed.

live are of the every-other-day kind, sell them and buy twenty-five more. Isolate them and test them out and keep on with this testing-out process until you have a flock every one of which is a live wire, every-day layer.

You will go wrong sometimes. A test is not always conclusive, so the testing should be kept up unless perchance you are getting an egg every day from every hen—the ideal of the egg producer. With this kind of systematic testing you will breed a lot of high-level layers from a proved and tested flock.

There are a lot of alleged layers running around loose to-day for whom there is but one proper treatment—and that is a removal of their tail feathers directly behind their ears, and the pot pie.

The Little Outing.

Blessed is the housekeeper who appreciates the little outings possible to the country woman, and thrice blessed is her family. The woman who can

nish a delightful change from the summer work. Of course, next day the people who went on the excursion are "dead tired," to use their own expression, but it is a healthy tired and the mind is refreshed and invigorated. The dinner and supper that the housekeeper did not have to cook may be indifferent, and quite unlike the good meals of the farm, but it is a rest to eat such food occasionally, and home seems doubly dear after a little outing.

But best of all are the little driving trips about the country in a carriage or auto that take only a few hours. There cannot be any too many of these little trips all summer and fall, for they bring rest and refreshment and inspiration as nothing else can. If there can be one or two each week the mistress of the house and the children will soon show the effects of the outings in health and temper, and there will be nothing lost from the pocket-book because of the rest. Country ladies need more outings and more recreation, and if they take advantage of the little opportunities the larger ones will come in due time.

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The simple announcement means that someone has at last found his way into the "Man's Class" of sportsmen and that his friends realize it. You may shoot well with a poor gun, but it is reasonable to suppose that your scores will pile up at the traps with greater regularity and your bag be better filled in the field, if you use a gun that is of the dependable kind. This apparent ideal is a tangible reality in the

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And the "why" of it is that we have spent years and years in perfecting the manufacture of this gun—years of painstaking, exacting care in selecting the materials that go into each part—years in perfecting a mechanism that produces the best working action ever constructed in a gun of hammerless type—guaranteed as very few guns are guaranteed. With each Tobin Simplex or we undertake to give one hundred per cent. satisfaction, or you may have your purchase money back—every cent of it without question. You cannot lose on a Tobin Simplex—it must please you.

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The Tobin Arms Mfg.
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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS.

Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
 N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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 Cure the lameness and remove the bunch without scarring the horse—have the part looking just as it did before the blemish came.
Fleming's Spavin Cure (Liquid)
 is a special remedy for soft and semi-solid blemishes—Boo Spavin, Thoroughpin, Splint, Curb, Capped Hock, etc. It is neither a liniment nor a simple blister, but a remedy unlike any other—doesn't irritate and can't be imitated. Easy to use, only a little required, and your money back if it ever fails.
Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser
 describes and illustrates all kinds of blemishes and gives you the information you ought to have before ordering or buying any kind of a remedy. Mailed free if you write.
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A Woman's First Duty.

There is much discussion as to what is woman's first duty, and I have come to believe that her first duty is to properly care for her own health—physical, mental and spiritual—for it is only then that she can do her full duty to anyone else. It is only by being developed to the fullest extent of which we are capable that we realize our highest ideal, or that we become capable of doing our best for our family or mankind. So I think we should make the first consideration our own health, realizing that this is for the welfare and happiness not only of ourselves, but of all.

Many wives and mothers develop selfishness in the members of their families by their own extreme unselfishness. An ideal mother, is, of course, an unselfish one, always thinking first of her family, but one's virtues when over-developed, sometimes become vices. Hence, it is better to train our dear ones to habits of unselfishness by teaching them to save mother's health and strength.

Every woman, and a mother especially, should form the habit of going into her room for a certain time each day, during which the members of the family are not to intrude. Here she can shut out all the work and worry or cares of the family. She can renew her strength in this way as in no other. It is so important that a mother keep her serenity of mind or spirit, and this she cannot do if over-taxed by work or care.

Then, too, we should learn to live by the day, a day at a time, doing and bearing only to-day's duty or burden. So many of us try to live our past, present and future days in just the one day of the present. Just learning and realizing there is only one day with its duties and burdens, sorrows and joys is of itself a rest. We should make the most of the new leasures coming to us with each new day.

When one is feeling well she doesn't think of the necessity of saving strength, but I have acquired my views through dearly bought experience in overdoing myself; hence, my desire to warn others. Every mother should plan to husband her strength, so that whatever unexpected demand it may be necessary to meet, she can be ready for it; always keeping in mind that it is only possible to do her full duty, the best of which she is capable, after she has first done this first duty to herself.

The Salt of the Earth.

By Joseph Bull, Winnipeg. Specially written for Western Home Monthly.

Does the average farmer realize what an ennobling, elevating profession farming really is? One hears so much nowadays about country life being dull, of young men and women leaving the old homesteads and taking up other occupations in the cities, that one is inclined to think that the magnificent opportunities that agriculture offers, opportunities for the advancement in life of the individual and for the uplifting of a nation, opportunities more over than few other professions can equal, are not so fully appreciated as they ought to be.

There was a time, now happily relegated to limbo, when it was considered that "any fool" could farm. Years ago in the Old Country it was often those sons of the nobility and country families, who, having proved themselves too dense and dull to successfully enter any other profession, were placed upon the land as "gentlemen farmers," of which class it used to be wittily, if somewhat severely, said that "they were neither gentlemen nor farmers." "Hayseed," "Chawbacon," and other equally foolish terms of contempt, supposed to denote stupidity and slowness as the characteristics of a farmer were frequently employed by would-be considered smart city people. But things have, indeed, altered to-day. If other professions have advanced and become far more exacting as to the number of

sciences connected with them, and persistent as to the proficiency of knowledge, a would-be successful practitioner must attain in those sciences. Agriculture has pre-eminently done so. To-day it is to the farmer, before any other profession or trade, that this great land, our Canada, which, like a lusty stripling, is so rapidly growing and stretching its limbs from coast to coast, looks, and confidently looks, for the realization of its dearest hopes and dreams, which are, that Canada, already rich, but richer far in the fair promise of splendid things to be, may ultimately become a great nation, powerful in the world's national councils for the upholding of every principle of truth, equity and justice. Independent in thought and action, yet united by the indissoluble bonds of blood and affectionate associations to the sister nations as co-partners in that glorious and unique concern, the mighty British Empire.

The statesman, the soldier, the sailor, the servant, and all the other numerous classes, who, giving to their country freely of their best life's endeavor, bear, it is true, their share also towards weaving together those strands of qualities that go towards making the fabric of a great nation. But the great deeds done, and the services rendered by these people, magnificent and

invaluable, though they often are, after all, are not, from a national point of view, of anything like the primal importance, as the life work of a really, earnest, intelligent farmer. It is an old and universally accepted axiom, that no country can become a great one, unless it has "Peace and Plenty" within its borders.

Peace, indeed, that blessed state, wherein, when acquired with honor, a country can undisturbed strenuously develop the resources within it for the betterment and the elevation of its inhabitants is almost impossible where there is not "Plenty." War, with all its fearful horrors and the tremendous waste of blood and treasure it entails, has indeed often been indirectly brought about by a country's lack of "plenty" or its want of territory to derive the "plenty" from. Even the successful waging of a great war must depend upon an abundant supply of food stuffs, for, as Napoleon is supposed to have said, "An army fights upon its stomach."

The greatest man, therefore, the truest patriot, the most beneficent to his race, is he who, by using to his utmost, the mental and physical abilities that Providence has given him makes "two blades of grass grow where but one grew before," and obtains from his holding, no matter whether his

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have for many years manufactured this fabric, which has been much appreciated, and goes on increasingly so. The excellent quality of the material, which is practically unshrinkable, makes it most adaptable to those who make up garments for day and night wear in their own homes.

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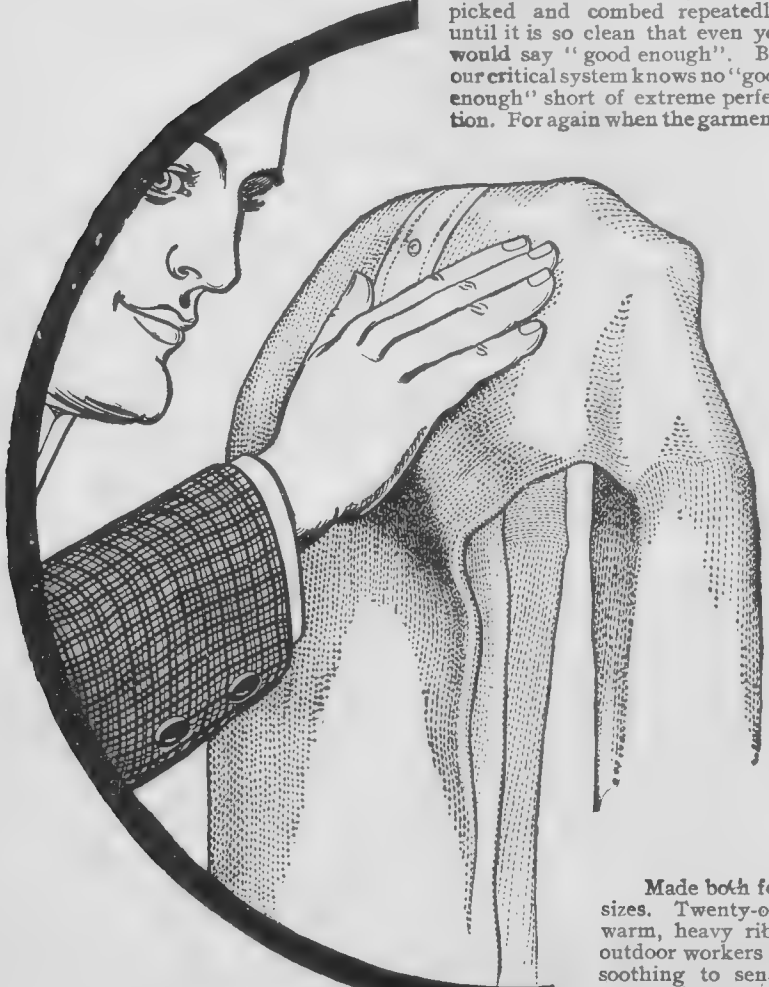
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farm be a large or a small one, the very best possible results.

The farmer should, therefore, remember that in his profession, as in all others, but in his especially, by reason of his being the most important and the direct producer of a nation's food, there lies a far more splendid purpose, a nobler, wider, a more imperial aspect, than the narrow one of a mere personal gain of dollars and cents, and that for every weed among his crops, and for every low grade type of horse, cattle, or hog raised by him, not only he himself, but the nation, is the poorer. In striving to im-

prove his farm and farming methods by practice, the farmer, and especially the younger members of the community, should not lose sight of the value of the theoretical side of his profession. What was good enough for the father of the present day farmer, ought not to be good enough for him. He should strive to go one better. The advent of cheap printing now enables any intelligent farmer to gather from technical books and papers an enormous amount of valuable information that can afterwards be profitably applied in the field.

Every progressive farmer should de-

vote some time, even if it be only a few hours a week, to reading some work or paper relating to his business. He can by doing so often hear of farming experiments and methods that others have tried, and by noting same he will often avoid pitfalls or gain a greater profit.

There is, indeed, scarcely any science in its elementary form at least, of which a knowledge is out of place upon a farm to-day. For instance, chemistry in its organic form will interest and benefit a farmer so far as it relates to such matters as tillage, draining, manuring and the constituents

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of the soil and crops. Mechanics and mechanical engineering will enable him to better understand his farm machinery, and to use it to better advantage. Veterinary surgery will show him how to use simple drugs and appliances to a sick animal that in the absence of a fully qualified medical man might die and become a total loss. Botany and the study of plant life is of practical use. Zoology will give him a greater interest in his live stock and better impress him with the importance of the law of heredity among animals and the vital importance of line breeding for the production of a desired type. A knowledge of the principles of carpentry, bricklaying, blacksmithing, and so on in almost any trade is useful. In fact, scarcely any knowledge is useless on the farm. The present day farmer is, indeed, a man who needs an extensive and a varied knowledge for the successful practice of his business.

So far as Canada is concerned, certain it is that the Canadian farmer will in no wise lag behind his competitors in other countries. Splendidly as he has done in the past, he will do all that lies within him to do even better yet. Proving still more emphatically in the future as he has so amply proved in the past, that the farming community are indeed "The Salt of the Earth," and by making his farm his own little city and his technical knowledge and farming methods, firm and sound as a hill to support it, he will lend a new and agricultural significance to the words of the grand, old book, "Ye are the light of the world, a city that is set on a hill cannot be hid."

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Billie ain't You Coming Out.

Written for The Western Home Monthly by C. J. Byrne.

When the winter days are here
Memories greet me, memories dear.
That's the time I like the best
When the wind blows from the west:
Shaking dead leaves from the trees;
Chasing out the honey bees
From their haunts of summer time.
Echoes of the Christmas time
Seem to ring upon the air
With the snow flakes everywhere,
While they flurry all around
Here and there upon the ground
When my school mates used to shout
"Billie, ain't you coming out?"

How I love to stand and gaze
At the sort of wintry haze,
As I cross the frozen field:
And to think that from its yield
Such good things we'll have to eat.
All this winter while the sleet.
Rattles on the window pane,
Frosting it all up again.
But you bet it's lots of fun,
Peeking through it at the sun;
When it gets up good and high,
And the clouds all leave the sky;
Thought I heard somebody shout:
"Billie, ain't you coming out?"

When at night we gather near
Father's chair and mother dear:
Now my eyes fill for I know
That those days of long ago,
Are beyond on boyhood's shore,
And to me they'll never more.
Enter in my life, but creep
In my dreams when'er I sleep.
When the wind blows from the west
And those memories with me rest,
Then the sun sets in my heart;
And I wake up with a start
When I hear my school mates shout:
"Billie, ain't you coming out?"



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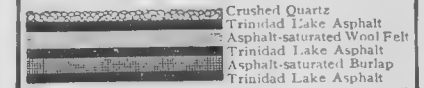
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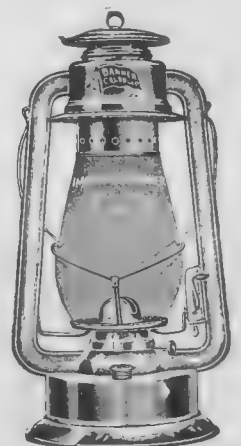
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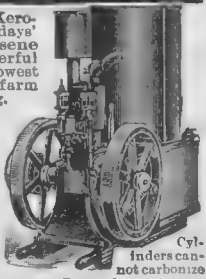
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Gasoline Going Up!

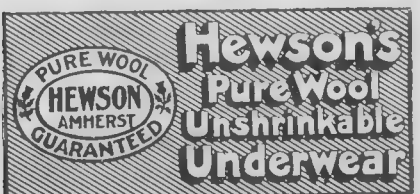
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5132.—Suit for young lady, fancy striped material, good quality. Dark grey and navy blue, or dark grey and green. Coat 28 inches long, semi-fitting, with good mercerized lining and black satin trimming on collar and pockets; pretty buttons finish off the sleeves and edge of coat on the sides. The Skirt, with panel in the front, and flounce trimmed with buttons on the sides, is well fitted over the hips, and has a large pleat in the back—a perfect cut. **\$9.75**
Fine value at.....

5167.—Waist made of striped alpaca imported from England, in cream white only. This material will give fine satisfaction. The front is cut as shown in illustration and shows a fancy button; tucks on either side of opening. Tucks at back also, and on collar. Tailor-made sleeves. **98c**
Good value at.....

5162.—Skirt made of good English Cheviot black or navy blue. Trimmings on either side as shown in illustration, with bands of good quality satin, and six serge covered buttons, double box pleat at bottom on sides and inverted pleat at back. The style is very smart..... **\$3.50**

5142.—Child's Coat of imported Cheviot; good quality in black or navy blue. Double-breasted, made full and comfortable. Part-lined in same material—which makes the garment warm. Fancy braid and small button trimming at collar and edge of sleeves. Sizes: 4 yrs., 25 inches; 6 yrs., 27 in.; 8 yrs., 30 in.; 10 yrs., 33 in.; 12 yrs., 36 in.; 14 yrs., 39 in.

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Letters to the Editor.

Water Divining.

The Editor Western Home Monthly.

Sir, — Referring to Mr. Bonnycastle Dale's article on page 14 of September issue, there is a book published by two professional water diviners in Wales on the ancient and modern history and use of the "divining rod" as used to locate both water and minerals. There was also published in the British edition of a leading magazine, if I remember rightly, about 7 years ago, a long illustrated article on the subject with reviews and photos. of eminent professional and amateur diviners — one of these an amateur it pointed out had the "power" strongly developed and so sensitive that he required no "rod" of any kind, but could feel the "sensation" in his finger tips when he came near underground water, and even when travelling by train he could feel a strong "tremor" or influence when passing over hidden springs. Some time recently a scientist on the subject pointed out that the "strain" on mental and nerve force was so great on the "diviner" when operating that after one day's work he was so ill and weak he was unable to do anything for weeks or months. Quite recently, I believe, an electrical instrument has been discovered, which the inventor claims will supersede the "divining rod." It is said to be a highly sensitive instrument after the principle of those used to locate earthquakes. The best hydraulic engineers, however, now discredit the "divining rod" principle and base their operations entirely on the geological formation of the underground strata. The present writer is the author of a long detailed article which appeared in the "Montreal Family Herald and Weekly Star" on water finding by the geological method. Where an existing or saturated or water bearing strata is known to exist in a particular locality from an actual boring or deep well—a certain distance from the surface—if it is desired to sink another boring or well at a given point distant from the existing well where water was struck—a good underground surveyor can measure the angle of "dip" of the water-bearing strata between the two points and come very near the distance water will be found at any particular point, provided the water underground is not diverted or cut off in another direction by faults in the sub stratum. If in localities where no boring or deep well exists it is desired to make a trial boring, then a geological map of the locality should be obtained, also an ordnance or surface or survey map, one showing the level well is the best. In a porous strata water will not be found till it is passed through, and an impermeable strata met with. In deep borings water may be found in a permeable strata, like limestone, chalk, sandstone, or sand and gravel over hard rock. Where water exists in vertical fissures of hard rock, it is more difficult to strike, but in a porous strata it will be saturated quite a distance round any spot touched by the boring. If Mr. Dale would like to obtain any of the publications I mention or works on practical water finding for his benefit he should communicate with me personally, care of W.H.M.. Apologising for occupying so much space,

"Lumen Veritas."

The Water Wizard.

To The Editor Western Home Monthly.

Dear Sir,—I would, with your kind permission make a few remarks re above. I am not to dispute Mr. Wigglesworth's abilities to locate water springs or underground currents. I do not doubt for a moment but what your correspondent and many others have reason to believe in his abilities as a water diviner, as these men are called. What I wish to call your attention to

is the use of this divine rod or forked twig. Your correspondent asserts that the twig turns down when the person holding it, crosses over a spring (the wood, or whatever is used has yet to grow, or article made that will turn down of itself,) when carried over a spring or water current. I admit it turns down or up, but it is turned by the person holding it in his hands. I am an old hand in many localities and lands, and have seen some of the extraordinary and mysterious happenings in connection with water problems. I hold the finding of these water currents is a gift only with a few, but I have had the experience of tracing water currents to old forts and castles in old habited countries where the ancients lived in their primitive condition. These people even in those times never built a fort or stronghold but they made themselves sure of water supply and drainage, independent of the outside world. I never yet have got any trace of these people using a rod. The only trace we get of a rod being used was by Moses in the wilderness, but we all know its use was put to other advantage besides the finding of water. I can use the rod or twig, or anything else, to locate water, but when the rod turns, I do it, not the rod. I have many years ago discarded its use, because it is very apt to deceive the public. We are no mysterious persons; only have a gift. That is all and it is no trouble to use it, and when locating water, you are perfectly helpless; the fact of its being there is clearly made known to you by the contraction of the muscles and shock in the body. I shall be glad to be put to a test blind-folded or otherwise by any person or persons who doubts my abilities to locate underground currents without a rod or twig. There is no unseen power. The person locating or divining, has simply to be able and have the ability to make a connection between himself or herself and the earth. These water currents, large or small, cause, without a doubt, an electric current, and the persons who have the gift no doubt are possessors of some sensitive faculty unknown to himself or herself. I have been questioned and examined by professors with no result. Trusting this note may be of some value, I am, Yours etc.,

James Harper Scott.

Kamsack, Sask., Canada, 18th Sept., 1911.

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Correspondence.

Poor "Yank." Burns Himself.

Markinch, Sask., Sept. 19, 1911.

Dear Editor,—I have just lately become a subscriber to your valuable paper, the W.H.M., and must say I certainly do enjoy reading it, especially the correspondence pages. Some of your correspondents give good advice, I must say, and I believe if they would all take the same stand against certain habits it would do a world of good. For myself I am a total abstainer from liquor and tobacco. However, I do swear at times, especially when doing my culinary duties and happen to burn myself. I do not see any harm in card playing and dancing if done merely for pleasure. I am what is called a "Yankee" in this country, as I hail from Ohio. Have been in this Western land for three years, although I have also lived in Ontario. I see most of the



View on Berens River, Lake Winnipeg.

correspondents describe themselves, so here goes: Am 22 years old, 5 ft. 8 ins. in height, weigh about 165 lbs., and have brown hair and blue eyes. I would like to have some correspondence from some of your fair readers. So if anyone should care to write to me, my address is with the editor. Will close, wishing your paper and all readers success.

"Yank."

Enjoys Receiving Letters.

Chatham, Sept. 14, 1911.

Dear Sir,—This is the second attempt I have made to join your correspondence column. We take the Western Home Monthly and have taken it for some years, and I enjoy it very much, not only the correspondence, but all the reading is interesting. I am a young girl, 19 years of age, am five feet six inches tall, weigh one hundred and thirty pounds, have grey eyes and dark hair. I like writing letters very much but enjoy receiving them better and I trust that these pages will win me a few more correspondents. So if any young people would care to write to me, I will answer their letters promptly. Would like to hear from "Last Grain" in the September number. Wishing your paper every success, I will sign myself

A Lonely Child.

"A Western Cowgirl."

Alberta, Sept.

Dear Sir,—Here comes Western "Cowgirl" again. Although I did not see my first letter in print, I am not discouraged yet, but will try my luck again. I have some jolly lugs when I read the letters in our dear Western paper. I am one of the jolly sex, and when started talking can go pretty hard. But, of course, am shy in getting started. What has happened to Archibald lately? He wants to show up again or we will all be asleep. Poor fellow; he got some pretty hard knocks. I will soon be seventeen and am 5 ft. 3 in. tall, weigh 103 lbs., brown hair and brown eyes. As for looks, I will let them pass. I would be pleased to hear from "Riches" and "Albertan" if they will please write first. Now, boys, brave up and write, as I don't think you are all shy. If you once write,

you won't be able to stop. I will "halt." Leaving my address with the Editor and wishing the W.H.M. every success,

"Western Cowgirl."

A Broadening Influence.

Manitoba, Sept. 7, 1911.

Dear Editor,—The correspondence column of your valuable paper has attracted our attention for some time. We believe in corresponding. What has a more broadening influence upon one's mind and character than meeting the many and varied personalities that people our earth? And is it not preferable to meet people on paper to not meeting them at all? We agree with "Truehearted" in his views on social problems. If women could but have the franchise what wrongs upheld by our laws in these matters might not be bettered! But will no truehearted man come forward to champion the cause of the weaker sex regarding our laws?

"Lola" and "Lila."

A Valuable Paper.

Regina, Sask., Aug. 12, '11

Dear Mr. Editor,—I have just finished reading over the correspondence column of your very valuable paper, the W.H.M., I take upon myself the liberty of congratulating you for sending out such a very instructive paper to cheer the hearts of so many lonely bachelors in this Western country. I have been out here for nearly two years, and I find it very lonely after being used to living in a town in the Old Country, so I would like to have one or two correspondents to keep me from feeling home sick. My chief reason in writing this letter is to congratulate you on having such an excellent way to draw young people together, by means of the correspondence column. I would also like to correspond with A Willing Bee from Alberta, whose letter I saw in the August issue of the W.H.M. I will now close, wishing your valuable paper every success,

Scotty.



Charming Falls on Berens River, Lake Winnipeg.

Poultry Farming and Dairying.

Edmonton, Alta., Sept. 18, 1911.

Dear Sir,—As a subscriber to the W.H.M., and one of those who wants to get acquainted, I seek admission to the circle of the W.H.M. In other words, I am seeking again, my former efforts not getting me there. I am a bachelor all right, but am getting tired of it; the only thing I am not tired of in "batching" is reading the W.H.M. I am engaged in the business of poultry farming and dairying and like it fine. I am working up a good business, but think I would do a whole lot better if I had a life partner. I would like to hear from any young lady of good character, and would prefer those who are working for their living at any kind of work — housekeeping, clerking, etc. I suppose I should describe myself to keep up with the rest of the bunch. I am 30 years old, nearly six ft. up in the air, very seldom use tobacco, but smoke once in a

WOMAN'S ILLS

Many women suffer needlessly from girlhood to womanhood and from motherhood to old age—with backache, dizziness or headache. She becomes broken-down, sleepless, nervous, irritable and feels tired from morning to night. When pains and aches rack the womanly system at frequent intervals, ask your neighbor about

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This Prescription has, for over 40 years, been curing delicate, weak, pain-wracked women, by the hundreds of thousands and this too in the privacy of their homes without their having to submit to indelicate questionings and offensively repugnant examinations.

Sick women are invited to consult in confidence by letter free. Address World's Dispensary Medical Ass'n, R.V. Pierce, M. D., Pres't, Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. PIERCE'S GREAT FAMILY DOCTOR BOOK, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, newly revised up-to-date edition—1000 pages, answers in Plain English hosts of delicate questions which every woman, single or married, ought to know about. Sent free to any address on receipt of 50 one-cent stamps to cover cost of wrapping and mailing only, in French cloth binding.



Cure Your Rheumatism

50,000 BOXES FREE



Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Pain in the Back have been cured, in the real meaning of the word, by a little Stillingia, Iodide of Potassium, Poke Root, Guaiac Resin and Sarsaparilla. Any person can take these remedies in any reasonable amount with perfect safety, and the results have been found to be astonishing. It has been proven that this combination makes up the best rheumatism remedy in existence, having actually cured many stubborn cases of over 30 and 40 years standing—even in persons of old age.

The five ingredients mentioned above prepared with great accuracy and skill not only in regard to proportion, but also in selecting the best material, have

been put up in compressed tablet form, and are called

"GLORIA TONIC,"

and fifty thousand boxes are offered free to introduce it.

If you suffer from any form of uric acid in the blood, and have Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, this is the way to drive it out of your system in quick time. Simply send your name and address, enclosing this advertisement, to JOHN A. SMITH, 1041 Laing Bldg., Windsor, Ont., and by return mail you will receive the box absolutely free. It is only in "Gloria Tonic" that you can get the above combination ready for use.

Home Made Syrup

for one-half the cost, is made by dissolving White Sugar in Water and adding

MAPLEINE

the popular flavoring. It also flavors Puddings, Cake Frostings, Candies, etc. Grocers sell Mapleine. If not, send 50 cents for 2 oz. bottle.

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BOOKKEEPING

The Only Strictly Farmer's Course Farm Business from Start to Finish

F. E. WEED'S SCHOOL OF

FARM ACCOUNTING

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"NO OTHER MEDICINE TO EQUAL, MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP."

"Your Syrup has come providentially to lengthen my days. There is no other medicine to equal Mother Seigel's Syrup."

So says one man who, during the time of his suffering, lost courage as well as strength. But Mother Seigel's Syrup has proved his friend indeed, and cured him of chronic indigestion.

Just what this dreadful complaint may mean, is made clear by Mr. Ramin T. Sampson, of L'Ardoise East, Richmond Co., N.S., whose letter shows how indigestion can take all sunshine out of life. But the same letter also shows just as clearly that Mother Seigel's Syrup, in curing indigestion, restores good health and brings with it a return of hope and courage.

"About the middle of last October," he writes, "I was violently and suddenly struck down by illness. It took me with vomiting. I could not take food of

any kind. My appetite was gone, and so was my strength and courage. I could not get out of bed, and I was in that state for three weeks or more. I thought my days were running short, and so they were, but a good friend advised me to take Mother Seigel's Syrup, and so I did. To my real surprise, before I had half used one bottle of Syrup, I was relieved from vomiting and diarrhoea, my appetite sharpened up, and by the time I had taken one bottle of Syrup, I could walk around, and do a little work.

"It seems to me that your Syrup has come providentially to lengthen my days on earth, for every other medicine I used took no effect. There is no other medicine to equal Mother Seigel's Syrup.

This famous herbal tonic has direct, beneficial effect on the stomach, liver and bowels. That is why it cures all such stomach and liver troubles as pains after eating, headaches, biliousness, constipation, and the like. Test it!

No other medicine approaches Mother Seigel's Syrup in world-wide popularity, because its success has never been equalled. Try it yourself!

In sixteen different countries, Mother Seigel's Syrup is the regular family medicine in hundreds and thousands of homes. Keep it in yours.

while, live 5 miles from the city. Wishing the W.H.M. every success and hoping to see this in print soon. Will sign myself, "Capital."

Deep Gratitude Expressed.

Sask., Sept. 22, 1911.

Dear Editor,—I have been a reader of your paper for a long time, and like it better every time, so will write a few lines to express my deep gratitude for its value to me and to everybody who likes good and sound reading. I read all and follow the correspondence with interest. This is my first letter to the column, because I am such a poor hand at writing. I like the West first-rate and in my belief this is the poor man's paradise, for here is work for everyone and good pay also, and that is what we working men are looking for. I have a homestead and know all about the "batch," and the rest of a bachelor's life. I am Danish by birth, medium height and light complexion, and twenty-five years old. I am fond of all kinds of sport, music and reading. Rex.

A Resting Place.

Alberta, Sept. 18, 1911.

Dear Editor,—As I am an interested reader of your paper, I would like to join the magic circle. I have not seen any letters from this part of the country. I live a nice three hours' drive from the city of Edmonton. I came from Kansas, U.S.A., nine years ago. I think this country is better than the south any day. As it is the custom to describe one's self, here goes: I am Scotch, 5 ft. 5½ ins. in height, brown hair and eyes, a little on the slim order, haven't frightened anyone with good looks that I know of. I like skating, dancing, horseback riding and other sports. Hoping this will find a resting place in W.H.M., I will close, wishing the Editor and club every success, and sign myself, Brown Eyed Kid.

From Across the Water.

Market St., Watchet, Eng.

Sept. 2, 1911.

Dear Sir,—I have been a reader of your valuable paper for some time past, and I think it is one of the most interesting papers in print. My brother, who is in Canada farming, sends it to us every month and it is read by us one after the other from cover to cover. I have never plucked up courage to write before, but thought I would now like to join your letter circle. I live in the West of England, by the sea, have lived here all my life, but am coming to Canada with my brother in a few years' time. I think it is usual to describe one's self, so I will do the same. I am 17½ years old, dark eyes, fair complexion and mid-brown hair, and as for looks, well, I should pass with a crowd in the dark. I should like to hear from some nice Canadian boys if they would care to write. I will answer all letters promptly. Wishing you every success.

A Somerset Lass.

Sweet Blue Eyes.

Sask., Aug. 21, 1911.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to your valuable paper, and I hope it will escape the waste basket this time. I like your paper very fine; it contains all good reading matter and gives many pointers and valuable instruction on farming. I like the correspondence columns very much, and take great interest in reading the letters. I would like to join your merry circle to pass time away, as I often feel lonesome. I live on my homestead most of the time, and have quite a nice place here. Well I suppose I have to fall into line and describe myself. I am 22 years old, light complexion, and have sweet blue eyes. I weigh about 150 pounds after a good meal. I would like to correspond with any of the young girls; I prefer having the girls write first as I am rather a poor letter writer and also shy, but will answer all letters promptly. I hope you will find a space in your valuable paper for this letter. My address is with the editor. Wish-

Had a Weak Aching Back and a Nasty Sick Headache

Mrs. W. R. Hodge, Fielding, Sask. writes:—"A few lines highly recommending Doan's Kidney Pills. For this last year I have been troubled very much with nasty sick headaches, and a weak aching back which caused me much misery, for I could not work, and had no ambition for anything. My kidneys were very badly out of order and kept me from sleeping at nights.

"I tried many kinds of pills and medicines but it seemed almost in vain. I began to give up in despair of ever being well and strong again when a kind neighbor advised me to try Doan's Kidney Pills, which I did, and am thankful for the relief I obtained from them for now I am never troubled with a sore back or sick headaches. I will always say Doan's Kidney Pills for mine and can highly recommend them to any sufferer."

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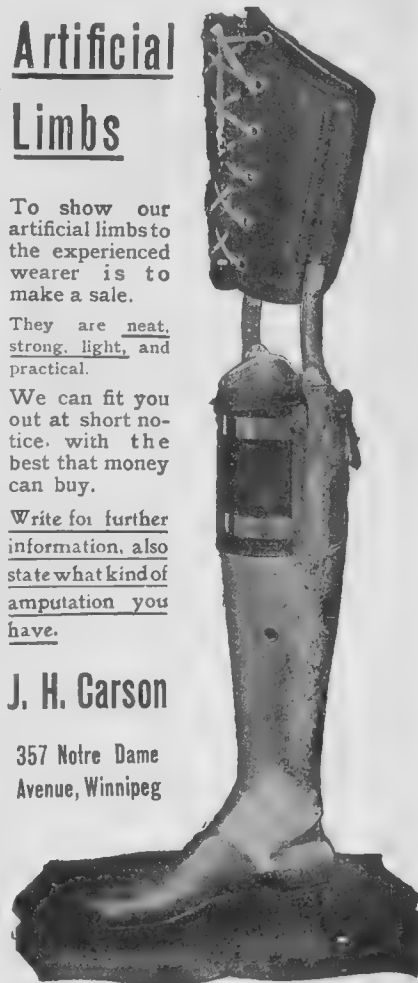
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FOR INDIGESTION

BILIOUSNESS

CONSTIPATION

HEADACHE

If you cannot digest your food perfectly you cannot be well. The slightest failure on the part of the stomach, liver or intestines, reacts on your whole system, and reacts harmfully. Not only is your body starved because you have failed to get the full nourishment from what you have eaten, but it is also poisoned. For indigestion loads your blood with poisonous impurities which your own stomach has created, and the blood carries these to every part of your body. Naturally your strength fails. You become weak and ailing, tortured with headache, biliousness, perhaps constipation (which still further contaminates your blood), and life becomes a daily misery. Mother Seigel's Syrup will free you from all this. It so tones and strengthens your stomach and liver that indigestion becomes impossible. It also regulates your bowels, and cleanses your whole system.

AND ALL STOMACH AND LIVER DISORDERS

Mr. T. H. Weaver, Victoria Vale, Annapolis Co., N.S., says:—"For years I suffered from a disordered stomach, accompanied by severe pains after eating. I tried several remedies but until I took Mother Seigel's Syrup I did not know what it was to be free from pain. My wife also uses the medicine and says that for all stomach disorders there is nothing like it."

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CURE IS

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP.

ASK YOUR
FRIENDS.
THEY KNOW.

The dollar bottle contains 2½ times as much as the 50 cent size
A. J. White & Co., Ltd., Montreal.

WANTED—A WIFE

I want to hear from some good woman who is tired of doing the washing. I will take the first train and be on hand in time to help do the next big washing. Will pay all my expenses for four weeks. She is dead sure to fall in love with me when she finds out what I can do. I am the famous 1900 Gravity Washer. I make clothes clean in double quick time. I'm the greatest invention of the age for doing quick and easy washing. I'm a star performer—the only washer in existence that can wash a tubful of dirty clothes spotlessly clean in six minutes! Housewives everywhere are delighted with my work. They have almost overwhelmed me with compliments. They tell how I save work and worry, banish "blues" and make washday a genuine pleasure. It's almost fun to do a washing with my aid. The 1900 Washer Co. will send me, free of charge, freight prepaid, on four weeks' trial in your home. Don't send money. Try me first. See the wonders I perform. If you fall in love with me after four weeks' acquaintance, you can pay for me in little easy payments out of the money I save you. Write for fascinating free book on the 1900 Gravity Washer. Tell others about this unusual offer. All correspondence should be addressed to W. H. B. Bach, The 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ontario.

Every Woman

Is interested and should know about the wonderful **MARVEL Whirling Spray**. The new Vaginal Syringe. Best—Most convenient. It cleanses instantly. Ask your druggist for it.

If he cannot supply the MARVEL... accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.

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State correct length, waist, and hip measurements. State correct size as now worn.

We make every garment to your own measurements, and will present a special bonus to every purchaser a pair of Fashionable LADIES' SHOES. These Skirts are seven-gored, and perfect in cut, style and finish. Made in black, brown, grey, navy and mottle. Skirt and Shoes carefully packed together in every parcel and sent per return mail. Carriage paid 2c extra. Total amount \$1. Remittances to be made in money order or dollar bill only.

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Made of Drop Forged high grade carbon steel. One agent in Essex County, N. Y., after a 6 days' canvass ordered 100 tools. His profit \$100.00. Big snap for agents. Sample free to workers.

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ASK FOR
HEWSON'S
Unshrinkable
UNDERWEAR

ing the W.H.M. every success, I will sign myself,

A Fishing Lake Homesteader.

An Australian Reader.

Sydney, Australia,
July 28th, 1911.

Sir,—The other day I was presented with a copy of your valuable paper, The Western Home Monthly, and have read with much pleasure the articles headed The Young Woman and Her Problem, also The Men and Their Problem. I think it is most instructive; also the correspondence column, which is both entertaining and amusing. Now, do you think you could make room for an Australian girl, who would like to know some Canadian girls, not forgetting the lonely bachelors. I am 5 feet 1 inch tall, dark hair, fair complexion, 22 years of age; so should anyone care to correspond, it will give me much



View on Berens River, Lake Winnipeg.

pleasure to answer their letters, as I intend going to Canada shortly. Thanking the editor for the pleasure his paper has given us, I will sign myself,

An Australian.

Opening for a Housekeeper.

Granville, Sask., Aug. 10, '11.

Dear Editor,—This is my third letter, and have failed to see my other two in print; but will just bother you once more, that's all. I am living on my dear homestead, and would not give up for anything I ever saw. I am improving my farm, and will in a few years have a home worth calling a home. Just now I am seeking a young housekeeper. I would like her to play organ or piano, and be a good cook. I do not smoke or chew. I am a widower with one boy, six years old, who goes to school. The school is just 300 feet from my door, and is a very nice place. I am 36 years old, 5 feet 9 inches in height, weigh 180 pounds, and will say am good looking. I am very lonesome, and would like to hear from anyone who would correspond. My address will be found with our dear editor. Wishing you and your paper every success, I will sign myself,

North Star.

A Dinner Fit for a King.

Ontario, Aug. 10, 1911.

Dear Editor,—Have you room in your correspondence columns for two farmers' daughters. We have taken your valuable paper for over three years, and find it both useful and instructive in the home. We enjoy reading the correspondence columns and find many of the letters very interesting. Having been brought up on a farm within a few miles of Toronto, we are right at home in mother's kitchen, and can cook a meal fit for a king to eat, bread included. Now boys do not think we are conceited, but everyone who is lucky enough to eat a meal at our table never fails to praise the baking (threshers included). As most of the correspondents give a description of themselves, we will follow suit. Our age is somewhere between eighteen and twenty-five, height 5 feet 6 inches tall, eyes of blue, and wear a number three shoe. We are both fond of music, and also take snapshots for pastime. We do not mind smoking or dancing, but strongly object to the smell of the cork, as the Scotch saying goes. Now, boys, if some of you lone-

some lads who are "T. T.'s," would like to hear from two Ontario girls, you will find our address with the editor. Wishing the W.H.M. every success, we sign ourselves,

Brunette and Blonde.

An Invitation.

Milltown, N.B., Sept. 2, '11.

Dear Editor,—Will you favor me by forwarding enclosed letter. I find your magazine very interesting, besides being very helpful; may you continue to make the paper interesting and profitable in the future. I am living away down here by the Bay of Fundy, where the tides rise high. This is an ideal spot—come and see for yourself. Yours very respectfully,

Bay of Fundy.

Dancing and Card Playing.

Sask., Aug. 31, '11.

Sir,—I do not often bother you, so I hope you will find space for this little "kick." In your July number a correspondent who signed himself or herself Josephus (the name is masculine) gave us a very well written letter condemning dancing, card playing, smoking and drinking. Now, I heartily agree with him (or her) with regard to smoking, drinking and chewing. These are nothing but filthy and unmanly habits. But when a group of young people get together and dance in their parents' houses or at the school, I see no harm in it. And if these same young people sit down to a game of cards on a winter's evening I can't see where the sin comes in. I am sure everybody will admit that some city dance halls are not fit places for any young girls, and they will also admit that gambling is not good for old or young. But, tell me, Josephus, have you ever seen young girls who danced as I have described dancing come to any harm through it, or have you ever seen a young man who plays whist or any of the old card games come to any harm by it? Many a girl drifts into bad ways, but if the cases were analysed, I think you would find, as I have found, that many influences far removed from cards or dancing, had to do with her downfall. Many a man has become a gambler, but



On Lake Winnipeg.

other influences also got their hold on him. I must apologise, dear editor, for taking up so much of your time, and, perhaps, space; but I hope the above views will explain me. With best wishes for the continued success of your paper, I remain,

Amicus Veritatis.

Girl Correspondents Wanted.

Alberta, Aug. 22, '11.

Dear Editor,—As my first letter did not appear in print, I will try my luck once more, and hope to escape the W.P.B. I am a 17 year old English boy, and have been here three years; am 5 feet 6 inches tall, and weigh about 115 pounds. I should like to correspond with a few young ladies about my own age, and would like you to forward the enclosed letters for me. My address is with the editor. Trusting this short epistle will find a corner, I will sign myself,

Anglo-Albertan.

Worms feed upon the vitality of children and endanger their lives. A simple and effective cure is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

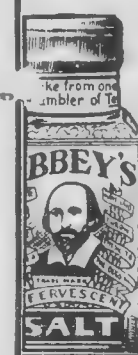
Nerves Were A Wreck. Could Not Stand The Least Noise

Miss Florence H. Perry, Courtland, Ont., writes:—"I wish to write you a short letter telling you of the help I received from the use of your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. A year ago my nerves were a real bad wreck and was so nervous I could not stand the least noise. My sister had taken your pills and advised me to give them a trial. I took three boxes and saw they were helping me so I kept on taking them until I had used five boxes, and I can say in true words that I am strictly cured."

To anyone troubled with their heart or nerves we would strongly advise them to take a course of our Heart and Nerve Pills as we feel confident that they will do them a world of good.

If your druggist or dealer does not keep them, we will mail them direct on receipt of price—50c. per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25.

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VELOX PRINTS, BROWNIES, 3c;

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WINNIPEG

Ate Unwisely? Sometimes people do, and suffer, because the stomach balks.

NA-DRU-CO DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

relieve the discomfort at once, and help digest the overload. The lover of good things may feel quite safe with a box of NA-DRU-CO Dyspepsia Tablets at hand. 50c. a box. If your druggist has not stocked them yet send 50c. and we will mail them.

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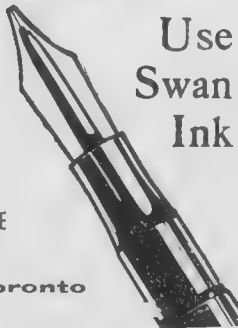
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Rufus Smith Land Co., Rooms 4 & 5 Ellis Block, Moose Jaw, Sask.
Coupal & Co., Rooms 11 & 12 McIvor Block, Regina, Sask.
Mr. W. Last, Stonewall, Man.
Chas. A. Bodie & Co., 614 Pender St. West, Vancouver, B.C.

Quite a Contrast.

Saskatchewan, Aug. 30, '11.

Dear Editor,—I have been an interested reader of your valuable paper for many years. It is most suitable for the young men and women who are looking forward for a future, not in the matrimonial lines, but in educational ways. For the young man there is the agricultural advice and for the young woman the household suggestions, etc. I have been reading a letter in your columns from Assiniboia, in July number, and I agree with him in saying that girls should do their best to make young men do what is right; but with nine out of ten men who have these habits it would be quite a "contract" to break them off it. Now the way "Browney" writes, she is letting them off easy, but that is the way to go about it—give them "lots of rope" at first, then pull them up "steady by jerks" and you will have them. I am 5 feet 9 inches tall; brown hair, and a very sunburnt complexion, and I would be called good looking if it wasn't for my face. With many good wishes to the editor and W.H.M. I will sign, Chrysanthemum.

The Heavenly Twins.

Delisle, Sask.

Sir,—We have read your paper for the last two years and think it is the most interesting paper on the face of the earth. The correspondence column in particular has certainly swelled out during the last two years. As this is a first letter, I suppose it is customary to give a short biographical sketch of ourselves. We are two bachelors in Saskatchewan. We are both 6 feet tall, fair complexion, weigh between 175 and 180 pounds; have heard no complaints about our looks so far—we were told by somebody we were nice looking. We would like to get in touch with Ruth, Lulu, Moll, Trix, Pick-me-up, and Pansy No. 2 in the January number, 1911. We are fond of skating and dancing, baseball and all kinds of sports, also music; can play a little on the piano and violin. Wishing your paper every success, and thanking you for your valuable space, we are, yours truly, Heavenly Twins.

Romance.

They talk of life, and hard, cold facts; They prate of reason, grim and chill; But, from it all my heart re-acts, I cannot see, as they would will; For by my side whate'er perchance, Walks that gay, laughing sprite— Romance.

They preach of creeds and empty forms; Though faint for bread, they dole me stone; And through life's wastes and wintry storms,

For aught they cheer—I fare alone; Dear comrade! born amid mischance, I cling to thee, and live Romance!

They eye me with a frosty stare, As one, too frivolous for sorl; And fate would strip me cold and bare,

While waves of doubt would o'er me roll;

Now, who for me would couch a lance? Save, my brave knight—well tried Romance.

Grave pessimists, look sour and sad. And frown reproof at lightsome ways; God must have meant us to be glad, So—here's to mirth! and festive days! And while a ripple dares to dance, I'll seek fair flowers, and court— Romance.

The stars and all earth's lovely things Bear imprint, of a Hand divine; And joy and peace to all He brings: For all, not some—the sun doth shine: Why should I fear a sombre glance? When God created—all Romance.

Frances.

There is no poisonous ingredient in Holloway's Corn Cure, and it can be used without danger of injury.

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They may be sent in payment of produce, tax, gas and electric light bills, interest on notes and mortgages, insurance premiums, subscriptions to newspapers and magazines, and in fact in payment of all kinds of accounts, whether in or out of town.

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AGENCIES THROUGHOUT CANADA.

Don't Wear A Truss!

Brooks' Rupture Appliance Will Cure You. No Obnoxious Springs or Pads. Sent on Trial.



James A. Britton, 80 Spring St., Bethlehem Pa. U.S.A., says: I was ruptured for six years and always had trouble until I got your appliance. My rupture is now all healed up and nothing ever did it but your appliance.

Brooks' Appliance, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that cures rupture will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads. Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Pat. Sept. 10, '10. Sent on trial to prove it. Catalogue and measure blanks mailed free. Write me to-day.

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Mind you get a really good reading. Based upon your handwriting. Will please you. Many say I am country's best Graphologist. See for yourself. Send 10c. Money back if dissatisfied. A. G. Beauchamp, 2583 8th Ave., New York.

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If you are honest and ambitious write me today. No matter where you live or what your occupation, I will teach you the Real Estate business by mail; appoint you Special Representative of my Company in your town; start you in a profitable business of your own, and help you make big money at once.

Unusual opportunity for men without capital to become independent for life. Valuable Book and full particulars FREE. Write today.

NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE REALTY CO.
Marden Building
667 Washington, D. C.

The Terrible Pains of INDIGESTION

Mr. Wm. H. MacEwen, Mount Tryon, P.E.I., says:—"For more than a year I suffered with all the terrible pains of indigestion, and my life was one of the greatest misery. It did not seem to make any difference whether I ate or not, the pains were always there, accompanied by a severe bloating and a belching of wind. I did not even get relief at night, and sometimes hardly got a bit of sleep. In my misery I tried many remedies said to cure indigestion, but they did me not one particle of good, and I fully expected that I would always be afflicted in this way. At this time my brother came home on a visit, and urged me to try **MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS**, and got me a few vials. By the time I had taken one vial I began to improve and could eat with some relish. I was greatly cheered, and continued taking the pills until all traces of the trouble had disappeared, and I could once more eat all kinds of food without the slightest inconvenience. I am so firmly convinced of their virtue as a family medicine I have no hesitation in recommending them."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25c. per vial, or five for \$1.00, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT and PILLS

TRY IT IF YOU HAVE A BAD LEG



a Poisoned Hand, Abscess, Tumor, Piles, Glandular Swelling, Eczema, Blocked and Inflamed Veins, Synovitis, Bunions, Ringworm or Diseased Bone, I can cure you. I do not say perhaps, but I will. Because others have failed it is no reason I should. You may have attended Hospitals and been advised to submit to amputation, but do not, for I can cure you. Send at once to the Drug Stores for a box of Grasshopper Ointment and Pills, which are a certain cure for Bad Legs, etc. See the Trade Mark of a "Grasshopper" on a green label.—Prepared by ALBERT & Co., Albert House, 73 Farringdon Street, London, England (copyright).

Wholesale Agents, The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada.

\$3.50 Recipe Cures Weak Kidneys, Free

Relieves Urinary and Kidney Troubles, Backache, Straining, Swelling, Etc.

Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back.

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches; the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the despondency?

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you \$3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K2045, Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe, contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

Temperance Talk.

Pledge me in Water.

O, comrade! do not pledge me
In rosy, gleaming wine:
Down in its deeper shadows,
I see the glittering shine
Of fiery eyes a-waiting
More victims of the bowl:
Pledge me in pure, cold water
If thou would'st save my soul.

O, comrade do not lure me
With tempting drink like this;
They who sip of its bubbles
Are slain by the Demon's kiss;
O, burning draught so subtle!
Your devotees—they warn,
Bring me, the sparkling water,
Pure as the early morn.

O, comrade! there is danger
Within that amber glow;
Though on the surface sweetness,
Mark! the muddy dregs below;
Beaded and bright, and mocking,
Fatal, its scented breath;
Pledge me in clear, bright water;
Keep me from worse than death.

O, comrade, dare to offer
My health in such a curse!
Those who imbibe its madness
But follow the bad to worse.
O, Wine! thy depths are fire—
Leaping with living light;
In water only water,
My safety lies to-night.

Frances.

What Nansen Said.

Dr. Nansen, the world-renowned Arctic explorer, was guest at a dinner of medical and other scientists, held at Munich some time ago. A friend asked, "Did you take any alcohol with you when you left the Fram to make your heroic expedition by sledges?"

"No," said Nansen, "for if I had done so I should never have returned."

A Terrible Casualty.

"Yes, it was a terrible thing; a great shock to us all. His poor wife and those darling children. Just a chance, as one may say, or perhaps, as the preachers would put it, a mysterious dispensation of Providence. Did you ever see such beautiful flowers? I declare that solid column of tuberose, to symbolize a life broken off in the middle of its career of promise is just perfection. How handsome he looks, too. I see by the inscription on the plate that he was only just thirty. What a casualty." So rattles on one of the "five hundred friends" who throng George W.—'s parlors—or rather those of his wife, perhaps one of his creditors—on the day of George's funeral. "But how did it happen? I have not heard the particulars. Just saw the notice of the funeral, and hurried up."

"Haven't heard? O, it happened this way. The family were all out of town. George, poor fellow, attacked with some slight summer ailment, went down stairs for medicine, and it is supposed took poison by mistake. When the stupid servant found him, he was in a terrible condition; and by the time she brought a doctor, it was too late to save him, though he lingered in great agony for three days—long enough for his heart-broken wife to come and see him, but not for him to recognize her."

"What a dreadful casualty," says the friend, and the service proceeds: "Earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes," spirit—where? That depends.

Was it a casualty? This is the true statement of the case. George W.— was a good fellow, a handsome fellow; the pet of the drawing-rooms till he married the prettiest girl of his "set," and the pet of dinner and supper parties afterwards. He had even been a church member once in his boyish days; but that was long ago, and had been put away with other "childish things." Now he was a man, a father, a rising young lawyer, something of a politician,

generous. "Nobody's enemy but his own," his friends said—a cabalistic phrase which has come to have but one meaning. His wife never suspected the habit which had been gaining upon him so rapidly for the past few months when she bade him good-bye, early in June, as she departed with her little ones for their summer's country rest and refreshment, saying: "Now, don't mope in the house, George; go out and enjoy yourself; see your friends and have a good time." And he took her advice, having a "good time" according to his definition of the term. There was no one at home whose opinion he valued now, and night after night stumbled in with barely sense enough to get to bed, sleep off the effects of one carouse, and begin another the next day.

"Aren't you going this thing too strong?" asked a friend who saw him to his own doorstep the night of the "casualty." "You'll find it hard to knock off when the old lady comes home."

"Mind your own business, and don't call my wife names," said George as he closed the door without bidding his friend good-night.

Somehow that night sleep did not come as easily as usual, and after tossing wearily for hours, the poor victim exclaimed: "I'm awfully thirsty. I believe I am in a fever. I must have another drink." So he groped down the stairs, found his way to the sideboard, and a great draught of brandy followed all that had been already taken that evening. Then another, and another. Reason was quite gone, sense almost, as the fated wretch discovered the bottle to be empty. "Here's another," he stammered, as his trembling hand grasped a flask, and raising it to his lips he drained at least a wine-glassful of some poison he kept in the house, and which had accidentally been placed on the sideboard.

Was it a casualty, this substitution of one poison for another, the quick for the slow? Was it a casualty that, stupefied with drink, the dying man sank down without a thought of calling for assistance, and was found in the morning past all human aid? Are the heaven and hell which are to come after death casualties; or is it as sure as the word of eternal truth that "no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven?"

Ah! there is no chance in this life. "As a man soweth, so shall he reap;" and the seeds of the social wine-cup are like the dragon's teeth of the ancients, and spring up, sooner or later, a crop of armed enemies ready to hunt their powerless victim to the sure end of a drunkard's grave.

Let us rather, while dropping tears of natural pity at the fate of one so promising and so bright, thank God that the end came so soon before other crimes followed in the track of their instigator: before innocent children were led to follow in the steps of their wretched father, and the man who was "only his own enemy," became also the enemy of every one else.

Children and Alcohol.

Science has established that alcohol destroys first and most those parts which are most delicate and most recently developed. These are those wonderfully delicate brain cells upon whose proper formation the difference between men and beasts chiefly depends. These delicate structures are undeveloped in the very young child, or are only just beginning to unfold. The child is at first, therefore, deficient in speech, reasoning power, intellect, judgment and all the higher moral sensibilities which govern our thinking, feeling and willing. How the drunkard, by paralyzing these brain structures, can sink to the level of the animal, and lower, is well known. Whoever, then, gives wine and beer to a child injures these delicate structures in their formation, and thoughtlessness, flightiness, passion, coarse sensuality, and all base characteristics attain domination.

Don't Pare a Corn

Paring is risky, and it's only a makeshift. The corn should be removed in a painless, harmless way.

Apply a Blue-jay plaster. It is done in a jiffy. The pain of the corn stops instantly. Then the bit of soft B & B wax gently loosens the corn, and it comes out in 48 hours.

No soreness, no pain, no discomfort. You forget you have a corn. Fifty million corns have been removed in that way. Let it take out yours. Get it now.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters
15c and 25c per Package

All Druggists Sell and Guarantee Them
Samples Mailed Free.

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc. (19)

THE BOUDOIR OF A FAT WOMAN

What do we see? Terrifically long and austere looking corsets; tiny (as possible) shoes, uppers bulging over the vamps; various restrainers, retainers, detainers (names unknown); perspiration disinfectants; blackhead eradicators; pimple specifics; blood medicine. Strewed around a few candy boxes; maybe an exerciser on the wall. These "properties" signify that at various times this pleasant room is the scene of fashionable tortures, of heart-burnings, of fallings from grace. Here the poor lady gasps into her retainers, her harness. Here she hides her fat-caused pimples, perspiration, blackheads; here, when her spirit is weak, she forsakes the exerciser for the deadly candy box. What a life—what a four-flush!

Avoidable? A Marmola Prescription Tablet, taken after each meal and at bed time, will reduce that fat (a pound a day) down to the firm flesh beneath; banish the fat-caused blemishes; give a license to eat all the candy, etc., craved, and sleep as long as one desires. Investigate: tender seventy-five cents to your druggist for a large case, or write the Marmola Co., 1412 Farmer Bldg., Detroit, Mich. Do not be timid—Marmola Tablets are safe—being made strictly in accordance with the famous fashionable formula: 1/2 oz. Marmola, 1/2 oz. Fl. Ex. Cascara Aromatic, 4 1/2 oz. Peppermint Water; consequently, go ahead—without fear. A month will emancipate you.



Baby's Own Soap

unequalled for toilet and nursery use.
"Best for baby—best for you."
Refuse all substitutes.

Albert Soaps Limited
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1511

HE COULD NOT SLEEP AT NIGHTS

Till he found relief in Dodd's
Kidney Pills

Fred. Swanson, of Saskatchewan, sends a message of cheer to those who feel the weariness and discouragement that comes from broken rest.

Macklin, Sask., (Special)—Those who suffer from sleepless nights and get up in the morning feeling tired and discouraged will find renewed hope in the statement made by Fred Swanson of this place. He could not sleep at nights. He discovered the cause. It was Kidney trouble. He discovered the cure. It is Dodd's Kidney Pills.

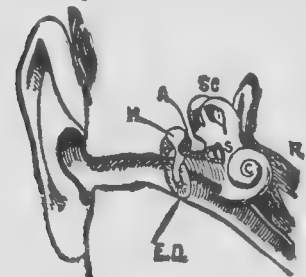
"Yes," Mr. Swanson says in an interview regarding his case, "I was troubled with my Kidneys for over a year, so bad that I could not sleep at nights. After using one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills I found great relief. Four boxes removed all my pain and now I sleep well and I am as strong in my Kidneys as any man."

If the Kidneys are wrong the blood becomes clogged with impurities and natural rest is an impossibility. Strong, healthy Kidneys mean pure blood, new life all over the body and that delightful rest that is the sweetest thing in life. Dodd's Kidney Pills always make strong, healthy Kidneys

DEAFNESS AND CATARRH

Successfully Treated by "Actina"

Ninety-five per cent. of the cases of deafness brought to our attention are the result of chronic catarrh of the throat and middle ear. The air passages become clogged by catarrhal deposits, stopping the action of the vibratory bones. Until these deposits are removed, relief is impossible.



The inner ear cannot be reached by probing or spraying hence the inability of specialists to always give relief. That there is a scientific treatment for most forms of deafness and catarrh is demonstrated every day by the "Actina" treatment. The vapor generated in the "Actina" passes through the Eustachian tubes into the middle ear, removing the catarrhal obstructions and loosens up the bones (hammer, anvil and stirrup) in the inner ear making them respond to the vibration of sound. Actina is also very successful in relieving head noises. We have known people afflicted with this distressing trouble for years to be completely relieved in a few weeks by this wonderful invention. Actina has also been very successful in the treatment of la grippe, a thma, bronchitis, sore throat, weak lungs, colds and headaches and other troubles that are directly or indirectly due to catarrh. Actina will be sent on trial post-paid. Write us about your case. Our advice will be free as well as a valuable book, Prof. Willson's Treatise on Disease. Address ACTINA APPLIANCE CO., Dept. 84c, 811 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.

\$100

for this
16-in.
PLUME



This plume is just the kind for which you would have to pay \$5.00 at any retail store. It is extra wide, fully 16 inches long, in all colors, with wavy lines of great length that do not lose their curl easily. Send us \$1.00 to-day, for this is an opportunity not to be missed. We offer also an extra large and handsome \$1.50 plume at \$2.50. Send money by mail, express or money order. Remember that your money will be refunded if the plume is not entirely satisfactory. New York Ostrich Feather Co., Dept. 12, 813-515 B'way, N.Y.

The Grand Cure.

In an address to his townsmen on the results and lessons of last year's temperance work in Ohio, Mr. C. M. Nichols struck at the very heart of the matter, when he said: "After all the most potent influence in society—the most powerful weapon on behalf of the right—is the grace of God. After all, this is the grandest power! If we attempt to lop off the branches of evil we shall fall short of a successful result. We must strike at the root of thought and action. We must reach the heart of the victim of intemperance. To reform a man's manners is not to reform him. To reform his habits is not to reform him. We must reach and save men's hearts, and then we have reached and saved them. They will have a new spirit within them. That we may do this we must ourselves stand on high ground. To lift men we must stand higher than they, so that we can give them a helping hand and raise them to us. Especially is this the work of the Christian men and women to-day. What could not be done if the five thousand professed Christians of this city were actively, zealously, heartily and lovingly engaged in some way in this work? We should see a real revolution—not a revolution of force or of blood—but a crusade against wrong and in behalf of the wrong-doer, inspired only by love of God and man, and a determination to change the hearts and lives of men! There have been such revolutions as this. There have been many instances in which whole communities have been moved by the Divine Spirit to forsake their sins and to commence the new life! That is what we need.

Hereditary Vice.

The punishment of vice and intemperance does not end with the vicious and intemperate, but the great human family is so constituted that one member of it cannot sin without pulling down others. Thus, in an appalling degree, are parents answerable for the weaknesses, wickedness, and vices of their children. A man drinks moderately but steadily all his life, with no apparent harm to himself, but his daughters become nervous wrecks, his sons epileptics, libertines, or incurable drunkards; the hereditary tendency to crime having its pathology and unvaried laws precisely as scrofula, consumption, or any other purely physical disease. These are stale truths with medical men; but the majority of parents, even those of average intelligence and culture, are apparently either ignorant or wickedly regardless of them.

The More Excellent Way.

Can nothing be done about it? Must the bottle slay for ever? One thing surely is clear. Law or no law, crusades or no crusades, if men will drink, they somehow contrive to compass the means of doing so. But a company of teetotallers would be safe in the London Docks in the presence of old wine enough to float a man-of-war. The thing to be sought, then—first, midst, last, and all the time, and everywhere—is to educate our young men not to have the taste and thirst for stimulants. Lacking that will soon amount to loathing. And add physical distaste to moral distrust, and you have built up a manhood which all the temptations of all the gin-shops in the world cannot move. And then such a man will be safe everywhere.

Out with the Liquor.

Work must be done; now the Master calls for reapers; now He bids us go to work. Shall we not heed the injunction, "Occupy till I come?" Shall we be ready to stand before the Judge and hear the welcome sentence, "Well done?" or shall it be said of us, we have been weighed in the balance and found wanting? Although so much has been said upon the subject and the best means of grappling with it, we cannot forbear urging upon teachers, parents,

and all engaged in training and educating the young, the great importance of impressing upon their minds the danger and sin resulting from the use of intoxicants in any form or quantity. And also upon all women, housekeepers, wives, mothers and daughters, the great responsibility resting upon them to exert all their influence in suppressing the dangerous custom of social wine-drinking; especially upon young Christian women would we impress this thought.

Alcohol in the Human System.

Dr. N. S. Davis, in a very able and elaborate paper, announces that the following propositions may be considered as established scientific facts:

1. The alcohol, when taken diluted in the form of fermented or distilled spirits, is rapidly absorbed without change, carried into the blood, and with that fluid brought in contact with every structure and part of the human body.

2. That, while circulating in the blood, its presence retards those molecular or atomic changes by which nutrition, disintegration, and secretion are maintained, and the phenomena of life continued.

3. That its presence retards the elimination of waste matter, imparts nerve sensibility, lessens muscular excitability, and lowers the temperature of the body.

The Cause of Her Death.

Here lies a poor woman who always was busy. She lived under pressure that rendered her dizzy. She belonged to ten clubs and read Browning at sight, and would vote if she might. She served on the school board with courage and zeal; She golfed and she kodaked and rode on a wheel; She read Tolstoi and Ibsen, knew microbes by name, Approved of Delsarte, was a "daughter" and "dame!" Her children went in for the top education; Her husband went seaward for nervous prostration. One day on her tablets she found an hour free—The shock was too great, and she died instantly!

Philadelphia Record.

A Mother and Her Son.

I was calling on a family where a certain mother passed a part of each summer, and the conversation turned on the practice, common in fashionable circles, of offering wine to callers. She remarked: "It is passed to me, but I always refuse it, and tell them the mother of four boys mustn't touch it—mustn't even touch it."

She was a winning, beautiful woman, but I had thought her a woman of the world, and myself much her superior in the sterner qualities of womanhood; but I now stood before her with downcast eyes and burning cheeks, for I remembered when wine had been offered me and I had not refused it. From the depths of my heart I honored her, and thanked God that He had given her four boys.

A fresh tide of intemperance seems sweeping over the land, and no mother can say she is guiltless, when her sons fall a prey to the tempter, if she has ever looked upon the wine sparkling in its cup—ever touched it—even touched it.

I recall a pleasant, little story of one of these "four boys." He is in the employ of one of our merchant princes, and is perhaps best known for his passionate love of flowers. He is never during the season, without a bouquet of choice flowers in his button-hole. His employer noticed this, and bided him one day for his extravagance. Jamie looked him in the face, and said, pointing to his bunch of flowers: "This, sir,

THE BEST REMEDY

For Women—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Belleville, Ont.—"I was so weak and worn out from a female weakness that I concluded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took several bottles of it, and I gained strength so rapidly that it seemed to make a new woman of me. I can do as good a day's work as I ever did. I sincerely bless the day that I made up my mind to take your medicine for female weakness, and I am exceedingly grateful to you for your kind letters, as I certainly profited by them. I give you permission to publish this any time you wish."

Mrs. ALBERT WICKETT, Belleville, Ontario, Canada.

Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will cure female weakness and so successfully carry women through the Change of Life as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs.

For 30 years it has been curing women from the worst forms of female ills—inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, and nervous prostration.

If you want special advice write for it to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. It is free and always helpful.

THE SECRET OF A PERFECT BUST and Form Sent Free

Madam Thora's French Corsine System of Bust Development is a simple home treatment and is guaranteed to enlarge the bust six inches; also fills hollow places in neck and chest. It has been used by leading actresses and society ladies for 20 years. Book giving full particulars sent free, beautifully illustrated from life, showing figures before and after using the Corsine System. Letters sacredly confidential. Enclose two stamps and address: Madam Thora Toilet Co. Toronto, Ont.

USE ABSORBINE JR. FOR IT

Corns, Bunions, Callous Bunches, Tired, Aching, Swollen Feet. It always pain and takes out soreness and inflammation promptly. Healing and soothing—causes a better circulation of the blood through the part, assisting nature in building new, healthy tissue and eliminating the old. Alex. Abt, Tobinport, Ind., writes Nov. 15, 1905: "No doubt you remember my getting two bottles of your ABSORBINE JR., for a bunion on my foot. My foot is well." Also valuable for any swelling or painful affliction, Crotch, Enlarged Glands, Varicose Veins, Milk Leg, Strains, Sprains, Heals Cuts, Bruises, Lacerations. Price \$1.00 and \$2.00 at all druggists or delivered. Book 4 for free. W. F. YOUNG, P.O. Box 138, Lyons, N.Y.

Also furnished by Martin Bole & Wynne Co., Winnipeg; The National Drug and Chemical Co., Winnipeg & Calgary; and Henderson Bros. Co. Ltd., Vancouver.

Radiol treatment reduces swellings, cures strained and puffy joints, prevents filled legs, relieves pain from lameness, e.c. No Blister. Enforced Rest or Removal of the Hair Necessary.

Booklet on request—\$2.00 cash delivered on receipt. THOMAS REID, Agent 304 Eastern Townships Bank Building, MONTREAL, Que.

Cholera Infantum

is one of the
Most Fatal Diseases
of Young Children

Mothers should look well after their children during the hot summer months, as this is the time of year this trouble is most prevalent.

If any of your children become troubled in this way it will not pay you to experiment with some new and untried remedy.

Get one having stood the test of time. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has been on the market for over 65 years and we have yet to hear of a case of cholera infantum it has not cured.

Mrs. S. S. Johnstone, Ochre River, Man., writes:—"About four years ago I gave Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry a good test.

"My oldest son, five years old, got very bad with cholera infantum; two days after my next son took it; and the third day my little girl also took it. I doctored with all kinds of things but they kept on getting worse and the doctors could do them no good. I then started the Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and after two or three days could see a difference, so kept on with the treatment, but they were so bad it took about two weeks to complete the cure.

Different people have asked me how I saved my children's lives that time, and I always say it was Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I am, now, never without it in the house."

Price 35 cents.

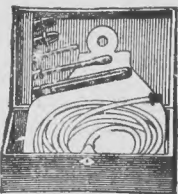
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Don't Wear a Truss

FREE STUART'S PLAS-TR-PADS are different from the painful truss, being made self-adhesive purpose to hold the rupture in place without straps, buckles or springs—cannot slip, as cannot chafe or compress against the pelvic bone. The most obstinate cases cured in the privacy of the home. Thousands have successfully treated themselves without hindrance from work. Soft as velvet—easy to apply— inexpensive. Process of cure is natural, so no further use for trusses. We prove what we say by sending you Trial of Plapao absolutely FREE. Write TODAY. Address—PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Block 231 St. Louis, Mo.

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I Will Show You How To Cure Yours FREE!

I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated on. I fooled them all and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure free by mail if you write for it. It cured me and has since cured thousands. It will cure you.

Fill out the coupon below and mail it to me today

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CAPT. W. A. COLLINGS, Inc.

Box 20 Watertown, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—Please send me free of all cost your New Discovery for the Cure of Rupture.

Name.....

Address.....

is my tobacco." The merchant, turning upon his heel, with a vision of the bank notes turned to ashes upon his own lips, and, I doubt not, with a sudden thought of longer draughts and deeper potations, remarked: "James, you are a wise boy."

As we contrast the filthy weed which God never made so, with the fragrant flowers, the expression of his own love of the beautiful, we can but feel that the son was worthy of the mother. His breath had never been poisoned by tobacco, nor his brain fired with alcohol; but, instead, though only a clerk, a bank account of which any young man might be proud.

The Bar.

A poet has said of the saloon that it is appropriately called a bar:

A bar to heaven, a door to hell,
Whoever named it named it well;
A bar to manliness and wealth,
A door to want and broken health;
A bar to honor, pride and fame,
A door to sin and grief and shame;
A bar to hope, a bar to prayer,
A door to darkness and despair;
A bar to honored, useful life,
A door to brawling, senseless strife;
A bar to all that's true and brave,
A door to every drunkard's grave;
A bar to joy that home imparts,
A door to tears and aching hearts.
A bar to heaven, a door to hell,
Whoever named it named it well.

The Gambler's Kindergarten.

A converted gambler and ex-publian, of Ohio, recently made a profound impression while giving an address at a Sunday afternoon service:

"I have been in the public-house business, with gambling room attached, for the last four years, and claim to know something about what I am going to tell you. I do not believe that the gambling den is nearly so dangerous nor does anything like the amount of harm as the social card-playing in the home. I give this as my reason: In the gambling room the windows are closed tight, the curtains are pulled down; everything is conducted secretly, for fear of detection, and none but gamblers, as a rule, enter there, while in the parlor all have access to the game, children are permitted to watch it, young people are invited to partake in it. It is made attractive and alluring by giving prizes and adding high social enjoyment.

"Where does the gambler come from? He is not taught in the gambling dens. When he has played in the parlor, in the social game in the home, and has become proficient enough to win prizes among his friends, the next step with him is to seek out the gambling room, for he has learned and now counts upon his efficiency to hold his own."

T. A. Edison: How many people realize the fact that without iron the world would in half a century have drifted back almost to the status of primitive man?

Lord Kelvin: Modern prophets have robbed the sun of his heat, or frozen us to death, or made us collide with a comet: they have annihilated us times without number.

Dr. Hart: Open-air recovery schools are part of the great movement in favor of preventive medicine; they must necessarily lead to the greater efficiency of the individual.

Professor Leacock: When you sit at home studying your guide book, Italy appears far more beautiful than the country you become acquainted with quarreling with cabdrivers and guides.

Time tries all things, and as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup has stood the test of years it now ranks as a leading specific in the treatment of all ailments of the throat and lungs. It will soften and subdue the most stubborn cough by relieving the irritation, and restore the affected organs to healthy conditions. Use will show its value. Try it and be convinced of its efficacy.

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Vitality puts the real VIGOR OF YOUTH into your blood, no matter how nervous or debilitated you may be it puts the sunshine of vigorous manhood into your life; I make you feel young, and keep you feeling young, without the use of drugs, without the necessity of dieting, without one bit of change in your present mode of living except, of course, dissipation must cease. Just lead a manly life and use my HEALTH BELT; everything else will come.

My HEALTH BELT, with suspensory attachment, worn nights, pours a great soft stream of VITAL STRENGTH into your blood, nerves and organs during all the hours you sleep; in one night it takes the kink, pain or weakness out of your back; ere long friends will say: "How well you look," and you are answering: "Never felt better in my life."

Your eyes will sparkle with health; you will have that pleasing influence to fascinate and control which comes to all full-blooded, strong, vital, manly men. Thousands upon thousands are now using my Health Belt all over the world. With special attachments it cures rheumatism, kidney, bladder, stomach disorders, etc.



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DR. W. A. SANDEN, 140 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs—Please forward me your Book, as advertised, free.

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Household Suggestions.

The Spare Room Dresser.

By Mrs. A. M. Reid, Griswold.

The ordinary spare room dresser—you all know it, and shall I add—dread it? For be what it may, a handsome mahogany, or one of stained oak in very modest size, or even a craped packing box with a mirror hung above it—it has one glaring fault, and that is, its overloading. Stuck around the mirror and dangling from its frame are snapshots and Christmas cards, calendars and bits of fancy work, and what not. Take them off, with the exception of, perhaps, one or two which may harmonize with the color scheme of the room, and which will be really decorative. And the top! It is crowded with pin-trays, brushes, perfume bottles, boxes of all kinds—photos., and china—to the guest's utter bewilderment and discomfort, and not intended for his or her use. There is no place to lay more toilet things and then there is the constant terror of smashing some of the household treasures. Remove everything. Put on your daintiest cover and leave a pretty pincushion or handy pin tray, and just a hint of decoration and your guest will feel assured that the dresser is for use. Then the drawers—leave at least one empty. A suit case or trunk is an inconvenient place to keep all of one's wearing apparel. If these few simple rules are observed, your guest room will have faithfully served part of its purpose, at any rate.

To Amuse the Children.

There were so many little ones in our home and rainy days were so trying, that we had to invent all sorts of amusements. We made a collection of spools, from the tiny ones that held silk to the great big ones holding carpet thread. These were all strung on strong pieces of twine, a hundred or so on a string, and hung on a nail in the sitting room closet. When it rained, the children would use a large table in the centre of the room, or sit on the floor. They made forts, with white spools behind them for soldiers, large, black ones for cannon, rolling rubber balls to try to demolish one another's strongholds. There were barnyards with paper fences, red spools for cows, black for horses, small white ones for sheep and those bulging out at the sides for pigs. Ten large spools, with a string run through them that had a button tied on the end to keep them from slipping off when laid on their sides and fastened to a big spool standing upright, made a fine train of cars. Piled up high in their little tin and wooden carts, the spools were empty barrels taken to the mill to be filled with flour. Castles of various colors were formed and high church steeples that required the utmost care in balancing the spools. Meat skewers run through a hole in the centre of the spools gave a number of lovely dancing dolls, that with a twirl of the finger and thumb would spin around in a lively fashion. With the small spools, printing letters were made, forming short words, thus teaching the children how to spell while having a nice play. On sun-shiny days when other little ones came in to visit our children, the latter would say, "If it would only rain while you were here, you could play with those lovely spools as we do."

To Press Trousers.

In pressing trousers, to take out the "knees" turn wrong side out, spread flat, moisten the knees thoroughly with a sponge and press each leg carefully with a hot iron. Then turn the garment, fold with long seams on the legs exactly together, cover with a damp towel and press each leg separately, making the folds in front and back which rejoice the eyes of our boys.

Food for the Bird.

Don't feed your bird with celery. A friend of mine did so, and as a consequence her bird came near dying. He likes cabbage, musters, plantain, chick-

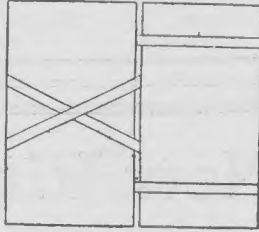
weed and lettuce, all of which are good for him. A bit of apple is also relished.

For a Cough.

I tried a tablespoon of olive oil, with a few drops of vinegar (lemon juice will do), to ease a midnight cough. It acted like a charm when all else had failed.

Useful Cases for Veils, etc.

I own a veil case which is very convenient and dainty. It is made as follows: Cover two pieces of cardboard each nine inches long and five inches wide with linen on one side, and a layer of sheet wadding and silk on the other neatly overhanging together. Lay these two covers side by side, silk uppermost, take two pieces of ribbon, one-half inch wide, and, crossing them



diagonally, join them to the left-hand edges of both covers, about three inches from the ends of the covers. About an inch and a half from the ends join two horizontal pieces of ribbon to both right-hand edges. The ends of the ribbons may be hemmed or tucked in between the outside and the lining, but in order to make good hinges must be sewed over and over to extreme edges only. The case may be opened from either side. By changing the dimensions, handkerchief cases may be made in the same way, and very convenient will be

found a case for turnover collars fourteen or fifteen inches in length.

Good Clothes-Hangers for Summer Cottages

may be made of barrel staves and clothespins. Cut the staves into pieces about twelve inches long, making a hole in the centre, through which to pass a cord by which to hang it up. These make very good hangers for shirtwaists and coats. They may be padded with cotton and covered with colored chintz. Two clothes-pins connected with a string tied to the upper-end of each one will make a good hanger for a pair of trousers. Push the pins over the bottoms of the trousers and hang up by the string.

Shepherds' Pie.—This was the dish Margaret made on washing day, and housecleaning day, and at other times when everybody was busy.

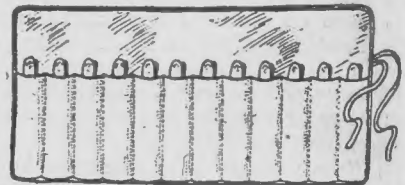
One cup chopped meat. Mix with this one-half teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of lemon juice, or one-half teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, a little pepper, one teaspoon chopped parsley, one cup boiling water, butter the size of a hickory nut. Stir all well together and put in the frying pan on the back of the stove where it will not burn, and let it cook till it begins to look rather dry. Heat two cups of mashed potatoes with half a cup of milk and half a teaspoon of salt. Butter a baking dish and cover the sides and bottom with a layer of potatoes an inch thick. Put the meat in the centre, cover it all over with the rest of the potatoes and smooth it. Put bits of butter on top and let it brown in a hot oven. A dish of small cucumber pickles or one of chow-chow goes well with this pie.

Chicken Hash.—One cup cold chicken, cut in even pieces, one-half cup chicken soup, or hot water, one teaspoon chopped parsley, one-half teaspoon salt, a little

pepper, butter the size of a hickory nut. Put the soup, or hot water if there is no soup, into the frying pan and mix in the chicken and seasoning and cook and stir it till it is rather dry. Serve on squares of buttered toast, or just as it is, with parsley around it. Make any cold meat into hash in just this way, but have it different every time. Sometimes use a slice of onion chopped fine, or one green pepper chopped after the seeds have been taken out; or put in a cup of stewed tomato and use half as much soup or water; or take a cup of well seasoned peas. Always wet all hash with soup instead of water if possible.

Care of Silver.

In the first place never use pure, white cotton flannel, nor wrap silver in white tissue paper, because both are bleached with sulphur and will surely blacken silver. You may use unbleached or get a color. Cut the material so that the pocket will be about one inch shorter than the knife or spoon (then it can be more easily taken out), and with at least four inches to fold over at the top. The case may be finished as desired. Either hem the raw edges and form the pockets with machine stitching or else bind the edges with ribbon and featherstitch the pockets. Roll and tie with tape or ribbons. If one has a quantity of silver to pack



away, it is a great convenience to tie the roll with white tape, on which may be marked with indelible ink the number and kind of its contents. Another case is designed for holding souvenir spoons. This is made from chamois skin, with pocket just deep enough to hold part of the bowl of the spoon. A ribbon, running across the whole case and caught at regular intervals, holds the handles and keeps the spoons in place. On the chamois pocket is marked the place the spoon came from, and perhaps some other brief facts. The deep flap and end pieces fold over and keep the silver secure when rolled to put away.

Standard Flour.

Recently food reformers have been making a renewed outcry against the white loaf, and are demanding a standard for flour as there is for milk; and there is a bewildering contradiction in statements of the opposing sides for and against a standard per cent. As far as I can make the case out clearly, it is thus:—

The reformers desire a guarantee that flour shall contain 80 per cent. of the whole wheat grain. At present our best flour contains only from 70 to 75 per cent. of the berry.

The old millstone milling produced a flour containing from 5 to 8 per cent. more of the whole wheat than does the modern roller mill; but this added percentage of the wheat was chiefly offal, and was responsible for the dark color.

Bran is not digestible by the human stomach, and, therefore, the phosphates it contains are useless to us.

The germ of the wheat is rejected because it contains a substance which prevents the bread keeping sweet.

In the "strong" wheats of Russia and America, the phosphates (which are the valuable part said to be largely lost in modern milling) are chiefly in the grain rather than in the bran, so that the best white flour is more nutritious than wholemeal, because the stomach can extract more from it.

Brown flour is more easily adulterated than white.

A Medical Need Supplied.—When a medicine is found that not only acts upon the stomach, but is so composed that certain ingredients of it pass unaltered through the stomach to find action in the bowels, then there is available a purgative and a cleanser of great effectiveness. Parlee's Vegetable Pills are of this character and are the best of all pills. During the years that they have been in use they have established themselves as no other pill has done.



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